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VOL. XVII.

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BAILY'S MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

VOLUME THE SEVENTEENTH.

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Horatio Ross

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

MR. HORATIO ROSS.

THE various qualities that illustrate and adorn the character of the true sportsman are so happily combined in the subject of our present notice that there is no difficulty in assigning the first place amongst living sportsmen to Mr. Horatio Ross; and it is a high distinction, for it necessarily implies the possession of some of the most coveted gifts of nature. The sure hand, the keen eye, the strong frame, the resolute will, nerves strung by health and braced by exercise, a swift insight into the habits of animals, a sympathy with every living thing, and, above all, the fancy that kindles with the enthusiasm of sport, and glows with a love of nature—these attributes, forbidden to the many who simulate them, are the attributes of the sportsman, and they are possessed in a very high degree by him of whom we write.

Mr. Horatio Ross was born at Rossie Castle, Forfarshire, his father's property, in 1801, and was christened Horatio after the great Lord Nelson, who was his godfather. He was an only son, and was educated at home. In his eighteenth year, having lost his father, he entered the army as cornet in a dragoon regiment; but home service in a barrack-yard did not suit his habits, and he left the army in the course of a few years. Taking almost from his boyhood a vivid interest in a wide range of sports, he soon became distinguished. At Melton Mowbray, in early youth, with that phalanx of hard riders Maxse, and White, and Neville, Sir Harry Goodriche,

Lord Plymouth, and Campbell, he held no second place. The steeple-chase he rode and won on Clinker, against Captain Douglas on Radical, over Leicestershire, is the first steeple-chase we have on record. Against that grand horseman George Osbaldeston he subsequently rode two steeple-chases over the same country, and was beaten in both; but against the same vigorous antagonist he tried the oar, and in a memorable contest, some forty years ago, over the long course from Vauxhall Bridge to Hammersmith, seven miles, Mr. Ross was the victor. Nothing seemed to come amiss to him. With the yachtsmen of the time we find him equipping a cutter at Southampton, and winning a hardly-contested sailing-match in the waters of the Solent, for a cup presented by the Duchess of Kent. It was, however, with the fowling-piece, the rifle, and the pistol that his unrivalled skill and excellence were shown. Here lay his peculiar gifts, and it is beyond all doubt that with the pistol he never met his match. At the pigeon from the trap at the Red House it was in vain to handicap him. In England he was matched against all comers as a game shot, and in Scotland he was, and still is, known *par excellence* as 'the Deer-Stalker.' Indeed few were the meetings for genuine sport in the country in which he did not bear a part, and those were times when sport had not stooped to the battue, nor been tarnished by the disgraces of the Turf and the Ring. In a match with Lord Macdonald Mr. Ross killed 52 pigeons out of 53 shots, with traps 30 and 35 yards from the shooter. And again, in a match amongst the members of the Red House Club, in 1828—a Club possessing all the best shots in the kingdom—Mr. Ross won the cup with shooting that has no parallel either before or since. It was a four days' match—20 shots a day, traps 5 in number, 30 yards rise. Out of his 80 birds he scored 76; 3 others were killed, though not scored; and but 1 bird escaped, by reason of his gun snapping. And again, with a duelling-pistol he killed 20 swallows before breakfast, most of them on the wing. Some of his athletic feats were no less remarkable, as when he walked as umpire with the late Lord Kennedy, Sir Andrew Leith Hay, and others, from the river Dee to Inverness, a distance of ninety-seven miles, without stopping, and was the only one who reached the goal unassisted; and again in the match he shot with Colonel Anson at partridges in Norfolk, when the latter retired from sheer exhaustion, Mr. Ross was so fresh that he challenged any of the bystanders to walk to London, a distance of seventy miles. These were some of the exploits of his youth and early manhood, and they stamped him as the foremost man amongst the athletes of his day. In briefly alluding to the early career of this now veteran sportsman there is one fact which must not be overlooked. The best pistol shot in Europe, and at a period when most trivial causes often led to hostile and fatal meetings, he so studiously avoided saying or doing anything to wound the feelings of others, that he never had a serious quarrel with any one. He set his face sternly against duelling; and acting no less than sixteen

times as a friend, by tact and good temper he in every case managed to effect a reconciliation without resort to the *ultima ratio*. There is nothing to which he must now look back with greater satisfaction than to his success as a peace-maker. On these laurels he might well have rested, but his intellectual and physical activity induced him to canvass for a seat in the House of Commons, and in 1831 he entered Parliament as the representative for the Aberdeen, Montrose, and Arbroath boroughs. The ease with which he spoke and wrote might have gained him distinction in the senate; but he disliked the confinement of the life, and after two parliaments he emancipated himself from it, and retired to the grand scenery of the Highlands, where he devoted himself to the rod, the rifle, and the gun, and by his writings became the authority on all subjects connected with the wild sports of the hills. At the very outset of the Volunteer movement he was amongst the first to recognise its extreme national importance. His knowledge of the rifle gave him a right to speak on it, and he threw himself into the movement with a zeal that largely assisted in popularising the use of the weapon, and in concert with his sons he stimulated in the youth of England the love of rifle-shooting until it assumed the large dimensions it has attained at the present day. The prizes he has won with the rifle are numberless, and amongst them are some of the very first. The Wimbledon Cup—that is only competed for by winners—the Association Cup, and the Duke of Cambridge's Cup; and in 1867 he achieved the crowning victory of the Cambridge Cup, shot for at Cambridge, where in two long days, shooting at 900, 1000, and 1100 yards, fifteen shots at each range each day, he met and vanquished some thirty of the best rifle-shots in the kingdom.

He married Miss Macrae, a Highland lady, and his sons, nurtured in refinement and not unacquainted with art, have inherited from both parents a love of nature that grew with their growth amid the solitudes of their mountain home, a splendid school for riflemen. Mr. Edward Ross has won the Queen's Prize, and alone holds the gold and silver medals of the National Rifle Association. Mr. Hercules Ross has won the Cambridge Cup, and in three successive years has become the champion shot of India, while in 1863 Mr. Ross and his sons—Hercules, Colin, and Edward—were four of the Scotch eight who contested with the English eight for the international trophy 'the Elcho Shield.' This is the brief outline of an active and not uneventful life passed in the excitements of sport, and withal with a temperance so rare and a judgment so wise, that he escaped the snares and pitfalls which have embittered, and in some cases sullied, the careers of so many sportsmen; and Dr. Johnson's saying of Goldsmith as to literature—

> 'Omne fere scribendi genus tetigit,
> Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit,'

may well be applied to Mr. Ross as to sport. He has essayed every kind of sport and pastime, and all that he has essayed he has adorned,

so that now in ripe age, with a large capacity for enjoyment, which we trust may long be preserved to him, 'a man of hope and forward-'looking mind,' he is surrounded by his children's children, who will carry down the fame of his exploits to a further generation, and, while sport is dear to Englishmen, always with a veneration for his name.

DECISION OF THE COMMITTEE OF MASTERS OF FOXHOUNDS IN THE CASE OF THE GRAFTON AND OLD BERKELEY COUNTRIES.

THIS was a claim made by the Committee of the Old Berkeley Hunt to the right of drawing a small cover on the Potash farm, in the parish of Puttenham, which had hitherto been hunted as a portion of the Grafton country by Mr. Selby Lowndes's (The Whaddon Chase) hounds. The Potash farm lies on the south side of the Rowsham brook, which the Old Berkeley Hunt sought to establish as the boundary of the two countries. It was contended, on the other hand, that the Old Berkeley hounds had never hunted below the range of the Chiltern Hills, at the foot of which the canal runs from Tring to Wendover; the extreme covers drawn by the Old Berkeley hounds being Tring Park, Halton Wood, and The Box. The evidence of Mr. Fitz Oldaker, Mr. Henry Oldaker, Mr. George Beers, Mr. Richard Simpson, Mr. Charles Ward, and others, embracing a period from the year 1815 up to the present time, was laid before the Committee of Masters of Foxhounds, at Boodle's Club, who on Wednesday, June 23, came to the following decision:—

June 23, 1869.
Present.

Lord DACRE.
Lord POLTIMORE.
J. ANSTRUTHER THOMPSON, Esq.
H. F. MEYNELL INGRAM, Esq.

The Committee met to consider the question between Mr. Selby Lowndes and the Old Berkeley Hunt.

'Having carefully considered the case, the Committee are of 'opinion there is no evidence to show that the Old Berkeley hounds 'have ever drawn any coverts to the north of Halton Wood, Tring 'Park, and The Box.

'They therefore decide, that the covert in question on the Potash 'farm belongs to the Old Grafton country, and ought to be drawn 'exclusively by Mr. Selby Lowndes.

(Signed) 'DACRE.
'POLTIMORE.
'J. ANSTRUTHER THOMPSON.
'HUGO MEYNELL INGRAM.'

HOW WE SPOILED THE EGYPTIANS.

'Cælum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.'

EARLY in November, last year, three horses landed at Malta for a rich Maltese, who was determined to carry off all the prizes that were advertised to be run for at the so-called Malta Autumn Meeting, which was to come off about the middle of December. There was Spanish Fly, a four-year old, by Porto Rico, which had run badly in Ireland; another four-year old, by Artillery, and Standard Bearer, by Artillery, who had performed across country a few times, all of them bad ones, but still good enough to be certainties for all the events that were open to English horses, whether on the flat or across country. Captain F——, of the —th, a brother officer of mine, who was just exchanging to half-pay, Captain B——, of the —st, and I, put our heads together, and came to the conclusion that it would never do for us all to be beaten by the natives, and for them to win all our money; and although there was very little time, Captain F——, who had just received a telegram to say he was in the 'Gazette,' started off, *viâ* Marseilles, with a commission to buy a flat racer and a jumper that could beat the new arrivals. His journey is a history in itself; how in twenty days after he left Malta he landed there again with old Ambition (formerly in Cliff's stable), and the Scout (from McDonough's), both fit to run, with not a scratch on them, is certainly a feat unparalleled by anything I have ever read of, considering that he had to look for his horses, go to Ireland for one of them, and bring them back through France, part of the way, through necessity, in a cattle truck; however, it is not my intention to describe his adventures, nor our races at Malta, where we carried off everything we could enter for, both flat and jump races. About a week after our meeting we heard that there were some races coming off in a short time, either at Alexandria or Cairo, so we telegraphed to the former place, and found that the entries were closed for all the events except the English Cup, and that the 15th and 16th January were the days of running. This was the 4th of that month, and we thought the races were at Alexandria; we had not much time, but we telegraphed back to enter Ambition (or rather Grisette *late* Ambition, for we changed her name) for the only race open, got our leave, and on the 6th, at midnight, the following party started in the P. and O. steamer, 'Syria,' for the campaign in Egypt. Captains B—— and G—— of the —st, Captains F—— and J——, Grisette, with the boy, by name, Andrew, who came from England with her, and an old white gelding of mine, by Faugh-a-ballagh, called Bobby, that I thought might pay his way in hack or hurdle races, if they would not allow us to enter for other events, and a Chinese boy, called Quincey, to look after him. What with three sacks of English oats, two or three bundles of good hay, saddles, bridles, weight-cloths, &c. &c., we had lots of baggage,

but the ship not being full, we managed to stow away our things without difficulty. After a rather slow and uneventful passage, but, luckily for the horses, without much knocking about, we arrived in Alexandria harbour on Monday morning the 11th of January. Of course the first question we asked of the people who came on board was as to where the racecourse was, and, to our horror, we discovered that the races were at Cairo; here was a nice look out! 130 miles by rail, and a doubt whether we should find stabling at the end. Off go B—— and F—— on shore to find out about the trains, and to telegraph to Zech, of Shepheard's Hotel, to engage stabling for us. About twelve o'clock they return, and finding we have not a moment to lose, we get the horses into the pontoon alongside as quick as possible, get them towed to the P. and O. landing-place, and while B—— and F—— go off again to the station to make arrangements about the tickets and horse-box, G—— and I are left to learn our first experiences of Egyptian life. We managed to land our horses safe and sound, but then had to pass them through the Douane; they told us that we had to pay eight per cent. on their value, and sent a valuer who wanted to fix their price at 500*l.* a-piece, but everything in Egypt is done by a little judicious bakshish, so by leaving the matter in the hands of the native P. and O. official, and giving him carte-blanche to bribe any one he liked, we got off by paying about 8*l.* 10*s.* altogether; but, during the negotiations, precious moments were slipping away, and by the time we got out into the street it was within twenty minutes of the hour the train started, and about a mile to go to get to the station. On to one of the long low flat carts we heaped our sacks of oats and other heavy baggage, on to the back of one of the numerous donkeys which were thronging us on every side jumped G——, on to one side of Bobby's head I clung (for he was beginning to get rather fractious), on to the other held Quincey, through donkeys, dragomen, carriages, beggars, camels without end, and dust so thick that you could hardly see your way, after the English consul's janissary on a donkey, with his curved sword banging, after G—— on his donkey, after Grisette and Andrew we came trotting along, with every now and then a lash out as some camel came trudging solemnly along tingling his bell, or some donkey boy made a more unearthly noise than usual; now and then a regular block and stoppage, then the janissary came into play, off his 'moke' in a moment, cuffing this man, pulling this horse's head round, beating that driver over his head with his scabbard, objurgating that camel driver in the choicest Arabic—such a jabber, such a row, and such a dust! Well, somehow or other we get to the station just in time, covered inches deep with dust, hot and nearly blown, shove the horses into the box, heave the baggage in. B—— seizes the boys, each by an arm, drags them to a carriage,—a whistle, and we are off. 'Won by a head,' say I, as I look out of the window and see the dragoman who accompanied B—— and F—— to the station, now gesticulating furiously, and now moved almost to tears, because he has only got paid a large handful of silver in the hurry of

getting off—only about three times as much as he was entitled to. There is nothing to describe about the journey to Cairo, flat and uninteresting; we got something to eat at the station half-way, and it was quite dark when we arrived at our destination. On the platform we found a man in the universal tarboosh, who said he had come from the hotel to meet us and show us the way. To all our inquiries he gave evasive answers, and, like all the inhabitants, was so confoundedly slow that we were very nearly pitching into him several times. B—— and F—— went off to the hotel to arrange matters, and G—— and I, after a great deal of trouble with our dilatory friend, got our luggage heaped up on two carriages, and started off to walk with our horses over a road which was neither too good nor too light; our guide, however, had a lantern, and we followed him for about a quarter of an hour until he suddenly stopped at a door lighted dimly with an oil lamp, and said, 'There is the stable.' I entered, and found myself in a large vaulted room badly paved, the centre partly occupied with old traps of different descriptions, while round the sides were ranged, as well as I could see, about twenty Rosinantes divided from each other simply by a swinging bar, and without a vestige of bedding; two of the unoccupied spaces were pointed out by our bright friend as the spots where we were to put our two poor horses, who had not lain down for five days, and who had to run in three or four days more. I should be sorry to repeat some of the language I used, but, however forcible, it seemed to be quite lost on the Egyptian, who persisted in saying that it was the only stabling we could get, and was only stopped by being seized by the shoulders, and ordered to conduct us to the hotel, which we reached in about ten minutes by traversing the grand square, which is well lighted, and where we met B—— and F—— coming to see after us. Well, to make a long story short, by storming and raving we got the tenants ejected from two very fair boxes in the stabling attached to Shepheard's, and turned our two poor weary nags in with no other bedding than some chopped straw, which they feed their horses on; however, we made them as comfortable as circumstances would permit, and consoled ourselves with the idea, that as the time was short, perhaps the walk they had would take the stiffness out of their legs. We covered up the ragged doors of the boxes with some matting, managed to get a sardine and a brandy and soda for ourselves after some difficulty, as by this time it was late, and turned into two double-bedded rooms, the only ones vacant, with injunctions to call us in good time. Early next morning we four were mounted on donkeys, following a guide on another donkey, and followed by Bobby and Grisette in their warm clothing (for the desert air blew cold), with their respective boys up, on our way in search of a training ground. After about three miles on a soft sandy road, we came to a large palace of the Viceroy's, and beyond this stretched the desert; here was the course marked out, an oval of about one mile and three quarters, there the grand stand, and to the left we descried a few dots one after the other, which we rightly imagined to be some of

the Egyptian strings doing their work, but what going! all sand, some hard, some soft, some hard at the top which you break through just like the top crust of frozen snow. However, there we were, so we had to make the best of it, and I got on to Bobby's back and led the mare a couple of slow canters, and right glad we were to find that they seemed none the worse for their long journey, but moved well and freely, and seemed to get over the sand very tolerably. We saw several horses doing their work, but nearly all seemed to be Arabs, and all had bandages on, which looked as if the sand was trying to the sinews, and we made our way to where a string of seven or eight were walking in a circle. We saw the Viceroy's crown and monogram on the clothing, and got off our Jerusalem ponies to have a look at them; a gentleman was standing by, whom we discovered to be Mr. ——, who, they say, manages his Highness's stud, and several English lads were leading the horses. They were not a bad-looking lot, as far as we could see, but we thought that none of them had the bloom or the quality of our old mare. East Lynn and Scavenger were among the number, but we could not find out the names of any more. We got back to our hotel pretty fit for breakfast, and afterwards got some bedding for the horses, and set a carpenter to work to make doors for our boxes; by the way, the only long straw we could find in the place came out of the merchants' packing-cases; however, it did very well, but I cannot understand why people at Cairo use chopped straw or none at all; I suppose the Arab horses are accustomed to it. We had one or two letters of introduction, and we did our best to obtain permission to enter for other races, but we were not allowed. The Viceroy added the money to all the races except the English cup, and at first, I believe, he wished to let us enter for any races that were open to English horses; but there was opposition in certain quarters, so we had to give up all ideas of winning anything except the English cup, which was a piece of plate value about 200 sovs., and paid for by subscription from the British residents. The next day was Wednesday, and the meeting was to come off on the Friday and Saturday, our race on the latter day; so we had to send the horses along, and they went a capital two-mile gallop, but the ground they went over was enough to make a man shudder and tremble for the back sinews. On Thursday morning we attended the Viceroy's grand levée, it being the first day after the fast of 'Ramadan,' and we sat on sofas and smoked choice Turkish out of long jewelled pipes, and drank coffee out of tiny cups held in filigree work set with diamonds, both with 'Pharaoh' himself, and afterwards with the 'Prince-heritier,' and with his ministers; certainly he does everything in gorgeous style; but I must get away on. As I was dressing on Thursday evening for a party at the Consul-General's, who should come in but B——, an old University friend of mine, who had followed us from Malta in his yacht with his wife and brother-in-law, on purpose to see us racing in Egypt. This accession to our côterie made us a very jolly party, and on Friday at about 12.30 we all met at the Grand Stand,

and surveyed the scene. Rather different to an English meeting this; instead of a crowd and a Babel, here was a sprinkle in the stand, a dozen in the enclosure, and no betting; instead of a nice green down or heath, here was a desert, and instead of the A division of Bobbies there was a long line of troops in the direction the Viceroy was coming, with their arms piled, and a small detachment under arms before the Viceregal pavilion. The οι πολλοι of Egypt did not seem to take any interest in the proceedings, as they did not turn up at all. Fancy race cards in Arabic! here they were, however, names, weights, and colours of the riders (no marking pencil did I see). They were also printed in French for the Europeans, who were decidedly in the preponderance. A little before one the Viceroy drove up in a very good turn out, four stout greys with their tails tied up à la Flamande, and ridden by postilions; after him came the Prince, in an open carriage drawn by four very nice nags, also greys, and driven well by an English coachman. They were escorted by a squadron of Lancers, rather picturesquely got up and mounted on wiry little Arabs. The races were run off very punctually, and were pretty fair sport. The best race had 700 sovs. added for three-year olds born in Egypt, with impost for blood. There was a hurdle race, with 150 sovs. added, which old Bobby could not have lost. Musk, an old English mare, by Newcourt, out of Marpesia, won it. The Viceroy won the only flat race open to all horses, worth about 250 sovs.; he ran two, a mare he called Rhoda and a horse by name Minieh, and either could have won easily, as they had only Arabs against them, and had not to gallop much. The names of the English horses that are imported are almost always changed for some Egyptian cognomen; and as they are not obliged to be entered 'late So and So' it is difficult to know what you may have to run against, particularly as the Viceroy does not care what money he gives for his horses so long as they do not get beaten. The last race of the day was for dromedaries, and the entries for the English cup had to be made before it came off; we entered Grisette, and Bobby to help her if necessary, and I was talking to a gentleman in the saddling enclosure, and happened to ask the question as to what the second horse would get, as the entry was five sovs. and seven or eight entries were expected to be made; he replied that it did not matter much, as the Viceroy was sure to run first and second. This answer rather nettled me, and I said that I would bet him 500 sovs. that he did not. Mr. ——, whom I mentioned before as being the manager of the Viceregal stud, was standing close by, and said to me, 'Vait a moment,' and walked straight off to the pavilion, saw Ismail himself, who, I believe, jumped at the bet, and came back and said that he would accept my offer. We had now got our money on advantageously, and, without caring about the dromedaries, of which only two ran, went home rejoicing, in the train which runs close up to the Grand Stand, and were a jolly party at the table d'hôte at Shepheard's. Mr. —— was at the head of the table, and I thought looked as if he were already exulting over the prospect of handing

over a monkey to Pharaoh as the spoil of the impudent English officers who had dared to come and defy the Royal stable. The next morning early the horses had a nice canter, and were walked on to the course about eleven o'clock, where we had part of a tent to put them in. There were four races before ours, one of them a five mile one, which was won by an Arab ridden by a little black jockey, beating East Lynn and another. I thought Ward, who rode one of the Viceroy's, waited a little too long. The English cup was down on the card, as follows: 'La Coupe Anglaise, de la 'valeur de 200*l.*, donnée par Souscripteurs Anglais, pour Chevaux de 'toute provenance. Les chevaux nés en 1866 porteront 100 Rotoli; 'ceux nés en 1865, 126 Rot.; ceux nés en 1864, 133 Rot.; et ceux 'nés en 1863, ou avant 135 Rot. Les chevaux nés en Egypte 7 Rot. 'en moins: ceux croisés avec sang Européen 7 Rot. en plus. Les 'chevaux Européens 28 Rot. en plus. Les juments et hongres '3 Rot. en moins. Le gagnant d'une course dans cette réunion '(bourses de haies exceptees), portera une surcharge de 5 Rot. 'Entrée 5*l.* Le second cheval reçoit les entrées. Les entrées 'doivent être faites sur l'emplacements des bourses le 15 Janvier 'avant la dernière course. Distance 1 mille et ½.' The entries were, three English horses belonging to the Viceroy, which were described as Ghorah, ch. h. 6 yrs.; Rhoda, b. m. 5 yrs.; and Boulag, b. h. 4 yrs.; two Arabs called Paresseux and Zephyr, and a half-bred, with some unpronouncable name beginning with Ebu-el, and Grisette and Bobby. Captain B—— rode the former, and when she stripped there were many who thought that my bet was not such a foolish one after all. We went out of the paddock first, and took our preliminary, then came the three cracks, each ridden by an English lad, whipped in by the three natives. We made a capital start, and before we had gone half a mile there were only two in it, old Grisette and Rhoda, and the former won easily at the finish. The Viceroy went away almost directly, they say in high dudgeon, and we went and drank his health in his own champagne, for he provided a first-class luncheon each day. There is no doubt about his liberality, but I do not think he liked being beaten, and Mr. ——'s face was a picture. The cup was a real beauty, the money was paid up the next day in golden sovereigns, and that is how we 'spoiled the Egyptians.'

MUZZLES AND MAD DOGS.

'And in the evening they will return; grin like a dog, and will go about the city; they will run here and there for meat, and grudge if they be not satisfied.'—PSALM lix. 14, 15.

IT may be inferred from the two verses above quoted that dogs were permitted to roam through the streets of Jerusalem in the time of David without let or hindrance by muzzle or intervention of civic

authorities; and it is a well-known fact, that throughout many of the cities of the East dogs are found in large numbers apparently without masters or owners, and evidently regarded as the scavengers of the streets, through which they are permitted to pass unmolested. As such, muzzles would of course render null and void their vocation—supposing it had been possible to inflict this punishment upon them—since, whatever ignorant people may think to the contrary, a muzzle upon a dog's nose proves the reverse of an agreeable appendage. Having witnessed their frantic efforts to rid themselves of this nuisance, we may safely assert that the use of such an instrument of torture is much more likely to throw the animal so bridled into a state of fever and excitement, bordering on hydrophobia, than any other means which could be devised.

Those acquainted with canine pathology are aware that the tongue is the chief if not only medium by which perspiration of the dog's whole body is thrown off; and when the ordinary functions of that organ become cramped and confined by the pressure of a muzzle, the animal must necessarily be in an unnatural and uncomfortable state of mind and body. Dogs accustomed to live in large towns or cities do not attempt to snap at or bite passengers in the streets, being seemingly intent upon their own business, as their superiors of the biped race; in short, town-bred dogs, like town-bred gentlemen, are rather distinguished for politeness of manner towards strangers, which we do not find in their country cousins, who delight to bark and bite at all intruders upon their premises. By an arbitrary edict issued from the head-quarters at Scotland Yard, it appears, according to a statement in the 'Times,' that during the summer and autumn months of 1868, between nine and ten thousand dogs were destroyed by the police in London, whose sole cause of offence was, their being found without muzzles in the streets; but, strange to relate, out of this large number of unfortunates thus rudely seized and roughly handled by these supposed guardians of the public, there did not appear to have been a single case of hydrophobia proved against any of these offenders. Police constables are not very particular as to their accusations, and would assuredly have stretched a point to defend these harsh measures adopted by their commander-in-chief had there existed the shadow of a chance to bring such a charge against these poor dogs, who were powerless to resist it.

In the minds of unsophisticated persons, and especially of old women, the so-called 'dog days' appear to be associated with hydrophobia; whereas, in reality, fewer cases of *rabies canina* occur at that particular season than in the spring and autumn months; and we have invariably noticed that the outbreak of this disease manifests itself more especially in the most variable weather. On the other hand, again, we have seen it asserted lately in print that rabies is only a form of fever similar to brain fever, and that the dread of it entertained by man is as unfounded as pusillanimous. So, after all that has been written by learned and professional men, for centuries past, and all the remedies and experiments tried in vain for its suppression

and cure, this dread malady, hydrophobia, is at last, in this enlightened century, pronounced a mere myth—a fanciful disease—conjured up by a distempered imagination! Verily, this is taking the bull by the horns with a vengeance—disabling this fearful monster with a stroke of the pen! As easily might other well-known and destructive diseases to which flesh is heir be scratched out of existence. The assumption that hydrophobia is a 'mere matter of nerves' is the most absurd and ridiculous theory ever attempted to be foisted upon a too credulous public; but that the whole nervous system is awfully and dreadfully agitated by this most fearful of all diseases there can be no doubt. Having attended upon no less than fifteen cases of decided and unmistakable hydrophobia, and administered all remedies which could be devised by medical skill, with our own hands, to these afflicted animals, we may be supposed to know something more about the matter than falls to the lot of most men. From their first seizure until death terminated their sufferings, we watched over these unfortunate dogs, with a care, and temerity in handling them which did more credit to our heart than to our head—giving them broth and medicine it is true with a gloved hand—but we were considered bordering on insanity ourselves for even entering the room in which they were confined.

Dogs suffering from hydrophobia are not generally in a wild rabid state from morning until night; the paroxysms or fits coming on at certain intervals, during which they will bite or worry any other living creature which may cross their path. These paroxysms become more frequent and violent as the disease increases, and are generally succeeded by convulsions on the third day, when exhausted nature gives way. It is a singular fact, that not one of these fifteen dogs which fell under our care lived beyond three days, although everything was done which ingenuity could suggest on our part to ameliorate their condition. There is also another singular fact connected with hydrophobia, which deserves notice—its breaking out in three days, six days, or nine days, and at the same period of weeks, the last hound we lost having been seized just nine weeks after its first appearance in the kennel. From the remedies we used—laudanum and prussic acid—the paroxysms were very much reduced, especially by the latter, the dose of which was increased, from four to twenty drops; and we had at least the satisfaction of seeing that our patients died without a struggle, curled up as if asleep. It is not probable that any person save ourselves would have had the rashness to deal thus with mad dogs; but we wished to be convinced on two points: whether, under the influence of this disease, they would still retain recognition and affection for their master—which certainly was the case, since not one ever attempted to bite him, although quite furious when any other face appeared at the door—and whether it would be possible to cure this most dreadful malady. As the time of year is now again approaching when people will be apprehensive of its appearance, we will add a few observations and precautions which, if adopted, will tend to prevent its outbreak.

In cities and towns there is a large number of what are called yard dogs, attached by chains to wooden kennels or old barrels—doomed to keep watch over their masters' premises, day and night, and suffering all the horrors of solitary confinement. We may well imagine the effects produced on animals so situated in our variable climate—sometimes shivering with wet and cold, at others scorched by excessive heat, and left to the tender mercies, perhaps, of some careless servant, without water and without food for hours together. Hence, by this bad treatment, generally the seeds of disease are sown, which burst forth into *rabies canina*. Of all necessaries to dogs in confinement, clean fresh water, given daily, is of the utmost importance, and, taking it for granted that they are fed with the offal and bones from the house, exercise for two or three hours out of the twenty-four ought at least to be accorded to them. Moreover, in the spring of the year and summer months, a vegetable diet should be substituted once a week, consisting of cabbage or young nettles mixed with boiled oatmeal or scalded barley meal and pollards; and in addition, according to the size of the dog, equal parts of cream of tartar and sulphur, from half a teaspoonful to a whole one of each, should be given once a week when the weather is warm, not otherwise, unless the dog has a comfortable lodging prepared for him in some outhouse, where he will be safe from exposure to rain or damp. Dogs of the Newfoundland and spaniel kind are very fond of water, dashing into any stream or pond they meet with in their walks, and the luxury of such a bath to a yard dog is beyond calculation. Surely an indulgence so beneficial to his health may be occasionally granted by the master himself, or some servant of his household, with this one caution, not to confine the dog again by chain or in outhouse until every hair of his skin has become thoroughly dry, by exercise, before returning home.

Dogs suspected of being bitten by a mad dog should be carefully watched by their owners and keepers, especially at feeding-time, when, if they refuse their meals, or chop at their food in an unusual manner, it is very probable that the virus has begun to work in the system, and they should then be removed to a secure place of confinement—not destroyed—until unmistakable signs of rabies exhibit themselves—since dogs may refuse their food from other causes—want of physic, exercise, &c. With human subjects, when a bite has been inflicted on naked parts of the body by a mad dog, medical aid should be immediately called in, the bleeding of the wound being in the meantime promoted by the constant application of warm water, which will tend to draw out the virus. If the wound has been inflicted through woollen garments, such as coat, trousers, or stockings, the virus must have lost some of its venom. When, however, medical aid cannot be promptly obtained, cauterising the wound, or the application of lunar caustic should be resorted to without delay. Various other remedies are prescribed by medical men in such cases, any of which, if proved to be effectual, ought to be made public for the benefit of society at large; and we subjoin one, which came into our possession some few years ago, deserving attention.

'The plant (*Alisma plantago*, Linnæus) which is successfully em-
'ployed as a cure for hydrophobia grows in water, either in
'marshes, lakes, or ponds. It has a capillary root resembling an
'onion. The plant continues under water until the month of June,
'at the commencement of which, or even during the month of May,
'in a warm temperature, from five to seven detached sprouts, of a
'long convex form, shoot from beneath the water. These sprouts
'have a reddish bark, and are each provided with a pointed, smooth,
'and deep-coloured leaf. In the month of June, a stalk appears,
'with a round green shoot resembling that of asparagus. This stalk
'shoots from beneath the water, sometimes with, and sometimes
'without leaves; at the extremity of each of which is a small trefoil
'flower, of a pale-red colour, which afterwards contains the seed.
'This plant is in blossom during the whole of the summer season.
'The latter end of August is the fittest time to gather it. It is made
'use of in the following manner:—One large root, or two or three
'small ones, are first well washed and dried in the shade. They are
'then reduced to powder, and strewed upon bread and butter, and in
'this way administered to the patient. On the second, or at most
'the third trial, this remedy will destroy the virus of the madness,
'however violent it may be, even when symptoms of hydrophobia
'have already appeared. This root operates with equal efficacy on
'dogs which have been bitten, as well as on mad dogs. During an
'interval of twenty-five years, this specific has constantly been found
'an infallible preservative against madness. It has cured individuals
'in whom this disease had acquired so decided a character that they
'attacked and bit all who came near them, and no symptoms of
'relapse were ever observable.'

TYPES OF HORSES, PAST AND PRESENT,

WHICH MAY PREFIGURE THE FUTURE OF THE ENGLISH HORSE.

UNDER the head of 'Literature' in a paper of world-wide celebrity the following was announced:—

'Aperçu Historique sur les Institutions Hippiques et les Races
'Chevalines de la Russie. Par J. Mœrder. St. Petersburg, 1868.'
And it was remarked: 'It will be flattering to our countrymen to
'read the following amongst other observations:—" Nous allons
'" maintenant passer à l'examen des types de chevaux de haras.
'" La première place est occupée par le pur sang Arabe et le cheval
'" de course Anglais. Ces deux types servient à la formation de
'" toutes nos meilleures espéces." And again: 'When speaking fur-
'ther on of the purity of the blood of English horses, he states:—" Le
'" cheval Anglais, dans sa forme primitive, était remarquable par
'" sa haute taille, sa belle tête, qu'il tenait du cheval Arabe, ses
'" petites oreilles, son cou long et gracieux, son dos court, sa croupe

'"haute et droite, sa queue bien adaptée, ses jambes fortes et bien
'"formées, son allure ferme."'

These quotations appear to me to be very significant. It might be sufficiently flattering to the Arabs, if they cared about other people's concerns, to know that their horse had given such excellence to ours as we find by the description above he formerly possessed; but we can hardly congratulate ourselves, when we compare our 'cheval de course' of the present day with the animal M. Mœrder shows him to have been, 'dans sa forme primitive.' The passage 'Dans sa forme primitive,' with the following *était*, strikes a different chord to my mind. Formerly he was distinguished by his fine carriage, by his beautiful head of the Arabian type, his small ears, his short back, his long and elegant neck—'gracieux' well expresses it—his high and straight croup, his well set-on tail, his strong and well-formed limbs; and 'allure ferme' may be translated, I think, as good, true action.

All these are eminently the attributes of the pure Arabian, and, according to M. Mœrder, were to be seen originally or formerly (in a modified degree, I think, must be understood) in the breed of horses we have derived from him, and which we call thoroughbred.

Do we see all these points, as a rule, in the modern racer? A great admirer of our horse, for myself I cannot but say emphatically we do not. The grand carriage of the Arabian is not seen; the head is often, very often quite the reverse of the Arabian; he has often long and large ears instead of small ones; his neck, though sometimes long, is as often short, and very seldom 'gracieux;' his back has certainly become elongated. Alas! what shall we say when we come to the high straight quarter, such as is seen among Arabians? Ours is but very drooping. Instead of the well set-on tail he has often one set on rather low, and not often carried; and instead of well-formed and strong limbs, do we not too often see badly-shaped and very weak legs? His action is not always good all round, nor is his gait always bold and steady.

I think any one who has examined and does study attentively our blood stock will allow that these changes and modifications do exist in our modern racer, and that I have not drawn an unfaithful picture.

The modern racer does not show the fine points and attributes which were formerly seen in horses of an older date, imprinted upon them by their Arabian ancestry. In other words, the English thoroughbred horse has failed to hand down to his descendants the primal characteristics of the pure Arabian, or, indeed, the modified points which were formerly observable. Can this be flattering to our countrymen?

Now the question will naturally arise, Why have not these points been perpetuated? Believing firmly, as I do, that it is owing to one grand cause, or, to speak more correctly, to one simple fact, I

hope I may be pardoned if I again draw attention to it. Our horse is not really thoroughbred; *i.e.*, he is not of pure race. Thoroughbred is a term applied to any horse in the Stud Book. A gentleman giving me his definition of the term a short time since said 'he should call any animal thoroughbred which reproduced himself.' I would rather say any breed was thoroughbred which did invariably reproduce the distinctive characteristics of its race. Pure Arabians (horses and mares) do hand down and have perpetually handed down the same type, the same form, the same beauty, and the same character; whereas our horse has changed and lost many of the attributes he did formerly possess, and that were for a time imprinted upon 'Le cheval Anglais' which 'dans sa forme primitive,' not now, but in his first or former estate, was distinguished by these several points spoken of before.

So again, referring to a letter entitled 'The Turf,' written as a protest against the alleged deterioration of the English racehorse, which the motion brought before the Jockey Club, by Sir Joseph Hawley was intended to counteract, the statement that the racehorses of the last century were small does not prove them to have been bad or even inferior to those of the present time we read—

'The advertisements in the old Calendars early in the last century 'show that the horses of that day were very small, some of them 'describing "that fine horse so and so, full 15 hands high." Gimcrack, the best four-mile horse of his day, stood 13 hands 3 inches; 'and the same great authority states: "The slowest 3-year old I "ever tried was a magnificent animal 16 hands 1 inch, by The Flying "Dutchman—Virago."

These remarks would rather confirm the opinion I have ventured to state on former occasions that height has nothing whatever to do with excellence in a horse. Gimcrack could run long distances; and although I have heard he was 14 hands 1 inch instead of 13 hands 3 inches, which does not much matter, he was a good racehorse; and the tall son of The Flying Dutchman and Virago does not appear to have had any claim to that distinction.

I have not time to search for, even if I could ascertain, the height of Gimcrack's various opponents; but by considering the following statistics we may presume they were not all so low in stature as himself.

Gimcrack was foaled in 1760, and was 13 hands 3 inches, or 14 hands 1 inch.

King Herod, foaled in 1758, only two years before, was 15 hands 3 inches.

And Eclipse, some 16 hands 1 inch, was foaled in 1764, or four years after Gimcrack; so in a space of six years we have three famous horses of varied height: one approaching to the maximum and another to the minimum standard; and yet it is the *little* horse which is described as being the best four-mile horse of his day!

Firetail is *reported* to have run a mile in 1 min. 4 sec. in 1772. There were four of that name. If the date be correct this must have been the one by Squirrel, foaled in 1769; consequently, then, three-year old colts were trained and ran 100 years ago.

In the same letter it is stated:—

'On the question whether racehorses have degenerated let us 'appeal to facts. A 50*l.* plater goes to Cairo, and before the Prince 'and Princess of Wales, like Moses, spoils the Egyptians, &c. 'When men talk of Arab horses as racers they make me sick. A 'bad two-year old will beat the best Arab in the world at even 'weights. The tide has turned. 170 years ago the Arab horse 'sent our old English racehorses to the plough; now it is the Anglo-'Arab which rules the equine world.'

Of the late races at Cairo I have not seen any account, not even in the columns of 'Bell's Life.' But what kind of horses were these Egyptians? Were they Arabians? Some four or five years ago at Cairo some horses called Arabs overcame English racehorses, and instances were lately given in 'Baily' of Arabs having run with success against English and colonial racers in India; and one of these Arabs was only just over 14 hands, or about Gimcrack's height.

But the question is not so much if they be racehorses as whether they be capable of founding a breed of racehorses. '170 years ago 'the Arab horse sent our old English racehorses to the plough.' Just so. Speed and everything good in our present racehorse has been derived from the Arabian. During 170 years a greater average height has been gained, and it is supposed a higher rate of speed has been attained than was exhibited by the Arabs who wrought this great change. So the Arabian horse is capable of begetting a line of racehorses, even by the grafting of his blood upon a stock that was proved to be worthless in comparison with his own. How much greater, then, would have been the speed with the retention of all other good qualities if the Arabian blood had been perpetuated in a pure state (at all events one would be justified in saying the speed would have been at least equal). And the natural inference is that if that plan were adopted now the breed so established must of necessity be far superior in every respect to the one we now call thoroughbred.

Were the public once thoroughly convinced that our racehorse is not really thoroughbred, and therefore incapable of reproducing, not himself individually as he is at the present time, but the attributes of his progenitor the Arabian, which he ought to do, and would if he were of pure breed, I should conceive there would be no longer any objection to the use of Arabian blood.

CRICKET.

We now resume the thread of our narrative of University Cricket, and propose to carry it on up to the eventful twenty-first of June. An excellent eleven, got up by Mr. V. E. Walker, and not unduly taking to themselves the title of Gentlemen of England, tested the strength of each University shortly after their matches with the M.C.C. In addition to Mr. V. E. Walker and his two brothers, the eleven comprised Mr. Cooper, Mr. Fellowes, Mr. Green, Mr. Case, Mr. Hood, Mr. Buchanan, Mr Wilkinson, and Mr. Maitland. At Cambridge Mr. Onslow and Mr. Winter played, instead of Mr. Cooper and Mr. Wilkinson, and there were one or two other changes that in no way weakened the eleven. Singularly enough, each match was pretty well the counterpart of the other; and had the one against Cambridge been wholly played out, the result in each case would have been, in all probability, so similar as to lead to the conclusion that neither University had any advantage over the other. At Oxford, the Gentlemen of England scored 246; and the University 123 and 114; the latter thus sustaining a one-innings defeat. At Cambridge the Gentlemen of England scored 236; and the University 115 and 56 (with six wickets down). Thus both in batting and bowling the performances of both Universities were almost on a par. For Oxford, Mr. Tylecote was the principal scorer, obtaining 53 and 26. His style of batting is admirable, particularly on the on-side; he is a little weak on the off-side. Mr. Hill, who has wonderfully improved since last year, got 16 and 20, but there were few other scores of importance. Mr. R. D. Walker and Mr. Buchanan got the lion's share of the wickets, from which we may infer a distaste to 'slows' on the part of many of the batsmen. At Cambridge it was much the same. Mr. Yardley got 34, and Mr. Stow 19, 'not out,' and Mr. Buchanan got twelve out of the sixteen wickets taken. But then Mr. Buchanan could trust his field to make catches, which they did to the number of seven; otherwise his bowling, like that of Mr. Miles last year in the University match, would be of little avail. By the way, we should mention that Mr. Miles did not play in this match at Oxford, and so Oxford bowling was exhibited in its full weakness. Seven bowlers tried; but four catches by Mr. Pauncefote—two off his own bowling—helped considerably to get rid of their formidable antagonists. At Cambridge, all the bowling strength of the University was available, Mr. Absolom, Mr. Brune, Mr. Weighell, Mr. Money, and Mr. Wilson; but the two first got most of the wickets. Mr. Brune, we should say, was never in finer bowling form than this year. He is as straight as ever, but has more power and puts more break on his balls; he ought certainly to be played at Lord's for the Gentlemen against the Players. As we are principally concerned with the doings of the Universities, we need not allude very particularly to the batting of the Gentlemen of England in these two matches. In both,

seven or eight out of the eleven made considerable scores, and, numerically, the three Messrs. Walker and Mr. Hood were the largest contributors. The *venue* now changes to London, where the University fortnight was opened by Oxford against Surrey at the Oval. This match resulted in a hollow one-innings victory for Oxford; but we do not attribute much importance to that, for Surrey bowling is weaker than ever, and has been pretty well worked during the last month. However, the Oxford men had a good opportunity for opening their shoulders and hitting, and likewise for showing whether they had learned to judge catches and hold them. In this necessary department of the game they seem to have made progress, for eight catches—some of them well judged and well taken—were made in the first innings of Surrey. Mr. Miles got five wickets in each innings—a good many more than we expected on such a ground as the Oval; but then, as we have said, all the catches came off. Mr. Walter and Mr. Pauncefote were credited with most of the remaining wickets. The Surrey score is only noticeable on account of the *debût* of Mr. Akroyd, who batted in excellent form, and knocked up 23 runs in his first, and 62 in his second innings. Surrey bowling was child's play to the Oxford men, though Mr. Gibbon was run out before he had time to score, and Mr. Tylecote charitably abstained from taxing the energies of the wearied Surrey fieldsmen. Mr. Pauncefote made 123, though he was badly missed more than once; and Mr. Evetts, of whose improvement in batting we spoke last month, scored 73; to which number Mr. Hill likewise attained. Mr. Digby and Mr. Miles also made good scores. On the whole, the result must have been encouraging to the Oxonians, and must specially have inspired their slow bowler with unwonted confidence in his field. It is curious that in this last innings of 362 obtained by Oxford, there were only three extras, leg byes, and not a single bye or wide. In the meanwhile, the Cambridge and M.C.C. return match was going on at Lord's. Wootton and Hearne were the M.C.C. professionals; and Mr. W. G. Grace was backed up by seven gentlemen of good cricketing abilities. Mr. Grace and Wootton disposed of Cambridge for 87, the feature of which was Mr. Thornton's 33, excellently played for—his splendid hitting being now associated with a defensive power that promises, with practice, to be of a most obstinate character. Small as was the Cambridge score—though not despicable on so difficult a ground as Lord's—that of the strong M.C.C. eleven was smaller still; and Mr. Absolom and Mr. Brune got rid of them all for 82, out of which Mr. Grace made 32 and Mr. Green 29, 'not out.' Mr. Brune got eight wickets, and Mr. Absolom two. The second innings of Cambridge was a far greater batting success, and Mr. Thornton was again conspicuous with 34. Mr. Montgomery's 43, 'not out,' were obtained by excellent cricket; and Mr. Brune, who nearly always makes runs, though his reputation is higher as a bowler, contributed 31. The total amounted to 181—a capital score for Lord's; and thus the M.C.C. required 186 to win. But they failed even more

signally than in their first essay, for after Mr. W. G. Grace and Mr. Sutton had made 31 and 10 respectively, the wickets went down like ninepins before the assaults of Mr. Brune and Mr. Weighell, and the total was 70 only. Mr. Wilson had not an opportunity of displaying his bowling power, for he was not put on during the match—an error of judgment on the part of the Cambridge captain, for it was just the time to try a young bowler when the second innings of the M.C.C. commenced. Mr. Brune got fourteen wickets in the match, and Cambridge developed a strength of bowling which was quite unexpected, and which, coupled with their proved batting abilities and the known weakness of the Oxford bowling, raised the layers of long odds on the light blues into a seventh heaven of delight. And it must be admitted that a better performance has not been witnessed in the 'trial week' at Lord's for years. The corresponding match against Oxford was not commenced till the Friday, and the Oxonians had everything against them. The ground was more than usually difficult from the heavy rain, and the M.C.C. eleven was considerably stronger than that which was beaten by Cambridge. There was Grundy, for instance, to bowl, as well as Wootton; and Mr. Cooper, Mr. Lubbock, and Mr. Maitland were a tremendous addition to the batting strength of the team. Nevertheless, the batting of Oxford in the first innings was less successful than could have been anticipated. Wootton and Grundy got them all out for 57, the only double-figure scorers being Mr. Gibbon, with 11, Mr. Tylecote with 12, and Mr. Hill with 19. These three gentlemen all played in good form, Mr. Gibbon showing immense caution and patience in getting his 11. It must be remembered, however, that the bowling was of a kind not generally met with, and also that the ground was just in a condition that enabled Wootton to send down frequent shooters—and Wootton's shooters take a great deal of stopping. Oxford bowling is so weak that a long score on the part of the powerful M.C.C. eleven was a certainty. Mr. Miles got seven wickets, but at an expensive price. His bowling has, however, much improved since last year; there is a great deal more in it, and he has more command over the ball. Still, Mr. Lubbock and Mr. Maitland hit so hard that, assisted by Mr. Grace and Mr. Green, they amassed a total of 209; and Oxford failing to score more than 131, was beaten in a single innings. But there was some excellent batting in the second innings of Oxford. Mr. Hill's 38, 'not out,' was a fine exhibition of hit and defence; Mr. Pauncefote, the captain, and Mr. Digby played good cricket for 24 and 20, and Mr. Fortescue showed very pretty style while obtaining his 15. It was indeed a very creditable performance against such excellent bowling.

The thirty-fifth cricket contest between the two Universities commenced on the 21st of June in very unfavourable weather. No play was possible till half-past three in the afternoon, and then, of course, the ground was slippery and the light bad. Cambridge won the toss and elected to take the first innings. Of the policy of this

proceeding there may be some legitimate doubt, but as it was attended in this instance by successful results, it is not necessary to discuss the question whether it is better to go in or put your adversaries in on a slippery wicket and in a bad light. Of the eleven that played for Cambridge last year, Mr. Dale, Mr. Money, Mr. H. A. Richardson, Mr. Stow, Mr. Absolom, Mr. Brune, and Mr. Weighell were the representatives; while the new men were Mr. Yardley, late captain of Rugby, Mr. Thornton, late captain of Eton, Mr. Preston, and Mr. Wilson. For Oxford, Mr. Fortescue, Mr. Digby, Mr. Pauncefote, Mr. Hill, Mr. Evetts, Mr. Mathews, and Mr. Miles had previously played for their University; and the recruits were Mr. Gibbon, Mr. Tylecote, Mr. Walter, and Mr. Stewart. Mr. Dale and Mr. Preston, who has a great reputation for his strong defence, opened the Cambridge batting, which, we may say at once, hardly came up, with one or two exceptions, to the high expectations formed of it. In fact, throughout the first innings of Cambridge the Oxford bowling, with the exception of that of Mr. Miles, was decidedly washy. Mr. Miles has made vast improvement since last year; his balls are better pitched, have much more break, and are much more calculated to deceive than they were. Some of his off-balls, in particular, were most fearfully tempting, but dangerous for any less determined hitter than Mr. Thornton to touch. He was unfortunately not always well backed up by his field, to which the loss of the match must be attributed. Mr. Preston and Mr. Money were soon disposed of, Mr. Richardson got about his usual number (10) at Lord's, Mr. Yardley made 19 by sound and steady play, but scarcely seemed to have that mastery over moderate bowling to be expected from a man who has so often distinguished himself in first-class matches, and Mr. Dale did not leave till he had made 22 by good play. But the mainstays of the Cambridge batting were Mr. Thornton and Mr. Absolom, the former of whom knocked up 50 and the latter 30, and we have no hesitation in saying that two worse-played innings were seldom seen. Mr. Absolom, of course, has no pretensions to be a batsman, and never by any chance sends the ball in the direction it ought naturally to take; but we expected better things of Mr. Thornton, especially after his good play the week before against Wootton and Mr. Grace. Not only did he 'slog,' in the true sense of the word, which we take to be hitting blindly and high in the air, but he sent a catch right into a man's hands before he had scored a run, and during the first part of his innings brandished his bat in the wildest manner, missing on an average three balls for every one he touched. Later on he sobered down and played in better style, notably stopping several shooters in capital form; but we regretted to see how totally unable he was to cut, and how entirely his batting was confined to forward hits. The bowling was particularly loose at this time, and the number of balls he let off was something wonderful. Some of his hits were very fine, undoubtedly; one very nearly went through the pavilion windows (and if Mr. Thornton would only smash them

all he would be a public benefactor), but the general character of his innings was more fitted for a village green than for the University match. There was one treat during the innings, the wicket-keeping of Mr. Stewart. No fewer than five Cambridge men fell victims to his ability behind the wickets, four being caught by him and one stumped. His style of wicket-keeping is excellent: without any show or bluster, and with a singular facility for taking leg-balls and off-balls equally well, he lets no chance escape him. The innings closed for 164, and there was just time for Mr. Fortescue and Mr. Gibbon to go in and get 8 runs before play ended for the day. On the Tuesday the two not outs resumed their innings, but Mr. Fortescue was immediately bowled. Mr. Gibbon, however, played well and steadily for 17, and then the wickets began to go. Mr. Money's 'lobs,' simple as they are, quite embarrassed this Oxford eleven, who evidently have not been taught how to play slows. Only Mr. Pauncefote made a stand, and, as in the second innings, his play was real good cricket, the best perhaps of the match. He has wonderfully improved since last year, hitting much more cleanly and playing the ball much more strongly. He obtained 33 out of the 99 for which the Oxford innings closed. Mr. Absolom bowled very well and with a great deal of head for Cambridge, and got three wickets, and Mr. Money got six, and to see University players going out one after another from such stuff as Mr. Money's is quite humiliating. When Cambridge commenced their second innings, with 65 to the good, the result of the match seemed a certainty, and extravagant odds were offered on the victory of the light blues. But the casualties of cricket soon began. Mr. Dale, Mr. Preston, Mr. Money, Mr. Yardley, and Mr. Absolom were all disposed of for 11 runs! Mr. Stewart was keeping wicket so splendidly, and Mr. Walter was bowling so differently to the day before, fast, straight, and difficult to play, that it looked as if he were about to emulate the performance of Mr. Fellowes five years ago, and pull the match out of the fire. But after luncheon things changed. Mr. Walter's bowling went off, and Mr. Thornton speedily knocked up 36, in which there were eight fours. This was really a good innings, far better than his first. The hits were much cleaner, quite out of danger, and not so high. Mr. Weighell, another hard hitter, rattled the ball about for 28, and thus the total was raised to 91. Mr. Stewart again distinguished himself, catching two and stumping one, and thus eight Cambridge wickets fell during the match to the Oxford wicket-keeper. Mr. Miles again bowled well, and Mr. Walter never bowled better in his life than during the first half-hour of the innings. If he could keep on in that form there are very few batsmen who could resist him. With 157 to get to win Oxford commenced their second innings. By a stupid blunder Mr. Gibbon was instantly run out, and the omen was bad. It is sufficient to say of this second essay of the Oxford men that they played the slows in worse style than ever. When they were pitched up they played back at them; when they were long hops they ran out at them and

were stumped. A more melancholy exhibition was never seen. Let us except, however, Mr. Pauncefote and Mr. Digby, who played two capital innings of 24 and 36, their defence and hit being equally good. Mr. Richardson took advantage of the chances given him by the Oxford men, and stumped three and caught two at the wicket: thus fourteen wickets were taken during the match by the wicket-keeper, a circumstance unprecedented in the history of the University matches. Oxford suffered defeat by 58 runs, and with a common knowledge of how to play 'lobs' they might have made it a much closer thing. It is curious that Mr. Brune, who made such havoc among the M.C.C. wickets a week earlier, did not get a single wicket in this match. There is no doubt but that the best eleven won, but at the same time Cambridge batting has been somewhat unduly puffed up. The runs for Cambridge were got by Mr. Thornton, Mr. Weighell, and Mr. Absolom, three hard hitters altogether devoid of style. Oxford did not do much, but what they did was well done. Mr. Pauncefote's and Mr. Digby's scores were obtained by more correct batting than any on the other side. On both sides the bowling was weak, but we think that Mr. Absolom is the best bowler in the two elevens and Mr. Miles the second best. A week before we should have given the pre-eminence to Mr. Brune; but it would seem that he is not an every-day bowler, and Mr. Walter is too uncertain to be trusted for long. The wicket-keeping was good on both sides; but without wishing to disparage Mr. Richardson, we must give the palm to Mr. Stewart. Catching off Mr. Money and catching off Mr. Walter are very different things, and the only piece of stumping Mr. Richardson effected off the fast bowling was done off his legs, which was more luck than science. In conclusion, we were glad to see that Oxford men could hold catches this year (though they are not yet anything like perfect in that accomplishment); next year let us hope that they will have advanced a step further in the rudiments of cricket, and have learned how to play underhand slows. Any village lad will bowl them, if practice is required, for sixpence an hour.

The North *v.* South match was played this year at the Oval; but, as has been the case for the last few years, the principal Northern players were absentees. Oscroft, however, represented the county which is supposed to be the mainstay of the obstructives, as well as Wootton and Summers, Lockwood, Stephenson, Rowbotham, Freeman, Emmett, and Atkinson represented Yorkshire, and Coward and Plumb Lancashire and Buckinghamshire. Thus it will be seen that the three Cambridge men were wanting, as well as some of the celebrated Nottingham batsmen, such as Daft and Parr. Those, however, who jumped to the conclusion that the North had not a chance were too much in a hurry, and forgot that Wootton, Freeman, and Emmett are three of the finest bowlers in England, Oscroft one of the finest bats, and Plumb decidedly the finest wicket-keeper; and though the South eleven looked formidable on paper, it ought to have remembered that both Lillywhite

and Southerton have gone off very much in their bowling this year, that the Surrey men, Griffith, Pooley, Jupp, and Humphrey have quite lost the power of playing an uphill game, and that it was very dubious how they would stand up to the terrific deliveries of Freeman. Thus the Southern bowling depended entirely on Willsher and Mr. Grace, and their batting depended principally on Mr. Grace, Mr. Cooper, and the two Messrs. Walker. In short, in our opinion the North had 2 to 1 the best of the bowling, and the South had not more than 6 to 4 the best of the batting. The talent, however, thought otherwise, and betted odds with avidity. The North won the toss and put together 125, a small score perhaps for the Oval, though the ground was much less lively than usual, owing to recent rains, but, as it turned out, a good deal larger than anything their opponents could do. Oscroft played a fine innings of 30, and Rowbotham and Stephenson made 23 and 20. Willsher got three wickets, and Mr. Grace five. The South laughed at the idea of their not being able to double this score, but when they went in it speedily became apparent that they could not look at Freeman. Humphrey and Jupp succumbed without making a run, and Mr. W. G. Grace's 19 was the only double figure in the innings. Freeman got six wickets, and Wootton three. It was worth going a long way to see the tremendous pace and precision of the former, and the perfect way in which Plumb kept wicket to him. Having only scored 39 instead of the anticipated 200, the South had to follow their innings, and succeeded in just getting over 100 runs, thanks to Mr. V. E. Walker, whose innings of 40 was worthy of his best days. Mr. W. G. Grace again played in his own masterly style for 14, and Lillywhite hit hard for 18. The bowling honours this innings were divided between Freeman, Wootton, and Emmett, Wootton taking four and the other two three wickets each. The North had thus only 20 to get to win, which they accomplished with the loss of one wicket. Out of the 133 runs got off the bat in this match by the Southern players the four gentlemen made 88, or just twice as many as the seven professionals.

We must now glance at the County Cricket of the past month. Nottingham and Yorkshire tried their strength on the Trent Bridge ground, each county being formidably represented in bowling, but Yorkshire being somewhat deficient in batting strength, Iddison and Thewlis, amongst others, being both absent. Wootton did not play for Nottingham, but with the two Shaws and Howitt they were pretty safe. Freeman, Emmett, Greenwood, and Atkinson were the Yorkshire bowlers, and short work they would have made of most elevens; but the Nottingham batsmen are made of tough stuff. Daft played two faultless innings of 39 (not out) and 38; G. Parr played as in years gone by, for 44; Oscroft got 10 and 35, and there were divers other good contributions. Yorkshire's first attempt was very poor, the colt Ullathorne's 17 (not out) being the only double figure. J. C. Shaw and Howitt divided the wickets between them. The next essay was better, Rawlinson's 55 being

not only the largest individual score in the match, but also remarkably well played for. Lockwood, a most promising batsman, with a good style, made 24, and Greenwood 23, but though the total, 171, was highly creditable, the Yorkshiremen failed to get within a hundred of the total of Nottingham, whose eleven added this well-won match to the long list of their victories. Howitt and J. C. Shaw, we should say, did unto the Yorkshiremen in their second innings like as in their first, dividing the wickets between them. We have now to record a rather disastrous series of contests on the part of Surrey, the results of which cannot be wondered at, however, when we consider the hopeless weakness of Surrey bowling, the badness of their fielding, and the utter impossibility of Jupp and Humphrey getting a hundred runs twice a week throughout the season, in default of which the eleven usually collapses. First of all they were beaten at Lord's, making only 51 runs in their first innings, of which Humphrey obtained 25, and 86 in their second, of which Jupp got 26 and Bristow 24. Wootton and Grundy were, as usual, more than most of them could manage. The M.C.C. did not play a very strong batting team, with the exception of Mr. W. G. Grace, but then he got 51 himself, according to his habit, or as many as were made by the whole Surrey eleven in their first innings. Minor contributions increased the score, so that only four runs were wanted when the bell rang for the second innings of the M.C.C. The next defeat of Surrey was at Manchester, where Lancashire beat them by seven wickets. However, they made a much better show as batsmen in this encounter, Griffith scoring 78, Stephenson 49 and 20, Pooley 37, &c. It was the weakness of their bowling that brought them to grief, seven of the Lancashire men getting double figures, Mr. Rowley's, 52, Mr. Hornby's 18 and 42, Coward's 49, and Iddison's 48 and 28 (not out) being examples of efficient batting that was continued pretty nearly throughout the eleven. Travelling southwards the Surrey eleven experienced another defeat on the Crystal Palace ground, at the hands of Kent. The ground played false after a time, and is by no means good enough for a first-class match, though other considerations may make it advisable to have county matches played there. Willsher, who is in great bowling form this year, disposed of Surrey for 80, and Kent was not faring very much better till Willsher, the ninth man, came in, and made a splendid stand, he and Henty, the last man, putting on 107 runs, quite paralysing the Surrey bowling. In the second innings of Surrey, Stephenson and Griffith looked for a while as if they were going to avert defeat, for they got between them nearly 100 runs, but after them little was done, and Kent had only 11 to get to win, which they accomplished with the loss of one wicket. A solitary victory now fell to the lot of Surrey, but over the worst county in England, Sussex. Played on the Oval, it was one of the old-fashioned run-getting matches, but as the bowling and fielding on both sides were bad it scarcely deserves much notice. Sussex fielded the worse of the two,

and so many chances were missed in the second innings of Surrey that the game was thrown away. Mr. Smith and Mr. Green were the highest scorers for Sussex, and Jupp and Stephenson for Surrey. Shoesmith, who bowled out the colts at Lord's like ninepins, found that bowling at the Oval was quite another thing, and only got one wicket in each innings, Humphrey being his victim both times. Surrey won by six wickets. As Kent had beaten Surrey and Surrey had beaten Sussex, according to public form Kent was bound to beat Sussex; and public form was borne out in the match between the two last counties at Brighton, though the uncertainties of cricket are such that it never answers to place much reliance on collateral estimates of the strength of elevens. Sussex made a respectable innings of 159, the Brighton ground being less lively than usual and the long grass preventing the ball from running in the usual manner. Charlwood's 51 was a good performance, for Willsher's bowling was first-rate. John Lillywhite played in his old style, which might well be imitated by a good many young players, for 28. Kent put together 204, thanks to the bad fielding of Sussex, for Mr. Cooper, who made 83, was let off four times. Palmer, a nice free player, got 34 in good style. Southerton's bowling appears to have gone off as fast as it came on, and how much Lillywhite's bowling has deteriorated can be seen by the most casual observer in a few minutes. It is not half so straight as formerly, and has lost its spin. In the second innings of Sussex the *tremor Sussexiensis*, or Sussex funk, set in with its accustomed influence, and the whole eleven collapsed for 89. Mr. Winslow played well for his runs (29), but some of the attempts to bat were very weak. The way in which Payne ran out in each innings to a short-pitched slow and was quickly stumped ought to make the Committee decline his services for the remainder of the season. It was contemptible, particularly in a man who has no pretensions to be a hitter, and who, if not useful as a stick-at-home, is utterly useless. It is scarcely necessary to add that the few runs required by Kent were easily obtained with the loss of two wickets.

On the whole the County Cricket of the month has been unusually tame, the match between Nottingham and Yorkshire alone excepted; but during the next month we may look for encounters of more genuine interest.

Before our next number appears, the Cricket Season at the Public Schools will have closed; we therefore remind Captains of Elevens that we shall hope to receive the batting and bowling averages as soon as they can conveniently send them, so that they may be published in one of the autumn numbers of this magazine.

THE RUN OF THE SEASON.

BY B. T. C.

'Tis the month of all others we welcome right pleasant,
  Unfolding a story of wishes and thoughts,
Sweet Valentine, dear in the past and the present,
  We loyally own thee a patron of sports!

Fair Cupid besieges the heart of each maiden,
  And feathers his shafts with his own curly locks;
All nature is now with soft messages laden,
  And among early suitors is Reynard the fox.

See yonder, the moonlight his shadow revealing,
  His roguish eye bright as the planets above;
Over the pastures the gallant comes stealing,
  An evening excursion to visit his love.

Many miles must be traversed o'er upland and marish,
  But he canters along with a gay, easy stride;
Full well does he know the short cuts in each parish,
  He has oft led the dance through the whole country side.

But ah! fickle lady, with sorrow I say it,
  Your swains should beware how they deem you their own;
Our friend his long journey ends but to bewray it,
  With a luckier rival lo! Madam has flown.

'Ah so!' says the fox, 'I'll not stay here in sorrow;
  'What cannot be helped 'twere a fool's part to rue;
'Let me take forty winks and then heigh! for to-morrow,
  'If one lassie's faithless another is true.'

But dull breaks the day, and the sly fellow peeping
  From his hassock of grass thinks the weather looks bad;
On the lee-side you'll find him, when clouds threaten weeping,
  Never draw in the wind, man, unless you are mad.

So at twelve comes the Squire (shades of Musters and Meynell!)
  His field and himself in a chattering mood;
Our wakeful fox quietly slips from his kennel,
  Your traveller don't stay to be holloa'd and viewed.

Gone! long ere the first note proclaims he has been there,
  Gone! ere the keen hands to the far corner creep;
No need, worthy huntsman, to vent so much spleen there,
  On yonder hill-side, see, are wheeling the sheep.

Oh! sweet to the soul when without horn or holloa,
  The hounds bring the line out of covert alone;
Let them get well in front ere their swift course we follow,
  The sooner you start, all the sooner you're blown.

'Tis a rare scenting day! not another can match it,
North-easterly air with a light, spitting rain;
'Tis a day foxes know they are likely to catch it,
And horses and men for a check hope in vain.

'*Tis a day for the hounds!* hark, how little their music
Our listening ears catch as the pack onward drives;
Before many minutes you'll see not a few sick,
And sorry they're not safe at home with their wives.

The front rank is gathered, the good and the true ones,
The farmer, the soldier, the squire is there;
Whether Tories or Whigs, whether yellow or blue ones,
'Tis the same chance for all, so you only ride fair.

Fifty minutes! no check! with a scent! in the ploughed land!
Busy work at the fences, the timber, the streams;
Believe me, my friends, it may well be a proud land,
With bright hunting revels whose whole surface gleams!

We are skirting—'*hounds ever*'—keep your sobbing horse steady,
If you wish to be seen at the finish to-day,
Don't choose a big place, though to take one be ready;
When hounds are in earnest it won't do to play.

See, what is yon brown thing now crossing the sky line?
It turns for an instant, all stiffened and slow;
'Tis our fox, though dead beat he has taken a 'high line,'
And snarls his defiance on his foes down below.

He can sight the long train that has clamoured behind him,
He can hear nearer growing each moment the sound;
But though earths may be open, you never shall find him,
The game old dog-fox, run, a craven to ground.

'Tis not the first year he has asked them the question,
But now they are giving a final reply;
Yet be generous, oh huntsman! nor in triumph the test shun,
On a worse day than this do you think he would die?

Alas! that 'tis over—we say it with reason—
Brave and silent he falls, let us give him a cheer;
When a flyer you find at the end of the season,
With a scent, you may look for 'the run of the year!'

TURF REFORM.

The importance of the measures which have lately been brought under discussion at the secret tribunal of the Jockey Club cannot be overrated. But they are only the beginning of the end; and before further legislation is attempted, it may be well to inquire how far and by what authority the Jockey Club is justified in its pro-

ceedings towards that body, of such widely different tastes and opinions, known as the Turf world. Before attempting, however, to canvas their authority, let us premise that by their influence, integrity, and general disinterestedness they are eminently qualified for their self-imposed task: they have purged themselves from the noxious influence of defaulters, by which a few years ago their prestige was so grievously damaged, and the leading and moving members of the Club are beyond all suspicion. Their constitution is anomalous; for as a self-elected body, and omnipotent at first at Newmarket alone, their power has been so gradually extended as to embrace all race-meetings throughout the island, and their decisions have been received and acted upon on every race-course in the kingdom. The benefits which have arisen from the adoption of their rules, and the result of appeals to their judicature have been many and great, and the advantage must be patent of a code of regulations to which the whole body of Turfites are willing to conform. It hardly comes within the scope of imagination that the Turf as a national pastime could exist, if different rules prevailed at different meetings, and the complications which must inevitably result from such a state of things cannot be realized. So far, then, the Club is deserving of the thanks and support of every true sportsman, because while it protects his interests, it does so without interfering with his liberty of action in the management of his horses; and by ignoring all betting disputes at once, admits its authority to be limited in a certain degree, referring such cases to a separate tribunal, the members of which are selected partly from the Jockey Club, with a certain admixture of the general racing public. It is not, then, as law-makers, but as law interpreters, that the Jockey Club has, in so eminent a degree, qualified itself to decide the myriad questions which are ever and again cropping up in a great national sport. But while the judgment of a Court so supreme is accepted without demur, even though it be to a certain extent the interpreter of its own laws, it by no means follows, that any fanciful legislation which it may attempt shall meet with the same ready obedience and approval; for men are naturally jealous of those who hold in their hands the absolute power of enactment, as well as authority to enforce the law. The Jockey Club is not in the nature of a Turf Parliament, to which it has erroneously been compared, for its members are not elected by the vast Turf constituency who find it convenient to submit disputes to its arbitration; nor are the proceedings of the Club always allowed to transpire; nor are its members recruited from the general body of those who follow Turf pursuits; but it is merely (strictly speaking) an aristocratic oligarchy, and, *de facto,* utterly powerless out of its own domain, except in cases where the smaller states of the Turf, so to speak, have voluntarily submitted themselves to its government. By the refusal of such an august body to entertain the question of disputed bets, or the decision of wagers of any kind connected with racing, it might be imagined that the Club regarded the interests of *sport* alone, totally ignoring any adventitious

excitement which might accrue to it in the shape of gambling. And if such were the case, their recent enactment with regard to two-year old racing might come to be looked upon if not with approval, at least without suspicion. But when it is evident that members of the Club, though declining to legislate on the betting transactions of others, at any rate do not affect to ignore the settlement of their own, the general body of sporting men are led to regard them only as another section, having the same ideas and objects in racing in common with themselves—namely, to win money,—and naturally kick against the apparent injustice of dictation by a small clique who are willing enough to participate in sport with them, and enrich themselves, if possible, at their expense, yet take upon themselves to say how it shall be done. *This* we take to be the real cause of difference between the Club and the dissentients from the rule newly passed, putting on one side the actual grievance of which promoters of early spring meetings have reason to complain, backed up by the remonstrances of trainers and dissatisfaction of those owners who look upon early two-year old racing as the mainstay of a successful season. So much has been said and written concerning deterioration of blood and deficiency of matured horses, that it would be unprofitable to reopen such a discussion in a paper which aims rather at canvassing the policy of the method of introduction of the new Jockey Club rule, than at discussing the causes which led to its adoption. But we may here record our conviction that such a proposition, emanating from a sound practical sportsman like Sir Joseph Hawley, and supported by one so straightforward and conscientious as Mr. Chaplin, cannot be regarded otherwise than as—

> 'Not the hasty product of a day,
> But the well ripen'd fruit of long delay.'

Having thus endeavoured to show that the method of carrying the recent innovation, rather than any inconvenience or loss resulting therefrom, has been the cause of a seemingly hopeless opposition; and seeing that this partial measure of reform is probably the precursor of others which may further restrict the liberty of the subject, it behoves us, having exposed what we sincerely believe to be an infringement on the rights of persons contending on equal grounds with members of the Jockey Club for the richest prizes of the season, to suggest some means whereby the general tone of the *plebs* most interested in the maintenance of the Turf may be best ascertained and brought before the patrician assembly who have now assumed the supreme functions of government, and have become the dictators upon all matters relating to the horse as well as to his rider. It is ridiculous to suppose that the Jockey Club, powerful as it is, can exist profitably without public support, or that they are animated by such an intrinsic and disinterested love of sport for its own sake, as to contend among themselves for the paltry 50*l.* Plates which disgrace the Newmarket programmes, and are wholly and solely an object of interest to those who gamble upon them. Like most of

those wise in their generation, they look anxiously at the main chance; and should their present subjects feel inclined to shake off their rule, and to take up racing on their own account, perplexing and unsatisfactory as the result would probably be, and eminently undesirable in the present state of the Turf, yet the magnates of Newmarket could but look helplessly on. Against such a state of anarchy we fervently pray; but it is evident that, as long as the possibility of a revolutionary crisis continues to exist, a rupture might at any time occur sufficient altogether to overthrow the constitution of the Turf. It has been suggested that the Jockey Club should receive into their councils certain of the leading commoners in the sport, such as Mr. Merry, Mr. Jardine, and others; but putting aside the exclusiveness which characterizes their choice of members, it is doubtful whether such a minority would avail anything against the prejudices which, from the very nature of its constitution, embarrass an assembly whose supremacy has long remained undisputed, and to which any pressure from without on the subject of reform would be peculiarly distasteful. If we admit, then, the impossibility, not to say futility, of such an arrangement, the only course which appears to us to remain open, is the establishment of a club or committee of influential sportsmen, not being members of the Jockey Club, who should stand in the same relation to that body as the Commons to the Lords, and who would fairly represent the wishes and interests of that large community of racing men, between whom and their recognized, though self-constituted authorities, such a wide gulf is now fixed. We have, however, sufficient confidence in the public spirit and impartiality of the Club as to believe that such an assemblage, if it did not meet with the approval, would at least command the respect of those of its members who have the well-being of the Turf at heart, and are prepared to sacrifice a portion at least of their reserve and authority in order that the wishes of the large community of their fellow-sportsmen may meet with due acknowledgment and consideration. On the other hand, should the conservatism of the Club override any attempt at the formation of such a representative body as the Committee suggested would certainly become, it would be open for them to form a society, in the nature perhaps of a ratepayers' association, in defiance of the discouraging attitude shown by the higher powers: and if they decline in any way to make some effort towards the protection of their own interests, they will deservedly relapse into a state of still more melancholy dependence than that to which they have hitherto voluntarily submitted. The constitution of such an assemblage must of necessity be a matter for after consideration, as regards its numbers and election; for the commons of the Turf will be slow to hasten its construction, and will prefer to wait, before the adoption of any such scheme, for some graver crisis to arise, or for some more serious invasion of their rights than the legislative measure relative to the running of two-year olds which has recently created so profound a sensation. Great tact and forbearance will be needed in the

proceedings of a body such as we have contemplated; and they will carry their object best, not by acting in a hasty spirit of antagonism, but by a steady and moderate course, forcing conviction upon those whose prosperity is so intimately bound up with their own, and striving faithfully to uphold the dignity of a sport which it is open for men of all grades to participate in, and that equally, without respect of persons. Let those, then, in high places come down in a spirit of conciliation to the consideration of the wishes of the weaker brethren, weaker at present in authority, but not lacking as keen a sense of honour as that august body to whom they have hitherto confided their interests. Above all things, in the universal wish for peace let them not threaten war, and so avert the national calamity of the interference of the legislature in a sport which, if it cannot flourish by its own independent spirit, will sink into absolute insignificance under the attempt to control its action by external influences. The horses of the highest and lowest in the Turf world contend upon equal terms on whatsoever racecourse they may meet; and the bond of union would be further strengthened by the concession to all classes alike of their proper share in the deliberative measures which govern the sport in which all are alike engaged.

AMPHION.

OUT-DOOR SERVANTS.

NO. IV.—THE EARTHSTOPPER, AND SOME OUTSIDERS.

BY THE 'GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.'

BEFORE turning to the stable or the coachbox it seems desirable to say a few words on one or two most useful and important characters connected immediately with hunting. We do not mean to offend the *amour propre* of the stud-grooms, coachmen, second horsemen, and other legitimate servants connected with our large establishments by postponing a notice of them; but we think it very desirable to finish the series of our kennel or hunting establishments before we begin with another department. It is true that second horsemen and covert-boys are as much a part of a public hunting stable as of a private gentleman's stud, but, belonging to both, they may be better treated of in a future article.

'Foxes have holes.' Ah! that reminds me there is an article by a 'Man about Town,' in which he tells his readers that two objections exist to mesmerism, so strong as never to have been successfully disposed of, and on which he relies without doing battle upon the whole question. The first of these is its opposition to the teaching of the New Testament. This is as it should be. It is pleasant to find this disposition for religious feeling where we were not expecting it, and where between ourselves it seems (of course only seems) somewhat out of place. It is therefore but reasonable to suppose that we should be glad of an opportunity of following an example which we cannot but admire, but we are unwilling to claim

to ourselves a credit which we do not deserve. The 'Man about 'Town' is miles ahead of the 'Gentleman in Black' in this respect, as we are told he was in the politeness of his language upon a late occasion towards that individual, but which we did not read for fear of spoiling our style by an elevation above our readers.

'Foxes have holes,' therefore, must not be misunderstood for a scriptural quotation, but simply as conducive to the fact that earthstoppers are a necessary expense in a fox-hunting country. The earthstopper, in fact, is so important a person in some districts that he seems to be charged with everything; he is the family cat; he spoils the sport upon all occasions; he either does not stop the earths at all, or stops them at a time so inconvenient for other people, and one so convenient for himself, that he secures you from the possibility of a run by stopping your fox underground. But it must be understood that the earthstopper need not be considered one of the regular servants of an establishment, and he need not have appeared among those that are so but for two facts—the indispensable employment of such a person by every establishment *in one form or another*, and the indispensable necessity of conciliating his affection by payment, *i. e., by stipulated wages*. We fortify our position by saying in 'one form or another,' because the late Tom Smith (I honour him with this abbreviation as one of the very best sportsmen that ever sat on pigskin) has suggested a mode by which that nomad sort of servitor, the present earthstopper, should be superseded by a single functionary in every hunt, with the whole responsibility upon his shoulders. His plan was approved of by Mr. Delmé Ratcliffe, and others of great practical experience, and before the close of our earthstopper's career we shall say a few explanatory words on what may not have fallen within the scope of every fox-hunter's consideration.

It seems that every place, every village nearly, must have, under the ordinary custom, its earthstopper. But the situation, though one of unbounded trust, and vying in that respect with that of a faultless butler, does not of itself create any tremendous demand in the market. It may be that the family plate is pleasanter to handle than the spade and mattock. Nobody comes forward and insists upon being earthstopper (the thing, the whole thing, and nothing but the thing) for the salary offered. An earthstopper is always something else. He ekes out a respectable livelihood by ratcatching, or gravedigging, or cobbling, or some other profession. He is not unfrequently an under-keeper or woodman on the estate. He ought to be wedded to the sport, which a keeper never is; and as your sport entirely depends upon him, we should think twice before we employed a keeper for the purpose. He must know all about the foxes, he ought to be up and about at the time; but the man is a natural and educated enemy to fox-hunting, and nothing but an unfair system of remuneration will make him otherwise.

An earthstopper of a parish or district is not a person likely to come before us in that capacity, unless we were ourselves of a very

roving, fly-by-night, dissipated nature. We know him only, as we have said, in his other capacity of cobbler or tinman. Some one has given a very picturesque description of him, painted in glowing language—a clear-complexioned, white-haired old gentleman, in the neatest of velveteens: we are not sure that he or the artist (if it was a painting) did not add a pony. We know he was all right, up to time, which is not always the case, and about to do his duty in the face of uncommonly streaky weather like a man. Now our own impression of this outsider of the hunt is different from this. We know that the shackling vagabond that exercised the craft in our own village was anything but venerable in appearance or sober in habit. That he stopped the earth sometimes is true, that he stopped in the foxes sometimes is also true, and that he stopped in the public-house as often and as long as the salary permitted is beyond all question. The secret of his being selected for the post at all arose from one simple great qualification. He loved fox-hunting, and when it could be done without personal inconvenience to his propensity for drink he might be depended upon.

The amount of money paid annually for earthstopping will vary, of course, according to the fashion or wealth of the country, or according to its requirements, for certain countries require much more labour in the way of stopping than others. Some are full of earths, others very sandy, in which latter case they are liable to be opened after the earthstopper has concluded his business. There is scarcely a full appreciation of the obligations we lie under to a really conscientious earthstopper. He has the whole of his side of the country at his mercy. He can spoil your sport any day. He can get rid of your foxes unfairly, or pocket your money while he is in bed, and can laugh at you in your sleeve. And such was formerly not a very uncommon thing for him to do. The money paid for their services in round figures in a good country touches one hundred pounds per annum, a sum which comes out of the Master's pocket, and which should be ample to secure the fulfilment of the duties: we have given these figures as in round numbers. Mr. Trollope, in his article on hunting and its expenses, left them out altogether; so that if we had not seen him lately we should have thought he was gone to some very happy hunting-grounds indeed. We think it would be a very happy thing if this important business could be placed under the management of one man, who should be responsible for the working either of a whole county, or as much of it as one man could possibly superintend. Such a man would in truth be a servant of the hunt. He must be bold, hardy, energetic, with a love of hunting surpassing other enjoyments; and he should be a judge of character for the choice of his subordinates. They, too, must be hardy and indifferent to sleep and weather; ready to face strong wind and rain, and at a time of night when Nature rather points towards the blankets. This might answer, though the expenses would be greater; but such a consideration is of less consequence, where it is quite clear that without foxes to hunt you

cannot have sport. One method ought to become general, which would knock on the head this entire business of the earthstopper. Every gentleman possessing coverts in a foxhunting country, properly drawn at regular periods, and falling within the probable reach of the hounds, either by appointment or accident, should relieve the hunt of all anxiety by giving one general order to his head keeper on the subject. Paying him liberally, as indeed keepers are paid, he should stipulate for foxes as well as pheasants under penalty of instant dismissal; and the earths should be placed under that man's charge with a view to their proper stopping and opening at right times and occasions. It would be an immense advantage in every way to the hunt, and give very little trouble to the master of an estate. As to that intolerable method of paying another man's servant for doing his duty by 1*l.* 1*s.* for a find, which is the case in our present country, and which we hear is by no means uncommon elsewhere, away with it: it is an abomination. A keeper's fair fees are for a day's shooting, not for hunting the fox. If a master chooses to make a present or give a Christmas-box to an attentive servant, who has done his best to afford sport, let it be done, but there should be no compulsory demand. No 'stand and deliver, or 'I shoot'——the foxes.

We were just about concluding this article with a word on the other servants or lads of a hunting establishment when we remembered our intended explanation of Tom Smith's method of universal earthstopping. It resolves itself into the change of earth-bred foxes into stub-bred foxes; which (inasmuch as the two sorts exist, and are still foxes, and especially alike as Cæsar and Pompey), does not present the same difficulty as the conversion of a laughing hyena into a French poodle. The plan proposed was this. At the beginning of the season, perhaps about October, or a little before, a properly-qualified person should go with the huntsman, or whipper-in, and smoke every fox out. This would be done, under a certain process of gas-tar and brimstone, in about three days. The earths are then to be again stopped, and to remain so the whole winter; and they should be opened again only when it is desirable for the vixen to lay up their cubs—Mr. Smith says, I think, the end of February. The advantages of the plan are obvious—better runs, the certainty of hounds getting their fox where they deserve him, and the impossibility of stopping foxes in by careless or dishonest earthstopping. In fact, earthstopping as a trade for daily bread would be at an end. And its disadvantages are obvious. Would the absence of shelter affect what are called earth-bred foxes? Would they not be too liable to predatory attacks from their enemies? Would they return so readily to their kennels? and would not their safety be more endangered by the removal of their cities of refuge? Possibly. We leave it for more experienced and practical persons to work out. We have no room to go into the argument here, nor has it much to do with the subject of our-door servants. One thing strikes us as obvious. That foxes are clearly made to

be hunted: and that as they have surrendered the principle of earth-stopping in our favour, it must be better for the hounds and horsemen that they should be kept above ground, if they can by it be killed in a gallant and handsome manner. Depend upon it a fox feels the ignominy of being seduced into the temptation of going to ground by the idleness of an earthstopper, as much as Hector did the temptation of bolting round the walls of Troy after so boldly facing his foe. The death-bed of your true brave is the green sward.

To the other hangers-on of the kennels, the feeders, the helpers, and the covert-boys, who take the huntsmen's horses, and return with hacks, and to that nameless crowd which in England is always to be found where hounds and horses congregate, we recommend a determination to do the work they undertake, as if it was the business for which they were sent into the world. These men have much to do, but it comes frequently in the lump; and then they have their 'Hours of Idleness,' like Byron. That's the dangerous part of their trade. No man can tell them what to do, because there are as many minds as there are men; but we can tell every one of them what to avoid—'drink.' 'Idleness is the root of all evil,' says the copybook; but that's not true, for if a man lay on his back all day he would be nobody's enemy but his own. But idleness, being a very rare commodity in its simple state, combines quickly with alcohol, and then it wakes up a blaze of mischief, that is only represented on earth by the Devil, and which the Devil himself cannot stop.

The absolute duties of these helpers and stable boys will come in their proper place, but they must make way for the present for the stud-grooms, second horsemen, and one or two more important attachés to English establishments.

YACHTING AND ROWING.

Yachtsmen have had a busy time of it during the past month, and, bearing in mind what has been done on the Thames, there is every prospect of a brilliant season to look back upon, even should the international matches with America fall through, which at present appear only too probable. Mr. Ashbury's laudable ambition to compete for the Queen's Cup, held by the New York Club, can certainly not be gratified this year, as their Secretary writes that six months' notice of a challenge is an inevitable condition. Already, however, three Yankee clippers are doubtless on their way here—Sappho, our last season's antagonist; Dauntless, the proposed rival of the Cambria; and The Meteor; so we may fairly expect to see them take part in the Isle of Wight galas, when the tonnage question will be discussed and an ocean match arranged if possible. Meanwhile we have had some fine races on the Thames, and the ranks of yachtsmen are constantly gaining strength. The Prince of Wales, besides his steam-yacht Alexandria, has now a cutter by Harvey, which is appropriately named The Princess; and Lord Chief Justice Cockburn has recently become the possessor of the fine

schooner Zouave, formerly owned by Mr. Arabin, and more recently by Colonel Erskine Nicol. The United Club at Gravesend has come to an untimely end, but we are glad to learn that its recovery is probable; and relieved of the fatal incubus of 'Company, Limited,' may fairly hope to succeed, as it certainly did 'supply a want,' to adopt the slang of the outside sheet. Amongst notable reappearances this season we may notice The Julia, which, having been yawl-rigged for several seasons, is now restored to her pristine form as a cutter; also The Vanguard, whom we hope to see this season contesting the championship of cutters with Fiona.

The Royal Thames Schooner Match from Gravesend to the Mouse attracted immense interest from the number and quality of the entries; and though the wind was scarcely what we should have wished as a test of big ships' capabilities, spectators were not to be denied, and the presence of the Prince of Wales and suite lent *éclat* to the occasion. The entries consisted of The Cambria, Egeria (Mr. Mulholland), Gloriana (Mr. A. O. Wilkinson), and Witchcraft (Mr. Broadwood), in the first class; Count Batthyany's Flying Cloud, and Fleur-de-Lys (Mr. Birch), of the second class. The day was oppressively hot, with a light S.W. wind as they started, Cambria and Witchcraft sending up an enormous amount of canvas. Fleur-de-Lys followed their example with a spinacre set jib fashion; but the boom went directly, and she was delayed some minutes by the *contretemps*. In the Lower Hope Gloriana made the most of the light breeze, and with The Egeria led the fleet; Cambria and her companions, as it seemed, not appreciating such very ladylike weather. Off Sheerness, however, the leader's topmast went, and while the deck was being cleared the others drew up; the wind now being fresher Witchcraft came up and looked very formidable. Past the Nore it fell lighter again, and Gloriana rounded with a minute's lead, Egeria, Witchcraft, and Cambria following. On the return Egeria soon weathered Gloriana, which fell third before the Nore was reached, where Count Batthyany led Mr. Broadwood. In the Lower Hope the wind was a dead noser, and no change had occurred in their order as they finished as follows: Egeria, Cambria, Gloriana, and Flying Cloud. The first-named took the prize, Gloriana gaining second honour by time allowance, and Flying Cloud won the prize in her class. On the same day the little Ranelagh Club had a couple of matches which were highly successful. Dudu and Dione took prizes in the first class and Aerolite in the second. The New Thames Schooner and Yawl Match secured a capital entry, including all the vessels in the R.T.Y.C. match, as well as Mr. T. Groves' Druid and Amy (Mr. L. J. Crosley); but Fleur-de-Lys declined starting. There was a fair S.W. breeze as the gun fired; and in the Lower Hope Gloriana, as in the previous match, showed a good lead, Cambria following. Nearing Thames Haven the wind freshened, and Egeria showed in second place, Flying Cloud next. Past the Nore, where the wind dropped again, Flying Cloud fell astern, and down to the Mouse was slow work. Gloriana had a lead of two minutes when they rounded, Egeria, Cambria, and Witchcraft following, with a strong ebb to sail against. Cambria and Egeria soon took the lead, the former forging ahead along the Maplin at a rare pace; and off the Nore Flying Cloud also went by The Gloriana. Near Gravesend Egeria looked like saving her time with Cambria; but the wind had died away, and she hung awfully making the last tack, while Flying Cloud, with a lucky puff or two at the critical moment, ran up with one board, so she proved an easy winner, having to receive 26 minutes. Cambria won second prize, though her allowance to Egeria made

it a near thing. The match altogether was a most satisfactory one, as there was more wind than with the R.T.Y.C. affair, which, however, it resembled in many respects. The Royal London secured The Cambria, Druid, Flying Cloud, and Witchcraft, for their Schooner and Yawl Match, which was to be sailed from Gravesend to the Mouse and back; but owing to unfavourable wind they rounded just at the Nore. The breeze was north at starting, and shifted eastwards, so it was hard work beating a great part of the journey. Druid and Cambria had alternately the advantage; but the schooner rounded first, Druid next, then Flying Cloud, Witchcraft astern. In the return the wind died away, and Druid, luckily sticking to the Kentish coast, caught most breeze and won, coming in first by over a minute, Cambria next. The Royal Thames Channel Match, from the Nore to Dover, boasted a baker's dozen entries, including The Condor, Julia, Fiona, Christabel (Earl Annesley), Egeria, Cambria, Alarm, and Surge (Mr. H. Bessemer). They started with a light N.W. wind, which freshened and came more southerly as they proceeded. Lord Annesley's cutter showed the way to the Tongue Light, where Fiona got away. There was some pretty sailing between the schooners Gloriana and Cambria; and late in the day The Condor got an advantage which she retained, arriving first at Dover, Julia, Fiona, Christabel, and Egeria following, Mr. Moss's re-converted vessel winning first prize by less than a minute from Fiona, and Egeria taking second honours, with plenty of time to spare. This match may almost be said to conclude the season on the Thames, as the present month's yachting on the river will be of minor importance.

Rowing is still almost entirely confined to amateurs, and we have no longer a fine list of matches in prospect amongst first-class watermen, whose occupation is apparently in the same state as Othello's. The Thames National Regatta makes no sign of revival, and the only professional affair on the *tapis* is a challenge from the brothers Hickey, of Australia, to row sculling, and pair-oared matches with the best men in England. This has been taken up by Renforth and Taylor, who reply, offering to row a pair-oared match 500*l.* a side, and the same amount for sculls between Renforth and either of the Hickeys. The distance to be four miles at least. As they state, they naturally prefer the *locale* of Tyneside, and offer 200*l.* for expenses if their proposal is accepted. The suggestions seem reasonable, and we only hope something will come of it.

The Amateur International affair with Harward is progressing satisfactorily, and the Yankee representatives are to start this month. The course is not yet decided on, and the fatal bugbear 'steamer' is put forward as an unanswerable objection to rowing between Putney and Mortlake; but with all due regard to the opposition, the London water seems, all things considered, the most eligible, and the improved arrangements of Mr. Lord and the Thames Conservancy should obviate all unpleasantness. No answer is at present received to the letter of the London Rowing Club, but our Transatlantic friends seem to consider it necessary to find a different four to row the Londoners, whereas the best plan would be for all to start at once, and as Cambridge appear unlikely to come to the post, there would be only three boats, which is quite a practicable number on the Putney water. A short interview will however do more to settle matters satisfactorily than pages of letter writing, and we doubt not all will be amicably arranged on the arrival of the gallant visitors. Meanwhile, the U. B. C.'s of Oxford and Cambridge describe themselves as aghast at the 'cheek' of the Londoners in issuing the challenge at all. We consider such ghastliness uncalled for, but having given tongue last

month, we will not, like music-hall singers, 'oblige again' without being encored. *Apropos* of the forthcoming match, the Canoe Club have sent proposals to America for a little spin, with the most hospitable offers of every facility to the enterprising visitors.

At Oxford the sculls produced half a dozen entries, but Yarborough had the best of all his opponents and won the final very easily. For the pairs he also entered scratch with Willan and made a good fight for the heat, but they were beaten by Pownall and Jones, of Exeter, who afterwards won the final. King's Lynn Regatta enjoyed the usual sport. The eight-oared prize was retained by 1st Trinity, Cambridge beating Corpus, as on public form they were bound to do. A mixed crew of Jesus and Corpus won the fours, and the pairs fell to Muirhead and Phelps, of Sydney, while Aitcheson, of Christ's, landed the sculls, so the trophies were pretty equally divided. Watermen's sculls were between Renforth and Sadler, and of course the former won easily.

Henley Regatta, the great rowing meeting of the season this year, fell about a fortnight earlier than usual, and bore out its ancient traditions with the customary wet weather, which, of course, was especially obnoxious on the second day, when the bulk of the spectators are wont to assemble. The first day was tolerably fine, though scarcely up to June form, as a strong wind blew across the stream, nullifying the advantage of the Berks Station, which is usually considerable. The trial heat for the Grand Challenge between Eton and Oxford Etonians produced what appeared to be a fine race, as the boys rowing very well, though with a quick stroke, kept well up for a mile, when power told, and the Oxonians won a very fast race with plenty to spare. The Stewards were rather a surprise, as the Etonian four was generally considered equal to 'wiring' the Radleians, who, however, with Houblon stroke held a slight lead at the critical point and won easily at the finish. Of the Wyfold challengers, the Oscillators proved themselves for the best, as in spite of most eccentric steering, they took both their opponents' water in half a mile, and conversing affably or otherwise amongst themselves, came in easy winners. The Staines Club, who made their *début* at Henley, showed fair form, beating the London Rowing Club, whose Wyfold team was never able to live at the pace and sadly disappointed their supporters, who expected them at least to make a tight race with the Oscillators. The Ladies' Plate proved an easy journey for Lady Margaret, Cambridge, who having nothing but the Radley boys to beat did their work right merrily, and for once Granta caught the judge's eye in the right place. The Scull Trials caused intense excitement, as the Londoner, Long, was immensely fancied, and heavy odds were laid on his beating Crofts, whose previous deeds of might in beating Stout and winning the Sculls in 1867 were, for the moment, utterly ignored, so straight were the tips and marvellous the 'reports from training quarters' as to the powers of the cockney. The race proved a very fast one, Crofts getting a strong lead in the first half-mile, when Long began to draw up, and at the point looked as if he must go by him in the next ten yards; but somehow he didn't, and Crofts, though every stroke seemed his last, kept his nose in front to the finish, winning this strange eventful scene by about eight feet. In fact, it was so near a thing, as to remind us of Brickwood and Woodgate's dead heat in 1862. Long appeared utterly unable to raise a spurt, and was evidently overtrained. Yarborough had nothing to do in his heat, and the final looked a moral for Crofts, as indeed it proved.

The intervals between the races were virtuously occupied in executing

condign vengeance on certain travellers from the Principality, who, having adopted for the time the names of C. Bush, P. Powter, and other well-known metallicians, proceeded to speculate with the verdant on the 'Heads I win, 'tails you lose,' principle. Mr. Bush's double performed against Crofts, and having a bad book attempted to skedaddle, with the usual result of much row and little pecuniary satisfaction to the aggrieved ones. On the second day two gentlemen who had prematurely stopped payment were treated to a bath *ultra libitum*, and had, we trust, a sickener of Henley and its denizens. From welchers to three-card men is but a short step; the latter were in great force, but did not apparently do much business, as a firm of two bonnets (female), a most unwholesome, unswellish swell, and the original old pimple-faced decoy, were all occupied in kidding one yokel, who after all would not play for more than crowns. It was consolatory to notice that the paths of vice are not always smooth.

On the second day the weather was simply infernal, and Macintosh was an agreeable companion day and night. Up to four P.M. we contented ourselves with witnessing the races through a telescope. The Grand Challenge final between London and Oxford Etonians proved a great race to the Point. The challengers had done very fast time in their trial, but the holders were much strengthened by the accession of Long and Stout; so that altogether it looked a very near thing, and we were disposed to back stations rather than crews; as the wind had dropped the Berks side had now a decided advantage. Apart from their position, however, Oxford showed itself the better crew, as, in spite of losing start, they made up near Fawley Court, and led before the Point, where the station tells most. Rounding this bend they improved their lead, and again became entitled to the great prize of the regatta. The Wyfold produced a magnificent race, and every one's sympathies were enlisted one way or the other, as the Kingston, who have held this cup x (ever so many) years are special rivals of the Oscillators. The holders had the station, but the others soon led, and more than once tried to take their water. Kingston's generalship was, however, so vastly superior that they stalled off the wobblers, and kept their place to the Point, where the Oscillators, though leading, went needlessly wide. The finish was most interesting; but the Oscillators, though badly steered, while their opponents went straight, kept ahead to the end, and Kingston lost the trophy they have held so long. The final heat of the Stewards showed the London four to be far better than their eight, as they ran right away from the Radleians, who, however, won the No-coxswain prize, after a good race with the Oscillators. In the final heat of the Ladies' Plate, Eton made short work of Lady Margaret, who also were but second-best in the Visitors', when University College, though a scratch lot, scored an easy win. Lady Margaret's crew, though unsuccessful, deserve the thanks of their University, and indeed of all oarsmen, as the sole representatives of Cambridge, which, having recently passed a resolution that the head boat be expected to appear at King's Lynn, might with advantage include Henley, where in the days of Griffiths, Lawes, and Chambers, she has shown some first-rate form, and now, with Goldie to the fore, might surely repeat the exhibition.

Pangbourne Regatta, a pleasant little meeting just after Henley, was sufficient inducement for oarsmen to stop a little longer up the river. The fours were expected to make a good race, as the crack London crew had Parnell instead of Long, and Oxford Etonians therefore fancied themselves moderately. The struggle proved exciting; but London landed pretty easily.

Crofts, the Diamond holder, won the Sculls from Gulston, who, besides, was disqualified for fouling; and a similar mischance happened in the pairs, but in this case Gulston and Ryan were declared the winners. The Scratch Races produced intense excitement, which culminated in a dead heat. Amongst the numerous friends and comrades of the competitors, an eight-oared race of Engineer officers *v.* Artillery, Putney to Mortlake, created a vast amount of interest. The former had been looked after by Mr. Chambers, and the latter were trained by Mr. Woodgate, of Henley, where their colours gave rise to numerous inquiries as to who was who. The race was a hollow one after half a mile, as Woodgate's team soon showed in front, and, despite miserable steering in boats, won easily. However, the affair was highly satisfactory, and will, we hope, become an annual one. The Metropolitan Regatta, under the auspices of the London Rowing Club, is undecided at the time of writing; so we must defer comments until next month.

PARIS SPORT AND PARIS LIFE.

THE spring and summer racing seasons of Paris and Chantilly have passed off without any great sensation; and, to tell the truth, were, I think, duller than usual. A certain unpleasant action which has affected the British Turf has no doubt reacted on the Tribunes of Boulogne and Chantilly. That noble army of plungers usually to be seen at Chantilly on the French Derby Day, and at Longchamps on the Grand Prix, was—where shall I say? Well—somewhere else. The de Lagrange stable—in tremendous form this year—carried off, at last, a French Derby, but not, I think, a great stake with it; and with ninety horses in training, you do require to win something besides the mere added money—'And the forfeits!' once observed Lord George to a friend, who congratulated him on winning a grand stake. Count Frederic de Lagrange must sometimes say, 'And the entries, and the forfeits, and the hay and corn-bill!' But still, this year, I fancy things must look healthy, and the credit side of M. Grandhomme's ledger show a pleasing balance of 10,000*l.*: since writing this it must be much more. The French Derby has got so popular that it is no longer as pleasant as it was wont to be: Chantilly is more like the old Chantilly, on the Oaks day, when Diana still presides over a restricted and aristocratic meeting. At the 'Grand Cerf' there was the usual rush for breakfast, but if you have my luck, and going down 'quite promiscuous like,' find a very pleasant party and a capital breakfast all ready to your hand and mouth, then I do not think that you can complain that your lines have fallen in unpleasant places: *à propos*, I should like my lines to fall into some of those very pleasant places where those venerable carp are! I am told that there are carp as big as whales, and pike as large as walruses and as hungry as Dando! The Derby day, then, was a scrimmage, though it was 'General Election' day as well, and the fight for the trains was, as usual, an awful bore. Then we come to the great solemnity of the Grand Prix de Paris—I have assisted at every one of the seven which have yet been run. Each year they get more and more crowded, till it is anything but a day of pleasure for the *habitués* of the Tribune of Longchamps. To say that I would run a mile on a hot Sunday afternoon rather than face the crowd of another Grand Prix would be to write under the mark. I am very fond of racing, and think the Grand Prix 'a very interest-'ing international contest,'—that is, if you please, the correct phrase,—but I

have a holy horror of a crowd, and I am not up to the weight of more than one heavy man on each instep at a time. The Marquis de Talon, who is a really Good Samaritan and one who pours champagne and Badminton in the mouths of the distressed, has always on that day a drag modelled on that of the 1st Life Guards—no bad form—and from the roof of that convenient conveyance we sat and saw Glaneur score the odd trick for France. You ask who was there? Ask how many grains of sand there are on the sea-shore, and try to count them when you go to Bognor for Goodwood! On the outside, or improper side of the course, there was all that is *demi-monde* in Paris, with some very elegant extracts from London thrown in. Carriages! I wish you could see them—Peters's best form—horses from Rice, at ten thousand francs the foot—postilions in velvet: mark you, always with the family crest on the arm—broughams so exquisite that it is no wonder that ten young men about Paris should be looking into them: stay though—perhaps they may be looking at the lining, *i.e.* that which is inside. Yes! it is dusty, and twenty francs is a large sum to give for a rose, to present to a gilded syren of the Paphian district of Breda, who has already a small conservatory in her *coupé*. Let us go over the way. Who is there? Why everybody—Emperor, Empress, Prince Imperial, Archdukes of Russia, Queens of Holland and Spain, and the little King attached to that latter lady, who is not nearly so dark as she is painted. Try to penetrate the enclosure in front of the Stand—you might as well try to take the Quadrilateral. Attempt the Betting Ring—it is so full that they cannot even 'pick you up,' and that, you know, does not take up much of either time or space. You meet a friend, and he says, 'Charlie, my child, have you seen the Princess?' (It is always as well to use a good title, it takes so with the public.) 'Princess! know so many!' 'Of 'course; but I mean the little Princess Checkchowcherrychow, whom we met 'at Bazias.' You have a vision of a charming child married to a baronial monster ætat. 45,—with blue eyes (I mean the Baroness, of course), light hair, and a snaky figure, and off you go to find her. Reader, did you ever hear of one Tantalus, or look for a needle in a truss of fine old, well-got in, last year's meadow-hay, at five pounds the ton? Yes! Then there you have it. 'I say, 'old man, Peter says he owes you a pony, and is looking for you everywhere.' You know he does, and look for him with both eyes, but you do not see him, and that pony, so long standing out, is stabled with him for another year. Then there is a race, which nobody sees, and all is over. 'Monsieur has had 'the chance to-day?' 'Yes, and a thousand thanks! it is not bad: an en-'raged one betted me ten to one against Glaneur.' 'Monsieur is, then, the 'great winner!' 'My faith! not bad: I have won twenty-five francs!'

Not that they do not pop it on nicely here now! And if all the money betted by French sportsmen on *their* Oaks, Derby, and Grand Prix was put in a hat and to be given to 'the next two poor boys in the street,' I should like to be one of those two poor boys. So much for racing. It must be confessed that we had a great pigeon shooting here, and that is a display of talent which we can go down to our Club and sit in a chair and see. As years creep on one, one does like sitting in a chair and seeing. The battle raged furiously, and the French are enemies worthy of the 'Gun Club.' Over two days ranged the great contest. 'Badinage' is the French for 'chaff.' The dwellers on this side the Channel were supposed to be 'post-masters' of that weapon of attack and defence. I wonder what they must have thought of the thrust and parry of the right-hand *side* of the pavilion of the 'Skating Club!' There were those present who could pleasantly talk off the hind leg from a dead donkey.

The French shot well—mind they were this year, for the first time, accommodated with real 'flyers,' which, as I heard an Englishman, who should have known better, calmly inform an old French gentleman, 'came over in ice from 'England every hour.' It is a very pretty scene: the water in front, the flowers, the Martello-looking towers in which are kept the feathered songsters, which we are about to try and destroy. I call them songsters because each has a man to sing out for him—he speaks 'de part' the bird: 'Is you ready?' 'Well!' 'Poul!' And the liberated bird flies, and, as a rule, flies a very short distance, for they are demons to shoot, are our members of the 'Skating Club,' where they quickly and constantly reduce 'Blue-rocks' to the condition of 'pigeons 'aux petits pois (de plomb).'

When Mr. Reginald Herbert was crowned victor—he will excuse the poetica phrase—I am bound to say that he was welcomed in great style, and the victory of England was certainly considered no disgrace to France. There is an establishment in Paris, very little known to English, especially if they are respectable—as, of course, all your subscribers, nay, readers, really are—called 'Mabille.' It is a dancing place set up in imitation of Cremorne,—a low style of place, of course, but, would you believe it? it was crowded on several nights during the Pigeo-Racing week! I could not believe it; so I just ordered the brougham and drove down to see with my own eyes and settle the question. Now really! there they were all! so many names and so many people without names or under other names; so many disreputable persons—I mean 'fast' people—that I was astonished; and what do you think I did? Got into the brougham and went home respectably to bed? No! sent it away (the morals of servants must always be respected), and stayed! Stayed—I should think I did stay! and I think the following few remarks from a 'Casual' at the Restaurants of the Boulevards may be as interesting and as clean as the dreadful drops into dirt which were celebrated by the poet of the workhouse and the Knight of that Bath—Eugh!

Why people who dine at eight require supper at twelve, is one of those mysteries which, sooner or later—later, probably, when the stomach is reduced to work in its short-sleeves and digestion has not a leg to stand on—will be satisfactorily cleared up: at present, I say, it *is* a mystery. On the night in question the Maison Dorée (which has never been closed for thirty-five years) was so full that 'casuals' were waiting in the halls—just as in our own ancestral halls, soon after the Conquest, serfs used to await on stoles and on benches the coming of the Lady Bread-giver—(those waiting here wanted a little something with their bread—say some truffles, champagne-ice, strawberries—'cum multis aliis quos nunc præscribere longum,' as the Latin grammar was kind enough to say). But the 'bread-giver' came not, male or female. 'Get out of this, we are full to a turn,' put, of course, into French worthy of the Academy; but equally forcible and unpleasant was the compliment which met us when we, ten in a cab (most decent people, I assure you), presented ourselves at the iron gates which lead to the entresols of the gilded mansion. 'Are you full?' 'Full!' exclaimed Pierre, 'that room is 'already swarming with a hive of ladies, and is reserved for Smashem-Pacha, who is going back to Adrianopolis.' 'No. 3?' ('Henri, who is in No. 3?—'Oh! yes.') 'No. 3: the Hong-Kong Vice-Consul has retained that for the 'night. And No. 7, you *know*, is taken by the *attachés* of the Falaba Legation.' 'No. 11?' 'So grieved, monsieur, but the Bishop of Nyanza is coming with some missionaries.' 'Can we stay in the large room?' Alas! no, monsieur. A Greek gentleman has hired it, to give a little

'dance—and behold, the music to commence!' Eliminated evidently—nothing left but bed or the Café Anglais—the house which looks so truly like a '*whited* sepulchre.' We cross the way, and 'sound.' 'I want soupé you 'know—supper, *chaude*—supper, hot, you see—suite—at once, pour four.' Such was the first order I heard as I threaded my way in van of our gang up those tortuous steps which lead to supper and a view of the façade of the Opera Comique. Then again began the same scene—orgy, to the tune of a wizen old cracked piano inside and a perfect crowd in the passages and on the stairs, literally seeking what they might devour—devour *à la carte*, and by paying for it. There the world stayed till daylight did appear and a good deal longer. Rosalie began to look yellow, Blanche, blue; the young lady who had sung was now snoring; Fifine was still eating; La Belle de Nuit looked rather like the ghost of yesterday as the little 'intimate party' of the 'English Café' went home to bed to prepare for the labours of the next day.

Yes! on reflection it was a lively week! Once that period over, we had a lull. In the first place we had a kind of Revolution, which frightened away people, and you had Ascot, which took away people who were not the least likely to be frightened, and so we got a little dull. Thorpe's was dry; even the hopes of a 'Boston Floater' could not attract a crowded house. This is now the Turf-Club *par excellence* in Paris. If you drop into the Rue Scribe, at eleven, you will hear all that has gone on in disreputable Paris all day; and allow me to say that that is a great advantage. Velocipeding is still raging here. Imagine! I know one British sportsman who has just imported three velocipedes. Let him say what he likes, he will never get one of them over the country round Market Harborough, even if they introduce jumping springs. At the Hippodrome here you may see the fair—or perhaps I should say the unfair sex, for they take unfair advantages—'in blue satin breeches 'and Bloomer costume,' to quote the hymn of one William Barlowe, well known in the dark ages, careening away on two and three wheels, and the sight is remarkable. It is asserted—I did not see it—that one lady rode to the Grand Prix on a velocipede, her groom on another following her. There was a neatish party at Maisons Laffitte on the 17th: all the ladies wore knickerbockers! Et pourquoi non! It was an idea like another——.

I hope soon to be more amusing than we have been lately; but, do you know, even in Paris life is sometimes dull. But I shall conclude my paper by singing, 'Beviamo, e, speriamo,' and so go to bed.

'OUR VAN.'

The Invoice.—June Jottings.

The Union which we stated last month, to have been entered into between May and December has lasted a much longer time than had been anticipated, and in fact continued throughout the month of June, which has deprived us of a great portion of the enjoyment we always derive from its summer fêtes. In fact all classes of the community have been sufferers from the extreme severity of the season, except the few survivors of Franklin's expedition; and even one of those admitted to us at Ascot on the Tuesday that the air was bracing. Still there have been the customary number of Races, Yearling, Horse Shows, Pigeon and Cricket Matches, Greenwich and Richmond Dinners, and Dog Exhibitions which have ever characterised the month; and judging from the

published returns, they do not seem to have been much affected by the temperature of the atmosphere. Then the Betting World has had a heavy blow, and great discouragement cast upon it by the hostile action of the Government, which the organs of the Press in the interest of the former have retaliated by attacking those who they imagine put it in force against them—not a very judicious plan, we consider, as the strength of the game is clearly in the hands of the authorities. So altogether we may be said to have gone through a very sensational month, the proceedings of which, in all probability, will have an important effect upon the English Turf. With this somewhat lengthy preface, we will run through the Sayings and Doings in the Sporting World during the month which has just been recorded in the annals of time. As the months have all been appropriated to different sports and diversions, so the days of the month have each had their especial duties assigned to them, by those whose duty it is to regulate the order of our going. For instance, Tattersall's claims our Mondays, while the Betting-ring makes an equally stringent demand upon the following four days. Hurlingham and Shepherd's Bush lay an embargo upon us for Saturdays; and Greenwich or Richmond will not be denied on Sunday. So, on the whole, we cannot be said to have a very unpleasant time of it. But the pleasure of catering for our readers, makes up for the hard labour endured by a perseverance in the course of study we have laid down for ourselves. At Ascot the Racing game may be said to have commenced for June in a theatre, admirably adapted for its illustration, and which was crowded from the base to the summit, with England's fairest daughters, with a choice assemblage of the opposite sex, all disposed of, so that the most might be made of them. And the sight of the different luncheon parties grouped on the lawn, was a happy relief to the monotony of other Grand Stands, and forcibly reminded us of the *al fresco* entertainments in the gardens of Boccaccio. The improvements in the Stand, which, it is only fair to state, had their origin in the good taste and inventive design of Lord Colville, the late Master of the Horse, were carried out in the strictest integrity by his successor, Lord Cork, who, not content, as we have seen some of his predecessors, with riding up the course with the royal cortége, entered fully into the minutiæ of the office, and saw that his orders were properly carried into effect. If there is one spectacle connected with royalty more popular than another, it is that of the Sovereign coming up the New Mile at Ascot; and this year, although the procession was not graced by the presence of Her Majesty, yet her Son and her Daughter-in-law had no reason to complain of a decrease of the enthusiasm with which she was wont to be received; indeed, the curiosity of the softer sex to gaze on the Princess of Wales seemed to us to be greater than ever—upon the supposition, we should imagine, that during her absence in Foreign Lands she had undergone some change either in height or colour. It is needless to say that she looked as well as ever, although somewhat bronzed by travelling under eastern suns; and with the Ladies Hamilton, she made up a group the like of which we do not often witness in a day's march. Her surroundings were quite equal to the occasion; and if the publisher of the late 'Book of 'Beauty' was present and beheld them, he must have been nigh broken-hearted at being unable to give them to the world. The racing was very good; and if we say it was worthy of the scene, we shall not be accused of exaggeration. To show the low state to which the Turf is reduced, we are sorry to record the first race, which was the Trial Stakes, was won by a Vagabond; and to show the perversity of the people connected with the race-course, the Vagabond, instead of being passed on one side, was a tremendous favourite; but on

this occasion, as if afraid of the company, he behaved himself properly and did what was asked of him. Then came out a lot of young things for a Biennial Stake, for which the talent were again right in the conclusions they drew with the Ring, for the Blue Bell colt by Thormanby, which was in everybody's mouth, soon disposed of all his customers, and was returned at the head of the poll; Mont Blanc, who had before exhibited some amount of form, and which was bred by Sir Lydston Newman, was second; and the Cantine filly, of whom great hopes were entertained, hardly ran up to what was expected from her looks, for she was as handsome as paint, and clever as a Christian. The Vase commenced the run of ill-luck which Sir Joseph sustained during the week; and when the quartette were brought out and led in procession before the Royal Box, we could not help reflecting they afforded a brilliant example of the strength of the Turf in England at the present day, when we have been told by those in authority that the English race-horse is the finest, hardiest, and speediest animal that is to be found in the world. Some people, as a matter of course, wondered that not a four-year old was among them, but as they were outer barbarians, their opinion of course went for nothing. Nevertheless we think it somewhat unfortunate, at this particular period, when such an outcry has been made about the scarcity of old horses, that the Queen's Vase, a prize usually much sought after by racing men, should not have brought a single specimen of even a four-year old out. In the betting-ring, courtesy is rarely sacrificed to fashion; and although the Crown Prince of Sweden was present, nobody ever dreamed of mentioning Thorwaldsen's name in his presence. However, he determined to make himself known to his royal countryman, and being made to get up hill, he soon polished off Morna, which still further confirmed his private reputation with Pretender. Then all who were on Morna thought they had only lent their money temporarily, and that Wells and Pero Gomez would in a few minutes get it back for them. So they went on merely pencilling down the odds that were offered, little thinking that they were about to endure a Martyrdom second only to that of St. Stephen; for Captain Machell's horse, which had been nicely nursed since Epsom, with Fordham's handling, came and told Pero he was second best. This discovery was anything but pleasant, and confirmed the private opinion of Sir Joseph Hawley to the letter relative to the real merits of his horse; but the blow to the Patrician Supporters of his stable was a heavy one, and a great discouragement to pencilling by the way. Considering how very straightforwardly Lord Falmouth runs his horses, and how safe backers are in dealing with them, it was really pleasant to see Gertrude cantering away in front of the lot opposed to her in the Queen's Plate, which she did as if she was conscious she was out of an Oaks winner. The Ascot Stakes field was of a very miscellaneous description, and the less said about it the better. The North supplied the winner in Bête Noir, a light-weighted Marsyas who came out in time to remind the people that Mr. Blenheim had a lot of the same sort to dispose of at the end of the week. He was ridden by little Gradwell, a boy with the best hands and seat we have seen since the four ten days of Jem Adams in the Joe Miller era. A plater of Sir Joseph Hawley's, which he got from Mr. Hughes to lead gallops for Pero, was second; while King Alfred, whose hill-climbing propensities are well-known, was third. The Maiden Plate was worthy, in point of numbers, of Newmarket itself, and at last Sir Joseph Hawley threw in a main with Waif, which he must be owned to have fully deserved, from the disappointments he had already incurred. And then the great crowd began to disperse, and carriages, both rail and road, villas and cottages, were sought

after, and The Heath was abandoned to the native Zingari and the touts, who extemporised quarters upon it. Wednesday, or the Hunt Cup day, if not the gayest, was certainly the pleasantest of the week, and was perhaps the most enjoyed. Free from the crowd of London, locomotion was actually possible, and the fair wearers of the elegant toilettes could without any difficulty display them to the naked eye; and when comparisons were made between the promenades of Longchamp and Ascot, we were glad to find, in the minds of those best qualified to offer an opinion on the subject, that the preference was given to Berkshire. The racing was proportioned to the day, and highly relished; but its interest was centred in the Royal Hunt Cup, the winner of which every one was trying to solve, and for which there were two great parties, who maintained the race rested between their representatives, See Saw and Cock of the Walk, who got the vacancy occasioned by Red Rice's retirement. And the result proved they were right in their calculations; and the Cambridgeshire winner, nicely handled by Fordham, just prevented Mr. Brayley from proving the correctness of the appellation of his horse. The nag that acquired some notoriety at Epsom as the reported best outsider in the Derby, viz., Border Knight, was third, thus proving there was some truth in the on dits about his fine speed. Then came a regular Ascot 'turn up,' in which the layers of odds, and young gentlemen who wish the Turf to pay for their flower bills, caught it over the head and eyes. It seems Lord Falmouth had tried Kingcraft to be a clipper, and openly stated so; for he is not so mysterious as the late Mr. Drinkald, but candidly speaks his mind. 'Young England,' therefore, were only too glad to be permitted to lay 4 to 1 on him, especially as there was nothing in the field but Mahonie, a filly of Baron Rothschild's, whose form they all knew, and Clodius, a colt of Mr. Crawfurd's, which if entered to be sold for thirty sovereigns would never be claimed. But it is worthy of remark, that Fordham is never so dangerous as when dealing with favourites; and, waiting with the outsider to the very last moment in the final set-to, he just managed to beat him by a head, amid astonishment as great as was ever witnessed on a race-course, while the shouting of the Ring might have been heard at the Mansion House, and Ascot maintained its prestige as being the favourite battle-ground of Baron Rothschild and the King Toms. Of all the spectacles of which England can boast, whether in the musical, flower, or archery line, none can compare with that of the Cup day at Ascot, which every year may be said to have increased in size and magnificence, and it may now be said to have reached its crowning apex. The weather was just what would have been ordered for the occasion, and a larger collection of beautiful women was never before seen together. All nations, in fact, may be said to have been represented; while England may be fairly said to have borne the bell, yet, as candid critics, we must admit that Russia was, in racing parlance, far too near to be pleasant. All Mayfair and St. James's Street were present, and the Drags had, as usual, a grand field day; and we are happy to state that no fault was to be discovered in the commissariat department. And had the purveyors in the Crimea been as careful in their preparations as those of Ascot, the military and other newspapers would have been spared much correspondence. Fortunately this distinguished crowd were rewarded with a remarkably fine Cup race, in which Brigantine proved herself the clipper we were led to believe her, from the running she showed in the Oaks, and she sent Woodyates home rejoicing; for it was seventeen years since an Ascot Cup had gone there; and old John Day was rendered as happy as a man who had been left a legacy, by 'William' having to lead in Joe Miller.

The Prince of Wales was among the first to congratulate Sir Frederick John-

stone on the victory of his mare, in which he himself participated; and we may add, the victory of the Melton Baronet was in every sense of the word a popular one. Blue Gown ran a fair horse, but the weight was too much for him to give away up such a hill as that of Ascot, and we may say that he stayed the course much better than Sir Joseph had anticipated, for he always contends that Blue Gown is not the glutton at a distance of ground the public make him out to be. The New Stakes is always attractive to the lovers of two-year old racing, and this year it was more so, because there was no particular 'great gun' in it, although the Blue Bell colt left off at the head of the poll, and between him and the first and second there was a wide gulf in regard to the prices. The issue was adverse to the favourites, and favourable to the outsiders, who finished first and second in the shape of Temple and Atlantis. The winner is by Orlando out of Lady Palmerston, and could not have been happier named. He was also ridden by a lad named March, who has evidently a head on his shoulders, and in whatever school he has been brought up, he has learned the art of sitting still, and this time he practised it to no small advantage. Temple is one of the regular Orlandos, a quick beginner, and goes as fast as a man can clap his hands. Being in a private stable, almost, he had, as may be imagined, but very few friends, which may be the cause of the Ring holding him of no account. Friday was a nice pleasant day, when people could see their friends without any difficulty, and make their bets without damaging either the shapes of their figures or their wardrobes, and most of the gentlemen must be said to have had winning balances, as the majority of the issues were determined in favour of the favourites. And so ended an Ascot Meeting, the recollection of which can never be recalled but with pleasure, and upon which Lord Cork, and Captain Bulkeley, his able coadjutor, may be cordially congratulated.

The venue was next changed to Royal Windsor, where we found the evergreen Mr. Frail surrounded with plenty of horses and plenty of people to bet about them. Barring a false start in one of the races, for which he could not be held responsible, everything went merry as a marriage bell, and not a vestige of Shrewsbury could be discovered in the arrangements, which received the unqualified approbation of the Sporting Press, to whose comfort and well-doing Mr. Frail was particularly alive. The next move was to Hampton; and we regret to state that the elements were not propitious to the exhibition of the Games on Moulsey Hurst, which, for their due observance, require a broiling sun, and an asphalte racecourse, both of which they were deprived of on this occasion. The supply of Platers was first rate, and the sport they afforded, coupled with the champagne they caused to be drunk, if we may say, on the premises, amply amused Whitechapel, and sent Holborn home rejoicing. In Hampshire, the state of the times was not so much felt, as might have been anticipated, and even during the Hastings dynasty, better racing was not seen at Stockbridge. For the details of it we have not space at our disposal, and for further and better particulars, we must refer our readers to the Calendar. Newcastle celebrated its Northumberland Plate with its usual *éclat*, and The Pitmen, when it was no longer possible to see old Underhand win, were sufficiently contented to see the race won by his son, The Spy, who very cleverly beat Myosotis, and cheered up John Scott in a season, in which he may be said to have been dead out of luck. However, as it is a long lane that has no turning, we trust that The Spy's success at Newcastle is but the prelude to his adding the Liverpool Cup to the Northumberland Plate.

The great Two-year Old Debate, which was to the Turf what the Irish Church Bill was to Ireland, and which was looked forward to so earnestly by those who did not wish to see the English racehorse turned into a mere money-getting animal

of a few months' duration, has passed off. And although Sir Joseph Hawley was defeated in his motion, by the gambling section of the Club, his minority was far less than was expected, while he got in the thin end of his wedge, inasmuch as Colonel Forester's measure, for putting off the running of two-year olds until May, was carried by a majority, which showed the Turf had some true friends left on it still. Sir Joseph introduced his Bill, if we may so far style it, in a very becoming way: stating that, although he had no right to complain of the existing order of things, he thought it to be essential to the interests of the Turf that some attempt should be made to arrest the existing decay of our racehorses; and he read Lord Derby's views relative to early racing, which were exactly in accordance with his own. He was opposed by Admiral Rous, who thought the world would come to an end if it was carried, and maintained the Jockey Club had no right to interfere with the private property of any one. This doctrine was fiercely combated by Lord Stradbroke, who made a most telling speech in favour of the motion, asking the Club to show him our stayers. The Duke of Rutland followed on the same side, and likewise spoke up for our old horses. The leader of the opposition was the Marquis of Ailesbury, who may be said to have turned the tide of the debate, by the advantage he took of the only vulnerable point in Lord Derby's letter, viz., his allusion to 'a promising 'two-year old.' The debate did not last as long as was anticipated; and Sir Joseph, on the whole, is to be congratulated on the result, which has been to keep legislation in the hands of the Jockey Club, instead of suffering the interference of Parliament, which was more imminent than people generally imagined.

Another cause in the falling-off in our thoroughbred stock we imagine to arise from the foreigners having drained our country of our best blood, and left us with our speediest racers strongly tainted with hereditary roaring. As in the 6th vol. of the 'Stud-Book,' 40 stallions were exported, in the 7th the number increased to 52, in the 8th to 104, in the 9th to 188, and in the 10th to 204. And as among these were Bastion, Coronation, Gladiator, Ionian, Sting, Wolf Dog, The Baron, Conyngham, Gorhambury, Ion, Nunnykirk, Old England, Epaminondas, Foigh-a-ballagh, Ithuriel, Iago, and Van Tromp, we fancy there is some degree of truth in this argument. Besides the difficulty of getting good brood mares at the present time is immeasurably increased by the Prussians snapping up all they can lay their hands upon. The letter of the Speaker of the House of Commons, on the subject of our horses in general, has attracted much attention, but its contents are no novelty, for they embrace merely the pith of some remarks which appeared in this Magazine three or four years back, from the practical pen of Lord Combermere.

Colonel Henderson has created a greater sensation among the Commission Agents than ever Sir Richard Mayne did among the List Houses, and at the present moment he is about the best-abused man in the metropolis of whose morals he has the charge. We confess this interference of the Government—of which we advised our readers in our last number—is calculated to give great annoyance to the parties whose business is interfered with, but they ought not to have been surprised at it, from the extensive publicity they gave to their undertakings, and which almost invited the attention of any Government, anxious about the morals of its people. It is no doubt hard, that any body of men should have been struck down, as it were at a blow, but then they may be said to have brought it on themselves by the want of caution they exhibited in their proceedings, and which exhibited but little knowledge of the world. For had they but continued as quietly as they began, and contented themselves with simple announcements of their calling, they would never have been inter-

fered with; but when they vied with each other in the length of their advertisements—some being like pieces of stair-carpeting—and when Fathers of Families complain of their circulars being sent to their sons at Harrow and Eton, and we know that every other species of gambling is put down with a rigid hand, can we wonder at Colonel Henderson being resolved to try conclusions with them as to the legality of their operations? Besides, it is no secret that the interference with gentlemen's horses in the country, and making them great favourites without their knowledge or consent, has led to a great deal of feeling against the Commission Agents, and has prompted the slipping of the dogs of war against them; as they have appeared to be of opinion, that when once a horse is entered for a race, from that moment his owner loses all interest in him, and he becomes the sole property of the Ring, who are allowed to do what they like with him. The question will not be finally disposed of until November, until which time we reserve our opinion upon it. But we cannot help saying now that, in the opinion of every owner of racehorses, and every head of a family, the repressive measure introduced by Colonel Henderson has met with universal approval; it being thought that the morals of a nation are to be preferred to the advantages of a few individuals. As to the rumours in circulation respecting the intention of the Government to make a raid (this is the fashionable phrase of the day) on Tattersall's and the Victoria Club, we do not believe there is the slightest foundation for it, as those establishments do not come within their scope, and we doubt if any magistrate in London would sign a warrant for entering them. Should, however, a descent be made upon Tattersall's, we trust some great historical painter may be made cognisant of the time of the attack, that he may hand down to posterity the picture of 'Thomas' being led off to Bow Street by 234 and 235 A. Such a painting, we venture to think, would be more valued than even that of Mr. Joy's of the Members of the Subscription. But should such an untoward event as the capture of Thomas take place, may we be there to see. Having thus discussed this important question to the betting world, we trust in a calm and impartial spirit, we now take leave of the subject until November, when we shall see what construction the Court of Queen's Bench puts upon it.

The Breeding Sales of the month have taken place, and, with one or two solitary exceptions, our worst fears of the young stock this season have been realised. Some of the racing men are of opinion that the reduction in prices has been caused by the new law, which will not permit a two-year old to earn his keep until May, and by others to the death of so many supporters of the Turf. But we ourselves are inclined to attribute the fall in the market to the scarcity of 'corn in Egypt,' which permits few people to become purchasers of yearlings. Again, about twice the number of animals are bred than there is any necessity for; and it is sad to think what will become of the surplus stock of breeders this year. One result of the fall in prices has been the reduction of the fees of several of our first-class horses, which did not come before it was wanted. And a good many others will have to abate their terms, if they seek public patronage and wish to have it accorded to them; 'for the value of a 'thing is just as much as it will bring.'

One advantage of sale days is, they are almost invariably fine, and on the Hampton Court Saturday the Waterloo Terminus was crowded with the lovers of horseflesh, who went down to see the lot that Colonel Maude and William Scott had prepared for their inspection. After refreshing the inward man, and washing out their mouths with some of Mr. Combe's excellent Claret Cup, an adjournment was voted to the Ring side, and business commenced. On glancing at the audience, one could not help surmising that 'the return list'

would not bear comparison with those of preceding years, for not a plunger was present. For some time the sale appeared to go off very tamely, and until a filly by St. Albans out of Lady Gough came out there was no animation among the spectators. A very clever animal, she was soon run up to 180 guineas, at which price Mr. Broomsgrove got her. Colonel Forester bought for Lord Wilton, it was presumed, a charming filly by Newminster, out of Hepatica, which, if it does not race, sadly belies its looks. Lord Vivian got a second edition of Orlando in the Himalaya filly, which looks as if it would catch a swallow, and we are very much mistaken if he will ever regret the 420 guineas he pulled out for her. The filly by Saunterer out of Ariadne was another animal that was justly admired, and in our opiniou Mr. Carter got her cheap at 320 guineas. The colt by Ely out of Amazon, regarded very justly as one of the cracks of the day, was fought for with avidity, and Isaac Woolcott at last nodded successfully for him. The colt by St. Albans out of The Arrow, which was generally voted to be the 'pick of 'the basket,' was secured by Mr. Pryor, who was made to pay for his fancy 400 guineas. And when almost the first of the Ely's, viz., the colt out of Eulogy, fetched the same figure, Mr. Cartwright's beautiful horse, as Hotspur was wont to term him, and who is now in capital preservation, cannot be said to have begun badly, and must be allowed to have kept up the averages well. The St. Albans were, as usual, very clever and racing like, and eagerly sought after. And on the whole, considering the little money there is in the market at the present time, for yearlings Mr. Tattersall did very well for his regal client. We should state that although the royal youngsters were voted to be in excellent condition, they were generally deemed to be smaller than usual; and it was urged they should not have been locked up so early, but that more time should be given to intending purchasers to look at the yearlings before they are brought into the Ring. Royalty having been served, our next move was to Hampton Green, where Sir Lydston Newman's lot came before the hammer of Mr. Tattersall. As a collection of yearlings they were very good; but Hampton will not bear two sales in one day, especially in what may be termed bad years, and Sir Lydston had the mortification, as several other gentlemen have this season also, of seeing his animals given away for nothing. However, he kept strict faith with the public, and as he advertised them without reserve, so they all went for what they would fetch, a proceeding which ought not to be forgotten by yearling buyers. The bad luck which had befallen the owners of yearlings, it was thought, would extend itself to Middle Park, the sale of which stud was looked forward to with considerable interest. The day was, as usual, made to order, the attendance very large, and a better order of buyers was grouped round the mahogany ring wherein the terribly high-bred cattle had their destinies decided. All the trainers in the 'Guide to the Turf' were present, and they evidently meant business. After having been fed and refreshed to their hearts' content, they ranged themselves around Mr. Tattersall, and prepared to listen to the speech from the throne, which may be described as being very unlike those delivered in another place, being short, sharp, and decisive. We should say that Messrs. Blenkiron had taken the prudent precaution of reducing the estimate of their yearlings beforehand, and had evidently made up their mind for the worst. But their fears were soon relieved; for Mr. Tattersall had not proceeded more than three quarters of an hour before it was plain he had conjured up the old spirit of bidding in the congregation, which had only slumbered, and was not extinct, as was generally imagined, and the bids of 200, 300, and 400 guineas soon restored confidence, and told Mr. Blenkiron he was safe. But when Mr. Bentley of Worcester, who on this occasion appeared in the play-bills under the

sobriquet of Mr. Bertram, bid eighteen hundred guineas for the Newminster filly out of See Saw's dam, the enthusiasm became very great, and reminded us of days of yore. And when Mr. Bertram supplemented his first barrel with a second of 1000 guineas for another Newminster filly out of Battaglia, the excitement was revived, and sustained for a long time. For some time many conjectures were afloat as to the name of Mr. Bertram's principal; but at last we were told the purchaser was Mr. Graham, the owner of Formosa; but why he should not have bought them in his own name we are at a loss to imagine. The array of names that figure among the Middle Park buyers must convince Mr. Blenkiron he has not lost the prestige he enjoyed among the owners of horses, and encourage him still more to persevere in his task of providing for our race-courses. At Acton, we are very sorry to state, the same dull market prevailed as at other places, and beyond Mr. M'Donough's buying a lot of young things to make hunters, and from which he anticipates the best results, nothing but the champagne corks went off. But the only accession to the Turf from these sales that we can discover is that of the Marquis of Anglesey, which was announced by John Day, on giving 800 guineas for a yearling for him, and which was welcomed by the Ring with great applause.

Our Hunting News, as might be anticipated at this season of the year, is of very limited extent, but still what we have, we give to our readers. It is rumoured in Yorkshire that H.R.H. the Prince of Wales will honour York for a few days this winter, to see the Yorkshire packs. This rumour we trust is true, as it will effectually drive away that gloom which has hung over the 'ancient 'city' and county since the ferry-boat accident. His Royal Highness will see a fine sporting country, and will receive a hearty welcome from all. Peter Collison has arrived at the York kennels, and likes the country very much. Sir G. Wombwell has been very busy, we hear, in getting his stud together, and now has thirty well-bred ones to start with. The Baronet has taken the large stabling near the new bridge, which he has quite restored, and made a 'model stable,' and it is his intention to keep his horses in York. The show of foxes all over the York country is excellent, especially north of York, where a scarcity of late years has prevailed. Mr. Standish, we hear, has taken the New Forest Hounds, in the place of Captain Morant, and the Hursley country is still without a Master. Sir Bruce Chichester was asked to take it, but declined. It has been rumoured that Mr. Alfred Dyson, once Master of the Isle of Wight Hounds, has also been applied to. The subscription to Mr. Deacon's testimonial is also making fair progress. Death has not spared Masters of Hounds, for we have to report the decease of Mr. William Davenport, for many years Master of the North Staffordshire. For many years the celebrated Joe Maiden was his huntsman. The hounds and horses were sold at the kennels at Trentham on the 30th. We hear also that Mr. Gillon has given up the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire country and sold his hounds to Mr. Hope of Luffness.

The Horse Show at Islington is now as regularly looked for by the Londoners, as an Exhibition, as that of the Royal Academy, and this year it surpassed its predecessors both in the numbers and quality of the animals exhibited. To bring a lot of first-class horses as a show, and the horse-buying public and the breeders more immediately together is an object decidedly to be approved of; but to the high-cockolorum-hanky-panky part of the Show we always have and always shall dissent, for the simple reason that we don't like to see a noble hunter converted into a circus horse. Who but a cockney who had never seen hounds or horses except in Fores' or Ackermann's window, could approve of such a thing? But the British public must be amused, and so the Directors,

to fill the Hall, are obliged to get up these games and send for Dick Webster, who is always the Mr. Merryman of the Show. But we imagine that Richard must, in his inward heart, look on the jumping part of the performance and the queer capers of some of the performers as rank rubbish compared with a good gallop on one of Mr. Ewens Bennett's young ones over a Pytchley pasture, or after a fox found with Mr. Tailby on Skeffington Lordship. From the way in which some of the unfortunate horses were badgered backwards and forwards over the oscillating thing called a fence we can only conclude that their owners did not really care twopence about them, and that they were doing their best to meet with Mr. Green as a purchaser, and get well out of a soft one; and this everlasting jumping struck us as being the very safest way of spoiling a good willing horse that we have ever seen. Having a weakness for weight carriers, we naturally went first to look at them, and not being content with gaping open-mouthed at the blue-ribboned animals, after the manner of the majority of the mooners, but just for once imagining that we had a thousand pounds in our waistcoat-pocket and that we were at Rugby or Wansford with a view of purchasing two or three of John Darby's or Tom Percival's big ones, we examined each accordingly. Some of our readers (the light-weights most probably) will think us hypercritical if of No. 6, Mr. MacIntosh's St. Clair, the first prize, after doing all justice to his shape and action, we thought him somewhat weak under his knees, and unable to carry a really big man in deep ground, and to his flat feet and low heels we decidedly objected. His head and neck are perfect, but they won't carry a man with hounds. Mr. T. W. Potter's chesnut Harkaway had more timber, and was very good looking, but he was a little too light in his back ribs to be perfect as a weight-carrier. We now come to Mr. John Bailey's Huntsman, of which a certain 'Special 'Correspondent,' who really should know a little more of Sporting Life, observed, 'It is wonderful how owners can think such clumsy creatures as 'Black Rock and Huntsman hunters!' Now Huntsman won the first prize for high leaping, the judges being Mr. Tailby and Mr. Clowes, late Master of the Quorn; while as to Black Rock (wrongly described as Black Knock), we should much like to have seen the said Special attempt to follow him when ridden by his late owner, the well-known Indian hero, Colonel Probyn, V.C., over Northamptonshire or Leicestershire, in something sharp and straight.

Great Tom of Wansford got a prize for leaping with his Marquis, and he also showed two very neat ones in Abd-el-Kader and Cardsharper, which had the advantage of being very well shown by T. P., junior.

In Class 2, Major Quentin's Placid quite deserved his honours: he was very well ridden by his owner, who, as the Americans would say, is an elegant man on a horse; and in this division Mr. Saunders' Playmate, ridden by John Pye, Captain Thomson's stud-groom, decidedly attracted our attention. To go through all the classes seriatim would of course put all our readers to sleep or make them use bad language; but we halted a long time before Mr. Casson's brown four-year old Commissioner, and thought he was worth going a long way to see, as he showed very great quality, was a fine mover, and, in corroboration of our opinion, we believe was bought by Lord Combermere, one of the best judges of a weight-carrier in England. Our friend the Special, who ought to be a great authority on yearlings or greyhounds, said that 'he wanted 'blood and looked like a machiner.' All we can say is, that he is a very rare sort for harness, and if he grows downwards, when six years old, will be well worth five hundred for a hunter. We cannot conceive why the judges passed by Mr. Charles Symonds' bay horse Wallace, but at an Oxford examination, if he goes in for honours, he is bound to take a first class.

The second prize was given to Mr. Lywood's Handcuff, which, we hear, was purchased by the King of the Cannibal Islands or some other coloured monarch. Of his class, Mr. Harvie Farquhar's Champagne Charlie, or as he was called 'Orlando-come-to-life-again,' was perfect.

Of ladies' horses we don't set up to know very much, but we think Mr. Badham was fairly entitled to his 'blue ribband;' but why he should have ridden round the arena with an unfurled gingham, we cannot conceive. Amongst the cobs and steppers we must not pass by Mr. Lawson's Beauty, which was the only animal that took a 'double first;' and, before totally narcotizing our readers, we must not omit to notice Mr. Thomas Pain's Russian horse, No. 363, whose height is two arshin's-vershaks, and which, from his wonderful pedigree, ought to be called Mr. Pain's 'Gee-Gee.'

In concluding our remarks on the horse show, it seems a great pity an exhibition which was originally intended to contain the picked horses of England savours now a great deal too much of a dealer's yard. There really ought to be some supervision exercised over the animals before they are exhibited. How this is to be done (except by appointing district inspectors, like the cattle plague ones) is difficult to say; and we fear horse shows will eventually end in being a cross between Astley's and Tattersall's, unless there is some alteration in their present arrangements. One thing we would suggest, more classes, which would diminish the number of horses in each, each hunter's class to represent a defined weight, and only one judge to each class.

The death of Sir Robert Clifton in his forty-third year affords one more illustration of the truth of the saying that 'tis the pace that kills. Mr. Clifton's stay at Eton and at Christchurch was necessarily brief; after which he joined a society that made Leamington its head quarters, and of which Lord Glamis, Sir William Don, and other fast ones were leading members. Every week there were steeple-chases, and we find Mr. Clifton riding his own horses, The Pedlar, Cornelius, Mahomet, and others. After dinner at the Regent, or the Bedford, matches would be made for thousands over the flat or over the country, and wagers of the most extravagant description were frequently entered into, such as to ride up to London in the dead of night, or to jump from the first-floor window over the area into the street. The high animal spirits of these reckless youths led them to extravagance, which neither purse nor constitution could long withstand. Jack Mytton 'hoped he should have a few 'pounds left to hire a room to see Bob Clifton hanged.' Upon the death of his father, Mr. Clifton succeeded to the baronetcy and the family estates. But ere long the old oaks at Clifton Hall were cut down, and the bailiffs were in the house; and Sir Robert flitted to Paris, where he drank deeply of the gaieties of that dissipated metropolis. 'The only place,' he used to say, 'where the women have proper blacksmiths.' Upon the return of the prodigal son to this country, he was elected member for Nottingham, a constituency he represented to the time of his death.

Francis Stone

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

MR. GERARD STURT, M.P.

AMONG the landed gentry of England who patronise the Turf, there are few who give greater promise of staying than the subject of our Memoir, who long has stood before the world as one of the stanch supporters of Woodyates.

Mr. Gerard Sturt is the eldest son of the late Mr. Henry Sturt, of Critchhill, Dorset, who owned extensive estates, and represented that county in Parliament for many years. Mr. Gerard Sturt was born in 1825, and his mother was second daughter of the sixth Earl of Cardigan, and he went through the usual course of education at Eton and Oxford, to enable him to take a part in public affairs. Having thus completed his course of studies, Mr. Sturt accompanied Lord Clifden on a Continental tour, and on his return he at once entered Parliament as the representative for Dorchester, for which seat he walked over, with Col. Damer, father of the present Member for Portarlington. The next election, however, these gentlemen were opposed by Mr. Sheridan, who, after a severe contest, defeated Col. Damer, and Mr. Sheridan and Mr. Sturt were returned in July, 1856. Mr. Bankes, the Member for Dorsetshire, died, and Mr. Sturt retired from Dorchester, in the representation of which he was succeeded by his brother Col. Napier Sturt, and walked over for the vacancy in the county, which he has ever since held, although an endeavour was made to oust him at the election subsequent to his return. And as a proof that the family have maintained their influence in the county, both the Messrs. Sturt hav / kept their seats since that period, although Dorchester has now .or it one Member left. This is perhaps owing to the very high , centre in which the late Mr. Sturt was held in his neighbourhood, and on his ceaseless exertions to improve the condition of his ter reward of building cottages for them, and attending to their personal not lead to

 ·Jecture what

requirements, justly endeared him to all classes of the community who were brought within the range of his influence. Mr. Gerard Sturt's connection with the Turf dates about a dozen years back, when he figured as the owner of a colt called Humphrey, with which he won the Champagne Stakes at Stockbridge, and whom he afterwards sold to Lord Chesterfield. He then became confederate with the Hon. Henry Curzon, and they had between them Lascelles, Black-eyed Susan, and Kate, and after they had disposed of her for fifty pounds, she went and won the One Thousand Guineas Stake at Newmarket for her purchaser, Mr. Serjeant. At this time Mr. Sturt was on the roll of Danebury Masters, but he retired, and joined William Day, at Woodyates, who has been instrumental in bringing off three great Coups for him; viz., the Goodwood Stakes with Elcho, the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood with Out and Outer, and the Cambridgeshire with Catch 'em Alive, whose victory will not readily be forgotten, from the circumstances that attended it. The first-named Handicap he carried off with the cleverly called son of Rifleman, who ran in the name of Lord Coventry, for reasons which are unnecessary to specify here, in 1861. The field was a small one; and the American horse, Starke, who had Fordham up, was a tremendous favourite, six to four being greedily taken about him, while Woodyates, through its own influence, and that of 'the Volunteers,' got Elcho second on the poll. The contest was a severe one, but in the end, after a long running fight, the Yankee colours were lowered, and Dorsetshire rendered triumphant. After this race Mr. Sturt sold Elcho to Lord Coventry for 1500 guineas, and he subsequently ran in his name. The history of Catch 'em Alive is likewise a curious one, and deserving of being placed on record. At Bath Races, in 1862, William Day sent up from Woodyates a draft of racehorses in order to get rid of them, and among them was a rather clever Flatcatcher colt, which took the eye of that capital judge of horseflesh, the late Sir William Codrington, who proposed to Mr. Sturt they should buy him between them, to which Mr. Sturt at once assented, and the animal went back to Woodyeates in their joint names. He did nothing that year, but came out the following season at Salisbury, where he ran nowhere, and then retired into private life, until the Houghton Meeting at Newmarket, where he beat Lord Westmorland's Merry Heart by a head for the Cambridgeshire, and twenty-nine others, of which Mr. Ten Broeck's Summerside was third, beaten only by a like distance from that which separated Merry Heart from Catch 'em Alive. On returning to scale, a scene of unparalleled confusion and excitement arose in the weighing-house, such as never before had been witnessed in the annals of Newmarket, and which taxes our efforts to adequately ·ribe. Fortunately, however, for our purpose, the official ·d of the Turf has placed on record the particulars of the ·on, from whence we gather them. It seems that on Catch returning to the weighing-room, Sammy Adams, his jockey, 'raw the proper weight, to the great horror of his owners,

who stood an enormous stake of money on him, and also of William Day, who was on the point of having all his hopes nipped in the bud. A whip was then brought in, which was stated to be the same he had used in the race; this barely made him weight, and Lord Westmorland naturally objected to the jockey being weighed with anything given to him after he had got into the scales. At this moment the scene was tremendously exciting, for there were Sir William Codrington and his trainer, equally confident of their jockey having weighed out all right, and Lord Westmorland, whose fortunes would have been completely revolutionized if he sustained his objection. Then Mr. Manning, than whom we will undertake to say no one understands his business better, and who has weighed more jockeys than any man alive, for the first time during his official career could not make up his mind to pass Adams, and hesitated what course to adopt. Mr. Charles Weatherby looked serious, and the face of Mr. Clarke was becoming his position. Outside the weighing-house the scene was scarcely less animated, for the Ring was deeply interested in the dispute, as the success of Merry Heart, who was not mentioned in the betting, would have made a tremendous difference in their balances; and they besieged the room, giving expression to their hopes and fears, as the state of their books warranted. In the mean time Mr. Manning felt it incumbent to call in the presence of the Stewards of the Jockey Club, and Admiral Rous, Lord Coventry, and Mr. Alexander accordingly entered the weighing-room together, like the Bench of Judges when called upon to assist the House of Lords in a legal discussion. The first objection that was made to them, which was that a jockey not having brought his whip with him into the scale, could not afterwards weigh with it, they declared to be valid; and the jockey of Merry Heart 'having passed the Doctor,' to use a medical phrase, the Stewards were on the point of awarding the race to that horse, when Summerside was weighed, and declared to be also short of weight. This was too much for Mr. Manning's equilibrium, and he accordingly requested the scales should be examined, when, horrible to relate, it was discovered that some lead had been affixed to the bottom of the weight scale. When this was removed, and the scales adjusted, the Stewards felt satisfied that Adams would have drawn his proper weight if the scales had been adjusted before he was weighed, and being confirmed in that impression by Mr. Manning, Catch 'em Alive was pronounced the winner of the Cambridgeshire. It is far beyond our powers to describe the sensation of horror which arose at Newmarket when the news that the scales had been tampered with had transpired, and it was fortunate, perhaps, that they were rectified so quickly, or Consols might have been affected, for it was like tampering with the fountain of justice at its very centre point. Fortunately the Stewards were equal to the occasion, and on a drum-head court-martial being summoned, they offered a reward of fifty pounds for the discovery of the delinquent, which did not lead to his apprehension. And if detected it is horrible to conjecture what

his fate would have been, for none of the Law Reformers had included his crime in their Digests; and the very least punishment it was said would have been awarded him was Death, without the Benefit of Clergy. In addition to these horses, Mr. Sturt owned at one time Bay Celia, the dam of The Earl and The Duke, which he bought as a foal at General Peel's sale; and from her success at the stud, it shows that his estimate of her merits was not mistaken. Mr. Sturt has rarely had three or four horses in training at once, and his present lot consists of Michael de Basco, and half of Maid of Athol, which he has with Sir Frederick Johnstone, and he also owned Eastley, who ran second last year to Satyr for the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot.

But it is not only on the Turf Mr. Sturt is well known as a Sportsman, but formerly he was equally conspicuous as a rider to hounds; and when Mr. George Payne had the Pytchley, he and Mr. Davenport Bromley were second to none in England across country. Probably few men were entered to hounds at an earlier age than Mr. Sturt; for when he went to Eton, at thirteen, during his holidays, his Father took him out on a sixteen-hand hunter with Mr. Foljambe, and the young one, who had a quick eye to hounds and capital hands, carried all before him in an excellent run of five-and-forty minutes, his horse, who had hitherto been accustomed to welter weights, treating our hero as he would have done a four-tenner in the racing stable. At first Mr. Foljambe was perfectly furious with him, and read the Riot Act in no measured terms; but after the run was over he was completely softened by the exhibition he had seen of the young Etonian's prowess in the Hunting Field.

In concluding our sketch of Mr. Sturt, we may state that he unites with great good nature, a degree of native shrewdness and ability, which has enabled him to steer clear of all the rocks and shoals which beset the career of so many of the followers of the Turf. And, bred up by his father in the strictest school of honour and integrity, his name has never been mixed up with any transaction of a questionable nature on the Turf, for he rightly conceives that although he is an owner of racehorses, that fact does not absolve him from the due observance of the obligations that are owing by him to the other members of society, while Dorsetshire will endorse our sentiments as to the esteem in which he is held by his constituents.

Mr. Sturt married in September, 1853, Lady Augusta Bingham, eldest daughter of the Earl of Lucan, by whom he has one son and three daughters.

AU REVOIR.

On the hill's rugged shoulder the white cloud is sleeping,
A wild roving child in its mother's embrace;
The grouse by the boulder his vigil is keeping,
Or crows an alarm to the dames of his race.

In yonder deep corrie empurpled with heather
  The many-tined king scans the line of the sky;
The flight of an insect, the fall of a feather
  Arresting the glance of his wandering eye.

The burn, as it brawls on its way to the river,
  As viewless as echo for bracken and reed
That gaily above it entangle and quiver,
  Is laughingly dimpled with trout on the feed.

In the dark silent pool whence the rapids are glancing,
  The salmon is lord of the crystal domain;
Now high o'er the flood in his ecstasy dancing,
  Now seeking the depths of his kingdom again.

The yacht, trim and taut, on the ripple is riding,
  Her canvas as white as the foam she must sheer;
Her fairy proportions to ocean confiding,
  As maiden her grace to some courser of fear.

The Row is deserted, the Drive is forsaken,
  For homes where the leaves are unseared by decay;
For time by the forelock the gay world has taken,
  The glories of Goodwood have lured it away.

On many a greensward the white tent is gleaming,
  As cricket her votaries gathers around;
And bow-meeting clans to their revels are streaming,
  Wherever the wide-stretching pastures abound.

'Tis the birthday of pleasure, the year's long vacation,
  When Fashion surrenders her crown for a while;
And scorning the fancies of Art's imitation,
  Would hasten to Nature and bask in her smile.

Away then, your moments of leisure devoting
  To sports and to pastimes each cherishes best;
Your varied achievements let 'Baily' be noting,
  Your 'Notes by the Way' to its pages addressed.

For where is the charm of a trait unrecorded,
  A feature undrawn, an adventure untold?
And what sweeter boon than remembrance accorded
  Of deeds of their youth to the garrulous old?

Au revoir—till the breezes that sweep o'er the mountain
  Have chased from the face all its pallor away,
Renewing the sources of life's ebbing fountain,
  Remoulding the form of this creature of clay.

Au revoir—till the Leger bell fitfully sounding,
  To Danum shall summon the roystering crew;
And Yorkshire, her Middleham hero surrounding,
  Shall scream herself hoarse for the 'bonnet of blue.'

AMPHION.

THE AWARD

OF THE STEWARDS OF THE M.F.H. COMMITTEE ON THE MATTERS REFERRED TO THEM BY EARL FITZWILLIAM, THE SANDBECK, AND THE BADSWORTH HUNTS.

THE consideration of the claims in the Sandbeck case may be properly commenced by reference to the following letter from the Duke of Leeds to Earl Fitzwilliam nearly seventy years ago :—

Hornby Castle, July 2, 1800.

MY LORD,—I hope that my troubling your Lordship now upon this subject will be forgiven, and attributed to nothing but the business and anxiety of a brother sportsman; but it is in consequence of the situation of the country relinquished by Mr. Savile, that I should feel it a very great gratification, if not thought unreasonable or inconvenient to your Lordship, to be allowed occasionally to hunt upon your leaving the country in the autumn the following covers: Edlington and Wadsworth, Silverwood, Black Car, and Coningsborough Cliff; and I beg you will give me so far credit, as to think it is not for the want of either extent or game, but for the sake of the local convenience arising from the connexion of my covers on this side of the hunt with those I have just mentioned, which is the more material at the time when foxes begin to fly from one large cover to another distant one, and which when regularly hunted, the having permission to draw under these circumstances saves me the inconvenience of having a long way to go, and consequently much time and advantage is gained. I hope, however, your Lordship will be assured how much I feel the liberty I am taking in making this request, as well from a sense of delicacy as from the fear of the possibility of the compliance with it being in any degree inconvenient to you, for which, however, I need not add how much I should think myself under obligations, and with the greatest respect,

I remain, my Lord,

Your Lordship's humble and obedient servant,

LEEDS.

Lord Fitzwilliam's reply to this letter was, 'All the covers south 'of the Don from my leaving Yorkshire, to the 20th March.'

It appears to the Stewards that in the above letter there is the fullest admission from the Master of the Sandbeck Hounds, that although Lord Fitzwilliam at that time brought his hounds into the country during the cub-hunting season only, his right to it at all times was unquestionable. They are therefore of opinion, that as the practice of cub-hunting there was continued by Lord Fitzwilliam up to 1835, the right before mentioned remained unbroken up to that period. That right was asserted by the late Lord Fitzwilliam when Mr. Foljambe gave up that side of the country to Colonel Fullarton in 1832, when an agreement was entered into between Lord Fitzwilliam and that gentleman, that the latter should draw the country after Lord Fitzwilliam left Yorkshire. Colonel Fullarton gave up the country in 1837, when it was resumed by Mr. Foljambe; but although Lord Fitzwilliam had then ceased to bring his hounds

there in the cub-hunting season, it had been for one year only, and he may fairly be allowed to have considered that Mr. Foljambe continued in regard to this country in the same relation to him as when he formerly hunted it.

In 1845 Mr. Foljambe gave up the country to Lord Galway, and Lord Fitzwilliam, although he had then ceased to maintain his right to the country in dispute by cub-hunting in it for ten years, did not act towards Lord Galway as he had considered it necessary or expedient to do towards Colonel Fullarton in 1832. Nor did he, when Lord Scarborough took the Sandbeck hounds in 1846, nor when Lord Galway again became master on Lord Scarborough's retirement in 1858. In 1860 the following correspondence took place between Lord Fitzwilliam and Lord Galway:—

Coollattin Carnew, July 13, 1860.

My dear Galway,—As you suggest that it will be as well that I should state in writing what I propose relative to hunting, I can only put on paper the area which I believe will coincide pretty nearly with the boundary formerly hunted by my predecessors at Wentworth. Although it is a long, it is likewise a narrow slip of country, and extends from Edlington Wood to, I think, Hail Mary Hill, embracing in that distance Silverwood, Black Car, Canklow, Treeton, and whatever other coverts exist in that line of country which you are well acquainted with, but I am not. Merry is, I fancy, thoroughly acquainted with all the coverts, and could on the map make out the exact boundary. As far as sport is concerned, I feel sure that the proposed arrangement will greatly promote it, and induce many persons to preserve foxes who are now lukewarm or even hostile.

Yours truly,

Fitzwilliam.

The reply to this was in a letter from Lord Galway to Mr. James Brown, who handed it to Lord Fitzwilliam. This letter has not been produced, but Mr. Brown writes thus in answer to an application from Lord Galway—

The Rock, 7th June, 1869.

My dear Galway,—You ask me whether, at the time of the hunting arrangement of 1859 or 1860, whichever it might be, I understood that any portion of the country was given up to Lord Fitzwilliam on your part, in accordance with a claim asserted by Lord Fitzwilliam, and acquiesced in by you?

I answer distinctly in the negative. I understood the arrangement to be of a neighbourly and friendly character, and an accommodation to Lord Fitzwilliam.

I think the correspondence in my hands will probably bear me out in this my recollection of the case. I say nothing, of course, of possession or ancient boundaries. I speak only of the original arrangement to which I was in some degree a party as a mutual friend.

Believe me sincerely yours,

J. Brown.

The following letter was received by Lord Galway from Lord Fitzwilliam, in reply to that sent through Mr. Brown—

Wentworth Woodhouse, Sept. 20th, 1860.

Dear Galway,—Having heard from Brown the result of a meeting at Serlby between you and him, I must write and thank you for the very kind proposal which I understand you made with reference to the future hunting of the country bordering on the Don. I look upon your offer as most liberal. I believe from what he states, that all I ever hoped for you are willing to place at my disposal. I feel sure that our mutual neighbours will most fully appreciate your kind and most popular act, and, as a consequence, more foxes and better sport will result from it.

Any minor arrangements which may be necessary had better be left till we have some opportunity of meeting, as they will be far more easily carried out than by letter-writing.

With many thanks, and with every hope for a good season's sport,

Believe me, yours truly,

Fitzwilliam.

The Stewards are of opinion that in this correspondence Lord Fitzwilliam accepts what Lord Galway allowed as a favour, and not as what he had a right to resume; and under all the circumstances above stated, they consider that as the country had remained without any assertion of claim to it, on the part of Lord Fitzwilliam, by formal document, from 1845, when Lord Galway first took the Sandbeck hounds, or by drawing any part of it from 1835 till 1860, when he hunted it under the terms set forth in these letters, he is now debarred from asserting the ancient right of his hunt to it. To allow the resumption of country after such a period of total abandonment would be inconsistent with the interests of all fox-hunting countries.

The Stewards desire to express a hope that this award will not lead to a disturbance of the arrangement now existing in regard to the hunting of the country in question by Lord Fitzwilliam.

The case of the Badsworth hunt appears to the Stewards to stand on different grounds. The history of it commences as far back as 1783 in the following letters, produced to them by Lord Fitzwilliam—

Fixby, Sept. 14th, 1783.

My Lord,—I have just now had the honour of your Lordship's letter, and you are extremely welcome to hunt in Howell Wood or any part where I am concerned whenever your Lordship pleases, and I shall be very happy if it can afford you any diversion. Lord Darlington applied to me a few years ago on the same account.

I have the honour to be,

Your Lordship's most obedient and humble servant,

Thos. Thornhill.

My Lord,—I was honoured by your letter of the 25th instant. The covers on my estate at Adwicke shall be open to your Lordship's amusement as

far as I have, by the laws of fox-hunting, any disposal of them. Lord Darlington has hunted them for some seasons, but I am under no engagement to him, much less an exclusive one. I shall be extremely happy in uniting with the gentlemen in that neighbourhood to promote your diversion.

Having the honour to be, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient and humble servant,

D. Park, 28th Sept. 1783. C. S. DUNCOMBE.

These letters were evidently in reply to an application from Lord Fitzwilliam to the owners of the coverts mentioned, for permission to draw them, and as he was then thirty-five years old, and had succeeded his father when a child, it would not have been made by one who had hunted more or less in the country for so many years, if they had belonged to him of right, and were not claimed by Lord Darlington, who then hunted the Badsworth country during some portion of the hunting season, and had evidently drawn them for several years, for Mr. Duncombe's letter is very guarded in the permission he granted to Lord Fitzwilliam, in reserving any fox-hunting right which might have been acquired against it. It appears that then, as afterwards, the head-quarters of the Fitzwilliam hounds during the hunting season was at Milton, and to be admitted by both parties that though Lord Fitzwilliam subsequently enjoyed the use of the country in question during cub-hunting, the Badsworth did the same in the other hunting months, and no evidence has been produced to show that this was by permission only from Lord Fitzwilliam. Probably this was the arrangement come to in consequence of the correspondence in 1783. The following letter produced by Lord Fitzwilliam requires careful consideration :—

Campsall, March 2nd, 1802.

MY LORD,—I did not fail to communicate your letter relative to your hunting Howell Wood the first opportunity to the gentlemen of the country at the hunting club at Ferrybridge the other day, when it seemed to be the general opinion of the gentlemen present that Howell Wood was so essential to the Badsworth country, especially as the Hutton and Melton part of it is by no means well stocked with game, they hoped your Lordship would give up all thoughts of drawing that wood. When I wrote your Lordship that Lord Darlington had taken the Badsworth country for three years, I did not, I believe, name the terms in point of time, which, when explained, will, I conceive, make Howell of less consequence to your Lordship. Lord Darlington's proposition was (it was acceded to) to come with his hounds on the 24th of September, and stay till the 22nd of October; to return on the 15th of January, and to hunt till the 15th of March, yearly, and longer, if possible, and consistent with his other engagements.

Your Lordship's faithful and obedient servant,

B. FRANK.

This letter, written towards the close of the season, had reference to the arrangements for the next season, when Lord Darlington (son of him who had hunted the country in 1783) had agreed to bring his hounds into it during certain months of the next three years. The

request was not for leave to draw Howell Wood, but that Lord Fitzwilliam would refrain from doing so. As it is shown by the letter from the Duke of Leeds, in 1800, that Lord Fitzwilliam then left the country in the autumn, this request that he would not draw Howell Wood could only have reference to the cub-hunting time, during four weeks of which Lord Darlington was to hunt in it. This wood is at the extreme point of the country in dispute, and as the neighbouring part of the Badsworth country was then not well stocked with foxes, it was of great importance to that hunt that it should not be disturbed by another pack.

There is this material difference between the claim of Lord Fitzwilliam against the Badsworth and the Sandbeck hunts, that he does not produce any evidence to show that the former at any time hunted the country in question, by leave from his predecessors, after their hounds had gone to Milton, as he clearly shows to have been the case with the Sandbeck. The Stewards are of opinion that he has established his claim to it for cub-hunting, and up to any day in November he can produce satisfactory evidence of it having been drawn by his father. For the rest of the season the right belongs to the Badsworth. The reason why they consider that Lord Fitzwilliam, having ceased to go there at all since 1835, or made any stipulation or reservation as to his right to it, does not prove abandonment in this case, as they have held it does in the Sandbeck, is, that the same master continued with the Badsworth during the time when his right was undisputed up to last season, and as there has not been hitherto any established rule or law on the subject, he may be allowed to have held that such special notice to Lord Hawke was not required in regard to that which had for so long a time been admitted, and at no time questioned by him.

The Stewards desire to draw the attention of the members of all hunts to this award, and to impress on them the importance of having the boundaries of their countries well defined, and of securing sufficient and continued records of the conditions under which any portions of them are hunted by other packs. Roads and waters afford in general the best boundaries, as, with the commonest care and knowledge of the country, they cannot be crossed without being noticed.

DACRE.
POLTIMORE.
H. F. MEYNELL INGRAM.
J. ANSTRUTHER THOMSON.

July 3rd, 1869.

July 10th, 1869.

The Stewards having heard that some objections have been raised to their decision in the Badsworth case, as not being in accordance with that in the Shropshire dispute between Sir W. W. Wynn and Mr. Hill, desire to add the following remarks to their award.—

Mr. Hill claimed certain coverts as belonging to the North Shrop-

shire, which he had just taken, against Sir Watkin, who had for some time hunted them. The North Shropshire Hunt had been broken up in 1847, and the country left without hounds when Sir Watkin commenced hunting part of it. He therefore claimed that portion which he had so drawn, and also other coverts hunted by himself and Sir R. Puleston before that period, but which were also claimed by Mr. Hill as anciently belonging to the Shropshire Hunt. The award was, that Sir Watkin was entitled to all that he had hunted since 1843, that being four years before the North Shropshire was broken up, and to the coverts which Sir R. Puleston had hunted while the Shropshire hounds were in existence. All that had been hunted by the North Shropshire up to 1847 was awarded to Mr. Hill, although continuously drawn by Sir Watkin since that year. The decision was, practically, that what was given to Sir Watkin could not be claimed by the Shropshire as uninterruptedly belonging to them, and that the time he and Sir R. Puleston had hunted it established his right to it. These were the facts before the Stewards, who 'having no precedents to guide them, and being unwilling in a particular case to lay down an arbitrary term, considered it the fairest course to resolve that the same undisturbed possession which gives a legal right to property should do so in regard to hunting countries when no formal reservation or agreement can be shown against it.' This award was dated August 1st, 1866.

The present dispute between Lord Fitzwilliam and the Badsworth began in 1860, six years before that award. There are several points of difference between the two cases. It has appeared to the Stewards unquestionable that Lord Fitzwilliam had an undisputed right to draw part of the Badsworth country in the cub-hunting season; that he had done so uninterruptedly for a long time up to 1835; and that, although he ceased to go there after that year, he still retained the means of doing so, by continuing to keep the hounds he used to bring there, and might have resumed the practice at any time, in any succeeding year, if he had chosen to do so; and that this was known to the Badsworth. The right was a limited one in a country otherwise belonging to that hunt, whose right to use it while the Fitzwilliam hounds were away was equally undisputed. If, after Lord Fitzwilliam had ceased to come for five or six years, the Badsworth had asked the owners of the coverts to join them in applying to Lord Fitzwilliam to give up the country altogether, as it appeared to be of no use to him, Lord Fitzwillam might either have done so, or been led to bring his hounds there in the ensuing season, if he considered such a course necessary to maintain his right; in either of which cases the dispute could not have arisen. But as no such formal application was made, and as the Badsworth knew that he had hounds to bring there any time he pleased, and he knew that they, in drawing it in his absence, only acted in accordance with custom, the case appears to the Stewards in these respects to differ materially from the Shropshire, and that the right to a qualified use of a part of the Badsworth country, admitted by Lord Hawke in

1835, could not, under these circumstances, be justly denied by the same Lord Hawke in 1860, when it was again claimed by Lord Fitzwilliam for his hounds at Wentworth.

It must be borne in mind that there was no precedent whatever for any fixed rule or law on the subject of abandonment before the award in the Shropshire case, which the Stewards hope will be considered as a warning to all hunts to attend to any of their rights which may be affected by it. It cannot, however, in their opinion, be held to rule positively over claims of ancient rights made before it was pronounced, which must more or less be left to be determined according to their particular merits.

The Stewards desire to add, that though the statement in their award—that the Earl Fitzwilliam, to whom the letters from Mr. Thornhill and Mr. Duncombe were addressed in 1783, succeeded his father when a child—is correct as to the Fitzwilliam property, he did not inherit the Yorkshire estates, to his hunting from which those letters relate, until the death of his uncle, the Marquis of Rockingham, in 1782. This, however, does not affect the conclusion they drew from that correspondence—that the coverts which Lord Fitzwilliam then asked leave to hunt had for some time previously been drawn by Lord Darlington, who then represented the Badsworth. As both hunted elsewhere during part of the season, the arrangement that Lord Fitzwilliam should have the use of some of the Badsworth coverts for cub-hunting was probably, under those circumstances, advantageous to that country; and it is clear that the practice, in whatever way it was first established, was held to be a right.

DACRE.
POLTIMORE.
H. F. MEYNELL INGRAM.
J. ANSTRUTHER THOMSON.

THE CHRONICLES OF HEATHERTHORP.

XIII.—CLOSES ACCOUNTS WITH THE HEATHERTHORP RACE-COMMITTEE, AND SHOWS BY A FAITHFUL REPRODUCTION OF SOME OF THE FEATURES—CONVERSATIONAL, SALTATORY, AND GENTEELLY DRAMATIC—OF THE PARTY TIMOTHY WILSON, ESQ., GAVE TO PLEASURE HIS DAUGHTER AND GRATIFY MISS SYLVIA VANDERVELDE, THAT THERE ARE TIMES WHEN A STORM IS FOLLOWED BY A SEASON AS MUCH UNLIKE A CALM AS IT COULD POSSIBLY BE.

REGINALD WOODRIDGE satisfied his rival's claims with almost obtrusive punctuality, immediately after the weighing-in, venturing, at the same time, to 'hope Doctor Sutton would find *that* all right.' Dr. Sutton, not to be outdone in this sort of hauteur, coolly and with painful deliberation counted the notes Woodridge tendered him, and said, 'Yes, they are quite correct; now, Mr. Woodridge, we are 'quits.'

It is questionable whether Woodridge regarded the transaction in this light; however he said nothing, the slight but significant stress laid by the Doctor on the word 'now,' failing to elicit a retort.

The blow which Essom received over the match was, to use a euphemism current amongst the genii of the Ring, 'a nose-ender.' Therefore his face, as he pored over his book, was a study; one which, faithfully transferred to Mr. Frith's woodenly photographic Derby Day, would help to make that over-praised picture the faithful work it certainly is not. Michael Macarthy swore; yet, since he took the oath in unadulterated Irish, his objurgations were 'nothing to 'nobody'—in the Heatherthorp Ring. To do him simple justice he had no thought of adopting the perhaps politic, but somewhat reprehensible, tactics of those bold sportsmen who obtain a precarious livelihood by welshing. It was well for Mr. Macarthy that he happened to be wholesomely upright in his betting transactions. The lads from the dales, not to mention the lamb-like operatives from the town of Shipley-on-Wimple, rather object to welshing. Fleet of foot, and in that extremity webbed withal, must be the nefarious one who loses at our meeting and parts not, an' he seek to escape the righteous wrath of Shipley and Heatherthorp combined!

But let us be quite just. Michael Macarthy ('to him' most significantly Emsden King immediately after the race) liquidated all his creditors' claims like a man. On the other hand, Sir Harry Sursingle disdained to recollect his wager with Heston,—or, at any rate, his recollection failed to end in the satisfaction of the trainer's demand. It is true that the baronet—haw—made an airy reference —haw—to a cheque, you know,—haw—the book containing which, he—haw—had not with him: and that was all.

Heston said, 'Never mind, Sir Harry, it's not the least conse-'quence,—any time will do.' Considering Heston had been very hard hit during the season exactly the opposite was the fact: any time would *not* do. But Heston could not afford to offend the baronet.

'He'd have looked awfully glum if I had asked him for a little 'time to pay in, I'll bet a pound to a shillin'. He is such a 'desperately long-winded customer, too; shan't see the colour of 'his coin for months, mebby. I would not ha' cared if he hadn't 'had a race for his money, but he had!—and such a race!' Heston grumbled to himself in this fashion as he walked by the side of Kelpie, as the equine hero of the hour, mounted by Crisp, and attended by the dried-up articled pupil, left the inclosure. Crisp was in such an ineffable state of beatification he had neither a word nor a look to bestow on anybody; and the articled pupil 'walked' taller by three inches, at the very least, than he had been wont to do, as he reflected on his good fortune. Kelpie had won him a pony!

There was nothing to detain the Doctor on the course after he had won his match, so he turned his face towards the town long ere the card of the day was exhausted. As he allowed Widow Malone

to bear him at her own lazy will, and amble, along the almost deserted road, he fell a-thinking, or rather a-dreaming, since the tide of his thoughts set strongly towards that unexplored ocean—the future.

The months were speeding, and Kate was yet unwon. His she was, heart and soul, of that he was sure; but old Wilson remained as resolute as ever. What did the old donkey—(that he should in thought, even, so stigmatize the father of his darling!)—what did the old donkey want? It is questionable, in these levelling-up days, whether there is anything in it,—mused Doctor Sutton—but if there be, my family is better than his; and I can keep a wife as she ought to be kept—bless her! But all fathers are alike. I suppose I shall be precisely as unreasonable when I arrive at his years if I should chance to possess such a perilous treasure as a lovely, marriageable daughter. It is selfishness—intolerable selfishness! She must either mate as he has willed, or stop at home till she grows old and weazened, and takes to cultivating ferns, or kittens, or curates, or such-like harmless things—varying her amusements by an occasional spell at dutiful nursing when her crabbed papa happens to have the gout! Well, courage, Arthur, my boy! one more endeavour! Perhaps to-morrow evening, he may——

'For a hero, Doctor Sutton, you are about the most common-'place, matter-of-fact person it has been my fortune to meet. Not 'that heroes have fallen much in my way, though.'

The speaker was Miss Sylvia Vandervelde. Neither to her nor Kate—certainly not to Kate—when the match was won, had the races afforded any pleasure, and so Miss Wilson, easily obtaining Sylvia's acquiescence thereto, at once gave the coachman 'the route.' Our hero was so deeply absorbed, he had taken no note of the approaching carriage as it gradually overtook him, and now pulled up in the grassiest, and therefore the most silent portion of the nearly empty turnpike. Kate had no words of welcome for her Arthur; but if he did not feel that her eyes were saying more to him than ever mortal tongue could have uttered, and saying it in daintier fashion too, he was duller of apprehension than you or I think.

'An uncommonly matter-of-fact hero, and an ungracious into the 'bargain, which is worse,' continued Sylvia, in her tone of raillery; 'isn't he, Kate? I suppose you flatter yourself, Doctor Sutton, it 'was through your superior skill you gained the victory. Now, my 'opinion is that it was nothing of the kind: you need not shake 'your head. I repeat, it was nothing of the kind. You were 'successful because you wore the colours *we* sent you, sir, and for 'no other reason; and you to lack the grace to come and say so!'

'Pray don't be quite so hard upon me, Miss Vandervelde,' replied the Doctor, smiling at her badinage; 'and you must not ridicule me 'without mercy, if I tell you that I purposely avoided your carriage, 'because—because——'

'Well, sir!'

'Because I feared you might fancy I wanted to be praised.'

'And so you did,—and you want it now; but no, Kate may please herself, I am dumb!' and Miss Vandervelde screwed up her pretty little mouth in physical confirmation of her voluntary abstinence from speech.

'You know Sylvia well, by this, Arth—, I mean Doctor Sutton,' began Kate, blushing prettily, as she glanced at their statuesque Jehu, 'and won't mind what she says, I am sure. I declare she was 'just as delighted with your victory as—as—I was.' Kate blushed again, while Sylvia's piquant face fully expressed the vehement negative she was precluded by her vow from expressing.

'I think I *do* know Miss Vandervelde, Kate,' said the Doctor, bravely oblivious of the presence of the statuesque handler of the ribands, 'and I would not be without the knowledge for worlds. '*We* know her, Kate.'

'It was a hard race, and you had nearly lost it once?' queried Kate, as much to give the conversation a fresh turn as not.

'Once, yes; but Kelpie's heart is big, you know.'

'And the rider of Kelpie—' began she; the sentence remained incomplete; she felt she was treading on delicate ground.

'Could not possibly give in while there was a chance of winning 'when he remembered,—and that he never forgot,—whose eyes 'were looking on.'

Only Sylvia heard the latter portion of this speech, spoken as it was in a subdued tone. Their statuesque Jehu did *not* hear it.

'Mind you, Woodridge rides exceedingly well,' continued the Doctor. He would have said more, but a start and a grunt from the statuesque coachman—statuesque no longer,—and a sudden ejaculation from the pursed-up lips of Miss Vandervelde, caused him to come to a full stop. The Jehu had backed Woodridge, and it was balm to his wounded spirit to think that his judgment had been so sound. He had had a race for his money, and he had not been done for want of jockeyship. This was Yorkshire comfort out and out. Nobbut, wait till he saw Crisp! As for Miss Vandervelde, she shall speak for herself.

'There now! I must break my vow, Doctor Sutton, if only to 'confound this monstrously unfair young lady, who prides herself a 'little too much on her knowledge of horsemanship, I beg to say. 'I don't know whether you are fishing for compliments, or not, sir, 'and I don't care. *I* said Reginald Woodridge rode well; *she* said 'he must have got his horsemanship in the mounted police. Did 'you ever hear of such injustice? Kate Wilson, what have you to 'say for yourself now?'

Kate Wilson had nothing to say for herself at that moment. She stole a glance, half shy, half sly, and wholly enchanting at Sutton, who,—lying in wait for it, as I am a sinner!—gave her another in return. They understood each other perfectly. Miss Vandervelde was suffered to enjoy her triumph in silence.

Bidden to the banquet at Sir Harry Sursingle's, along with the

rest of the notables of both sexes who had assisted at Mr. Essom's 'first day,' Doctor Sutton, after a grave consultation with himself, decided not to go. His reasons for stopping away, albeit they satisfied himself, were not calculated to meet the objections of sagacious Miss Vandervelde; indeed, for that matter, he was not prepared to mention them to a living soul, and when she said—

'I suppose we shall have the pleasure of seeing you this evening 'at the Manor?' he felt at a loss for a reply.

'Well,—that is,—I hardly know, until I see Robson. I rather 'think there is a case I must myself attend to this evening; one that 'will prevent my doing honour to Sir Harry's hospitality.'

'Not coming, Arthur?' began Miss Wilson, in tones, and with a look of dismay; 'then I am sure *I* don't care to——'

'Pray don't talk like a silly schoolgirl, Katherine Wilson! You 'must pardon me, Doctor, but she sometimes needs the rating 'of a taskmistress like myself. Not go to the Manor! Who ever 'heard of such a thing? Most certainly you must go: it is expected 'of you. Then, how can you look for them to come to you if you 'frivolously refuse to go to them? You are sure to be at the Place 'to-morrow evening, Doctor?' queried Sylvia, insinuatingly.

'I!—yes!—Surely! Why, you don't imagine——'

'Not I, indeed. I will wager you a dozen pairs of gloves 'though (the races are not yet over, remember,) that neither 'Mr. Robson, nor never such an important case, would keep 'you——'

'Miss Vandervelde!——'

'Sylvia, it is high time we were getting home,' exclaimed Kate, with more than adequate earnestness.

'So it is,' replied Miss Vandervelde, looking the mischievous things she uttered not. 'Jobson—home!'

The *au revoirs* were laughingly exchanged, and, in another second, Doctor Sutton found himself once more alone with his own thoughts and Widow Malone; speculating now, as Mr. Wilson had done before him, on the eccentricity of Miss Vandervelde.

'Keen girl, that!' said he to himself, as he resumed his leisurely amble towards Heatherthorp. 'I should uncommonly like to tell 'her; but it would be premature to do so, perhaps. For the present 'I shall keep my own counsel.'

The party at the Manor passed off as such parties in the country, whereat inexorable dyspepsia waits on appetite, invariably do. Sir Harry played the host—haw—angularly, and well; and Sir Harry's principal guest, the new member for the Riding—haw—played his part ('dressed,' as it was, with wondrous care,) with an enchanting inanity delightful to behold. Several regulation specimens of animated dining-room furniture graced the baronet's mahogany, over which, conversation that took the regulation tone, mingled with libations of the regulation wine, flowed in regulation fashion, and produced the regulation results. Over the mahogany, where the Government was severely handled, the affairs of the Riding completely settled, the

new whip righteously criticised, the match run over again, and the last scandal pharisaically canvassed, Woodridge comported himself like the lion he was not. In fact, he was the soul of the party. Failure had done for him what it seldom does for commonplace men, mellowed his asperities; and this gracious change was especially visible when he rejoined the ladies, and, unabashed by the recollection of their last interview, entered into a good-humoured single combat of wits with Miss Vandervelde. Sylvia was amazed, and as soon as she got the opportunity, which was not until, sleepy and fatigued, she and Kate were consigned to the care of Jobson, she put her amazement into words.

'Supposing it *was* the wine, my dear, what of that? It could 'only serve to oil his speech for him. I will never believe that Sir 'Harry Sursingle's old port, rare and curious though it be, could so 'totally alter a man's nature. Depend upon it, Reginald Wood-'ridge is all the better for the snubbing he has lately received.'

'I am glad to hear it, Sylvia; especially as a change was so much 'required,' replied Kate, with a yawn.

'Kate, you are not a generous enemy, and it is not nice of you. 'But never mind.'

With this awfully suggestive remark, Miss Vandervelde suffered the conversation to drop, an example we may follow with regard to the party at Sir Harry's, since a further reference to that event is not required by the exigencies of this history.

Doctor Sutton had hardly breakfasted on the morning after the match, when he was informed that Crisp wanted a word with him.

'Ha! Crisp, is that you? Nothing wrong, I hope.'

'No, Mr. Arthur; nowt as I knaw of. Happen you are not 'gannin' up at moor, tee däay?'

'I have nothing to take me there, so I shall stop at home. But 'you can go, if you choose.'

'That's what I wanted to see you aboot, sir. And d'ye think 'you could spare me to-night as well, Mr. Arthur?'

'Ye-es,—that is, yes; but where do you want to go to-night? 'Not out of the town, eh?'

'Oot o' town, no, sir; no, no! But Sillery's goin' to have a bit 'of a supper up at Sursingle, and some of us that's won wor money 'ower 't match, wants tee gan. *I* want to gan, sir.'

'Oh, certainly; by all means. But, look here, Matthew, don't 'get *very* jolly. I might require you.'

'All right, Mr. Arthur; thank you, sir.'

Crisp departed, delighted with his leave of absence. He had scarcely turned his back ere the neat-handed Phillis of the Doctor's establishment presented our hero with a note.

'Dorothy, from Mr. Barjona's, has just left it, sir; there's no 'answer.'

'Very well. Now, what *can* have happened to bring Nathan 'Barjona's Dorothy here so early in the morning? What!—no!—'This is too rich. The presumptuous old humbug!'

The note which elicited these spasmodic comments ran as follows:—

'3 Halcyon Terrace, 10th mo. 4th.

'FRIEND ARTHUR BASINGHALL SUTTON,—I am some years 'thy senior, and, therefore, thou must own, better fitted than thyself 'to weigh in the balance of experience those follies which too 'frequently beset the dizzy path of youth. I trusted that the 'rumour as to thy being about to take part in the carnal festivities 'on the moor was untrue; but I hear thou and thy beast Kelpie, '—thyself habited like a mountebank, in a silk jacket and cap— '*did* help to entertain the fools and knaves assembled on the 'moor by a furious gallop, to the jeopardy of thy precious life, and 'that of thy faithful beast, for a sum of money. I need not tell thee 'thou art a fool for thy pains, for thou knowest that already; but I 'will say that, unless I receive thy pledge not to commit such folly 'again, thou ceasest to be doctor of mine. No horse-jockey shall 'have the care of my frail tenement of clay. In the event of thy 'not being prepared to afford me such a pledge, send in thy bill, and 'it shall be paid.

'Thy friend, in deep concern,

'NATHAN BARJONA.'

'The insolent old thou-er and thee-er! Promise him, forsooth! 'It is not improbable I have made my last appearance in the 'character—as he is pleased to put it—of a horse-jockey; but no 'pledges, Nathan Barjona—at any rate, none to you. Now, for his 'answer.'

Brief as the time he spent in writing it, the Doctor's answer was couched in these terms:—

'October 5th.

'SIR,—I have this moment read your note, and, in reply to the 'only portion of it that appears to require acknowledgment, beg to 'intimate that I will instruct Mr. Robson to forward your "bill" as 'soon as it can be prepared.

Yours, &c.,

'A. B. SUTTON.

'NATHAN BARJONA, ESQ.'

'Nonsense, Kate! you frighten yourself with shadows. Suppose 'your dear, aggravating papa suffers from a few twinges of the gout, '—I am sure I pity him exceedingly. But, you know he is well 'enough to make his appearance as a host, even if he leave the 'more active duties of entertaining the guests to us. And then— 'the gout! You forget what a bond of union that is between him 'and Sir Harry. The baronet's is an ancient county family, and I 'have observed, that one of the things which ancient county families 'cultivate and preserve—just as they do the game—is the gout.'

'But, my dear Syl, if he should be cross with Arthur?'

'Then Arthur, as a sensible young man, must not be cross with 'him, that is all.'

'Oh, I do wish the party were over!' exclaimed Kate; 'I feel 'sure that something is going to happen.'

'Wish and feel as much as you please, Kate Wilson, only—don't 'faint. I could bear anything but that. If you show the smallest 'symptom of going off, I abdicate on the instant. Remember!'

This conversation took place in Miss Wilson's room after the young ladies had put the finishing touches to their toilettes. Sylvia had seen to everything—even to Mr. Wilson's gout; that is to say, she had informed herself of the fact of his being able to put his foot down without the remainder of his body undergoing intolerably sympathetic contortion, and she considered that was as much as they could ask for. So long as he was able to show and play propriety, they could accomplish the rest.

Nothing could have been better than the dinner, and all the guests behaved to admiration. The parson and his wife, consummate judges of such matters, as those who have had the luck to dine at the Parsonage know, could find no fault with the *cuisine*. Their three grown-up daughters, being very much grown-up, and quite beyond the pulpy stage of girlhood, similarly—if silently—appreciated Kate's dinner. After testimony like this, no account need be taken of the curate, who, indeed, would not have been amongst the guests, but that it was understood that wherever the girls from the Parsonage went, he must go likewise in his patient capacity of clerical and unsalaried footpage. Although the Rev. Richard Butterwick, Mrs. Butterwick, and the three Miss Butterwicks were quite aware that the party at the Place had been arranged to supplement the races, they preferred, in view of meeting Sir Harry Sursingle, and the new member for the Riding, to shut their eyes to that unepiscopalian circumstance. Indeed, if the truth must be told, the parson rather believed in our national sports, sir, which have a healthy influence, sir, when not carried to excess; and it was whispered (originally by Essom) that he had actually been seen in the Ring at Doncaster no more than two St. Legers back. But, people will talk! Mrs. Butterwick affected not racing, nor national sports, but she was known to all the country-side as an artist in cribbage. As the curate, the Rev. Neville Reredos, lived in a ritualistic atmosphere of his own, outside which all was vague, he would no more have thought to inquire the cause of the party at Wimpledale Place than he would have dared to question Mrs. Butterwick's imperious right to hale him thither, as a foil to her three full-blown daughters. Besides the new member for the Riding, the Honourable Mr. Minim, Woodridge, and the Doctor, together with those guests we have named, there were a hard-riding captain of the —th, named Kay, who had brought his own nag and won the Welter,—Miss Vandervelde's brother Albrecht—a blonde young man with a lisp and an eyeglass—two of Mr. Wilson's friends from Shipley, Sir Harry's lawyer, and just a sufficient number of those we may dismiss by the appellation 'the

'other sex,' to make up a pleasant quadrille should that be needed.

'The fact is, Doctor, you ride better than I do.'

Kate and Sylvia exchanged glances. It was Woodridge who spoke, and not sarcastically.

'You do yourself injustice,' replied the Doctor, surprised at his rival's sweetness; 'there is not an ounce between us. If you had 'come away from the water you would have won.'

'Mr. Reredos, what does Doctor Sutton mean by an ounce 'between them, and coming away from the water?' inquired the gushingest Miss Butterwick, of the rapt curate.

'Really,—eh? I have no idea. Something in medicine, I have 'no doubt.'

'A most delicious *entrée*, my dear; ask Miss Wilson for the recipe.'

'I will,' replied the faithful partner in palate and parochial duties of the Rev. Richard Butterwick.

'No, Wilson, they are too well educated already; depend upon that, sir.'

'I agree with you, Sir Harry,' observed, in the parliamentary manner, the Honourable Mr. Minim. 'How can you—haw—'preserve the lines of demarcation between class and class—haw—'unless you keep down what is called the education of the masses to '—haw—a safe level?'

'Well, I believe in education,' remarked Mr. Wilson, with the emphasis of a man who felt what he said. 'Give everybody a 'chance.'

'But—haw—pardon me, sir,' submitted the young senator, 'what 'is to become of the land, if you give your labourers and labourers' 'wives education?'

'I should be disposed to ask the same question, Mr. Minim,' said the parson. 'The labouring classes are too apt to slight their pastors 'and masters, as it is. A little learning, you know, sir.'

And so the talk went on, Sylvia thereafter taking a prominent part in it. Practically, indeed, *she* was the hostess. Her vivacity was precisely the element required to set off Kate's modest—and, let it be confessed, somewhat love-lorn grace. Together, and helping each other to shed over the board the daintier hospitalities of the house of Wilson, they were just charming. Not the least remarkable feature in Miss Vandervelde's shower of sprightly words were those she was pleased to bestow on Woodridge. Even Kate, anxiously happy, and nervously subdued as she was, sitting in the light of her lover's countenance, found herself wondering what it all meant. That Sylvia should throw her most captivating wiles about Woodridge, was, after what had happened, simply incomprehensible.

The heaviest dinner in the country must come to an end some time, and so did this. The ladies retired. Woodridge, the Doctor, and Captain Kay, of the —th, entered into an animated discussion as to the respective merits of cocktails and thoroughbreds across a country; then the education of the masses question was resumed, and the

curate, no longer dismayed by the presence of Mrs. Butterwick and her lovely daughters, ventured to take Mr. Wilson's view of the subject, whereupon the Rev. Richard Butterwick ruthlessly sat upon him for his pains. Presently the ladies were rejoined, and later on, —wonder upon wonders!—behold Kate standing up with Woodridge in a quadrille, and not disliking it, either, for Reginald was really making himself most agreeable. The Doctor, meekly resigned to his fate, had for his *vis-à-vis* the plainest of the Miss Butterwicks. The select band of three, sent for to Shipley in case they might happen to be wanted, rattled through the old English airs of the quadrille right jollily; the dancers had already hunted the hare, tripped it to a favourite tune of Charles the Second's day, whistled o'er the lea with the curly-headed ploughboy, and commenced with the downfall of Paris, when Sylvia whispered to her partner, Captain Kay, of the —th—

'They can get on without us, Captain, so pray let me ask you to 'conduct me to a seat. There is Burroughes, Miss Wilson's maid, 'wishes to speak to me; and, judging from the gravity of her coun-'tenance, she has something to say.'

The gallant captain performed his task to admiration. Sylvia approached Burroughes.

'Well, what is it?'

'Mr. Wilson, 'm, is very unwell in the libr'y. I don't like to 'speak to Miss Wilson,—she might be alarmed.'

'I will go with you.'

When she returned, the quadrille was at an end. Approaching Doctor Sutton, she said—

'Mr. Wilson requires medical aid; he is in the library. You are 'the only doctor here, so go.'

His stay was more prolonged than hers had been, and when he returned, looking very grave indeed, he said—

'It is nothing serious. One of those slight things that admit of almost immediate relief. But that is not all I wanted to tell you. When I had made him comfortable for the night, I spoke to him gravely and earnestly on the old subject,—you know. I had made up my mind to speak this night, some time, and somehow. I was a fool, Miss Vandervelde. He is as implacable as before—Kate is not for me!'

'Tut, tut, man! that is never the way to talk. If he *won't* give 'his consent, get married without it.'

'What! elope?' he exclaimed, in a stage whisper; 'the very 'thing I was longing to suggest, only I was afraid. That is *your* 'advice then?'

'Doctor Sutton, I have spoken.'

As may be imagined, this conversation did not take place in the centre of the room. But Wimpledale Place lacked not those heavily-curtained recesses, that seem made for the exchange of confidences of this nature; made too, it would appear, for the purpose of covering the retreat of young gentlemen like Mr. Reginald Woodridge,

who are dying for a surreptitious cigar out on the balcony. At all events Mr. W. re-entered the apartment by the very window that had erewhile sheltered the two conspirators. They were gone separate ways, but Sylvia, happening to turn her eyes, saw by the expression of Woodridge's face that he had heard all. Here was a dilemma! She must gain him to their side, or there would assuredly be a *fiasco*. She advanced towards him and stood fairly in his path.

'Mr. Woodridge, you know something I had rather you did not know; but there is no help for it. May I——'

'Miss Vandervelde, do you remember our last interview.'

'I do,—and I remember something more,—the faith I once 'cherished in your honour and chivalry.'

'Once!'

'And lost; but not utterly.' Her voice faltered as it fashioned these words. 'Reginald Woodridge, I have set my heart on their 'marrying. I need not explain. Do not disappoint me.'

'Sylvia, I will not,' he replied, emphatically. They parted without exchanging another syllable.

The carpet dances were followed by charades, wherein she took no part. Capt. Kay, however, proved himself as much an adept at acting as he was over timber and 'yawners.' A cantankerous old hunks troubled with an affection of the bronchial tubes in one act; a professional-looking bespectacled person, who wrote upon blue-laid foolscap, with a quill, in another act; and a black servant, with a tray of cups and saucers, in another went to form, as Kate whisperingly opined to the Doctor, the word Coffee. Of course Capt. Kay was assisted by a skilful stock company—which included the curate—but he was certainly the principal figure in each tableau.

Other charades succeeded; notably one wherein the Doctor and Kate appeared. Sylvia watched this with great interest, and, apparently, no little satisfaction. The Doctor never looked so handsome, nor Kate so radiant; albeit her face wore an expression that was inscrutable to all save Woodridge and Sylvia.

'To-night, is it?' said the latter young lady to herself, 'then I 'must be stirring. I will be with you at once, my dear,' said her eyes, in answer to an unmistakable look of appeal from our darling. 'And then to terrify Burroughes into silence, or else to gag her and 'lock her up.'

The guests were loud in praise of the charades—loud and long, much to Miss Vandervelde's annoyance. Then one by one they departed; the Doctor, amongst the earliest, tearing away towards Heatherthorp, at a rate that spoke volumes for his horsemanship and his knowledge of the road. He was one of the first to leave; the last,—a-foot, were two young ladies, and their destination was ——.

HUNTING A BAGMAN.

On the evening of the 11th of August, 18—, at the open window of the Crown Hotel, H——, N.B., sat Timothy Dobbs, commercial gent, bagman, or traveller, to the firm of Doem, Holdem, Grippet, and Co., Manchester. At his left hand stood a small round table, on it an empty port-wine bottle, one glass and a tobacco-pouch. By his right hand, on the window-sill, was a small decanter, which had recently held a half-mutchkin of whiskey, that was now, however, in conjunction with a modicum of hot water and sugar, diffusing an aroma of toddy through the apartment, which mingled not unpleasantly with the fragrance of the Indian weed which Dobbs was industriously circulating by means of a churchwarden.

In spite of a beautiful evening—in spite of port, toddy, and tobacco, Dobbs was dull. There was little trade doing; longcloths were slow, and for huckaback there was no demand whatever. The commercial room also was empty, and Dobbs was not one of those who could enjoy his own society. He was a great politician, and as such, loved to advocate his opinions. Without an audience he was nothing; for, though he had the satisfaction of knowing he was that intolerable bore, a self-made man, 'who came to Doem, Holdem, Grip-' pet, and Co., sir, forty years ago, as an errand-boy, and from that rose, ' by industry and integrity, to my present position,' it was a great denial not to have some person besides himself to tell so. I hate your self-made men, they are so supercilious and overbearing—so continually throwing their honesty and integrity in your face, as though it was an attribute peculiar to themselves and not shared with the rest of mankind. There is nothing to be heard of but themselves and their affairs. A man who has spent a fortune is generally bearable, unless he wants to borrow money of you. It is ten to one that he has stored up a few facts and ideas during the process, which serve to render him companionable. But your man who has made money, and from nothing, can think or speak of little else, and the sooner you cut him the better, unless, indeed, you have expectations——. Another idiosyncrasy of our hero—for we deny it not, Dobbs is our hero—after airing his own importance, was to declaim against the game laws. Nothing delighted him so much as to hold forth before a sympathizing audience against ' those remnants of feudalism and bar-' barism that must be swept away before the advance of enlight-' ened and liberal ideas.' Denied his usual exercise of rhetoric, weariness overcame his manly frame, and ere his second tumbler was finished, Dobbs slept, or would have slept had not fate kindly sent him a companion at the nick of time. This acquisition came in the person of young Huntley, an Englishman of good property, whose guardians had placed him with a farmer on the Lammermoors, under the idea that a man who owned land should know how to manage it.

A more suitable lad for taking a rise out of Dobbs could by no means have been found; for, as pretty May, the blue-eyed daughter

of old Roughstick, the joiner, declared, 'A spracker lad or dafter 'callant than Huntley wasna to be found when ony devilry was in 'the wind.' May was an undoubted authority; for the gossips said (what will they not say?) that Huntley stood higher in her good graces than either prudence or propriety strictly warranted. Our young friend wanted but little invitation to join the bagman in his devotions to smoke and toddy, and, lighting up his cutty, was soon seated with his legs out of the window, equally prepared to converse with Dobbs or chaff any wayfarer in the street. Nor was he long in finding out the peculiar bent of his companion's mind, and, getting him fairly started on the game laws, he determined to give him a roasting.

'Ye'll be uphauden, then, that aye body has equal rights to the 'patricks and muir fowls?' (It suited Huntley to drop his English on this occasion.)

'Undoubtedly, so far as killing them is concerned. I maintain that 'the sport should be open to all; neither should killing game be 'punishable, but merely the trespass.'

'Ye'll maybe like a bit pop 'mongst the birdies yersel' whiles? 'Yer een looks as though sport wouldna come amiss to ye.'

'Well,' replied Dobbs, 'I will not deny, that when business has 'taken me to my friend's, Thomas Ploughman, Esq., of Yew Tree 'Hall, Leicestershire,—you don't know Leicestershire, I presume'—(a negative shake of the head from Huntley), 'I have occasionally 'had a few days' shooting, and enjoyed it amazingly. It is a fine 'sport, sir, and should be open to all, not kept in the hands of the rich 'and titled few.'

Mr. Ploughman, we may here explain, was a small farmer who rented about a hundred acres of land and did the work himself. Having the right of shooting, he occasionally 'potted' a few birds or a hare at feed, in which operation he was once assisted by his friend Dobbs, who, being next day trusted with a gun, alone, 'potted' a whole brood of chickens belonging to a neighbour, which feat was productive of much pecuniary gain to the lawyers, as it set Ploughman and the owner of the slaughtered fowls at daggers drawn, and a series of lawsuits for trespass and so forth had been the consequence.

'Can ye shoot fleein'?' asked Huntley, with a well-feigned look of amazement. 'Ye'll may be shoot best when the birdies are oop in a 'tree.'

'Flying or sitting, I seldom miss my mark,' answered Dobbs, falling readily into the trap.

'But ye never killed a muircock?'

'Sir, I hope I am not so little of a sportsman as to shoot muircock, 'turkey-cock, or any other species of domestic poultry,' said the bagman, colouring to the ears at the recollection of his performances in that line and its consequences.

'Hout tout, mon, ye dinna ken: muircocks are no poultry at all, 'but just wild birdies, like patricks or any other game.'

'I beg your pardon for misunderstanding you. Had you called

'them by their proper name I should not have fallen into the 'error. No, I have never killed a grouse, but should much like to 'do so.'

'Weel, the morn's morn is the 12th, and what for no' come wi' 'me and ha' a bit sport? I ken a place where we'll be no' inter-'rupted wi' keepers or ony other fashious bodies.'

'Nothing would delight me more, did time permit; but business, 'my dear sir, business must be attended to. It is only on rare occa-'sions I allow myself the relaxation of sport. To-morrow I must 'be at Giffard, and go thence in the evening to Dunbar.'

'Weel, mon,' replied Huntley, 'that's the varra place itsel'. Come 'ye over early, and when ye ha' done yer work, we'll ha' a bit sport. 'Black Will, the smith, can drive us, wi' his wee pony, up to the 'hills.'

'Really, my dear sir, you are very kind,' replied Dobbs, half relenting, and waxing valiant with regard to fire-arms as the toddy worked. 'But where am I to get a gun and ammunition?'

'Sandy, the broker, has aye a good ane, he'll lend to ony friend o' 'mine; though doubtless ye maun leave a pund or so in han' as 'security that you'll bring her safe back again; and as for the pouther 'and draps, never fash yoursel',—I'll bring enough for baith.'

Huntley had now fairly hooked his fish, and, leaving him to gorge the bait, wished him good evening, with many assurances of sport for the morrow; and then proceeded to look up his aides-de-camp, who were to assist in tormenting the bagman. The chief of these was Will the smith, and a certain long-legged shepherd who was to act as keeper for the nonce.

Sound as was the sleep of Dobbs that night, towards morning he was disturbed by strange visions of slaughtered grouse, irate keepers, and he in his own proper person responsible for a breach of the much hated game laws. Sorely it repented him, when boots entered his room bearing the dreaded gun, kindly leased to him for the occasion by Sandy Jackson, that he had, in an unguarded moment when 'the 'maut was aboon the meal,' been led into making such a tryst. He, Dobbs, who had never in the course of his life fired a gun save twice —and on one occasion with such unfortunate results—he to shoot grouse, and shoot them flying, too! On the ground, or in a tree, by dint of much pointing and perseverance, he may have had some chance—but flying! the thing was altogether absurd. No, he would give it up: shoot he would not! When he reached Giffard, he would tell Huntley that pressing affairs took him on at once to Dunbar. He would take the gun, to show how well inclined he was for the sport, but he would not use it.

Thus resolved, Dobbs drove into the quiet little town of Giffard; but there events fell out not quite as he anticipated. Two of his best customers, men he must not fail to see, were out and would not return until evening; another or two, from whom he had cash to receive, were also absent. This was awkward: hurry forward, in the face of these facts, he could not. Business was no excuse, as he

could visit every house in the place twice over in the course of an hour.

Huntley was smoking his cutty and quietly awaiting his victim at the door of the Yester Arms, and Black Will's trotting pony stood ready yoked in the yard.

It was in vain that he dallied and made excuses: 'He was tired 'and did not feel very well.' 'The air and exercise would do him 'good,' rejoined Huntley, 'brace him up, and so forth.'

At length—having vainly tried every loophole of escape, and fortified his nerves with a stiff beaker of brandy and water—he found himself seated between Huntley and Will, and being hurried away, at the rate of some thirteen miles an hour, into the heart of the Lammermoors.

Having arrived at a portion of the hill not strictly preserved, Huntley told Will to meet them with the cart at a certain point, and commenced operations.

'Ye'll no' be for heavy charges,' said he, as he loaded Dobbs' dangerous weapon with powder only. 'She's a devil to kick, is this, 'but a dead killer.' 'For,' explained he to a friend, afterwards, 'I had no idea of trusting him with shot in the barrels, had they been 'good enough to stand it.'

Away they now strode through the heath under a burning sun, Huntley taking care to lead the bagman up and down the steepest braes he could find, for a long time with no more sign of a grouse than an ostrich. At first, Dobbs enjoyed the fresh scene and pure air immensely; the blue sky overhead and purple heath beneath his feet had such an effect, that, forgetting his sixteen stone odd, he strode away manfully, declaring he never enjoyed anything so much in his life. But when a steep hill-side or two had been traversed and they got into rough old heather, he waxed faint, and it was with difficulty he was kept in play. A little touch of whiskey from a flask, and a couple of rabbits which Huntley rolled over set his spirits up again, and occasionally removing hat and wig to mop his bald pate, he laboured on.

Presently an old colley bitch who accompanied them worked harder, and soon roused a brace of grouse within easy distance. Huntley dropped one with his first barrel, and waiting on his friend (who was terribly flustered) with the second, dropped his bird for him, and as they picked up the slain, quietly remarked—

'Bonny wark that: ane apiece; but ye maun be canny and look 'out—sure ye waited awfu' lang afore bleesing at 'em!'

'Ay, ay, my friend,' said Dobbs, 'slow and sure does it—slow 'and sure! I took good aim before I pulled!' at the same time rubbing his right shoulder in a suspicious manner.

'Ye mauna haud her o'er close,' said Huntley; 'she's a devil to 'kick as well as kill. Gie her room, mon, gie her room!' at the same time pouring an awful charge of powder into each barrel (for Dobbs had pulled both triggers at once), but again leaving them unshotted.

Another long stroll ensued, for birds were not plentiful; but at length a pack rose, and Huntley, without waiting for his companion, gave them a right and left successfully. At the same instant he saw Dobbs stagger back a few paces and, catching his heel in a root, turn a summersault, as the effect of giving her room to kick.

Dire was his wonder and dismay at this unexpected acrobatic performance; and it required all Huntley's command of logic to persuade him that there was not something radically wrong. But he had what Pat would call 'a sootherin' way' with him, that made it hard for man—or woman either, for that matter—to say him nay. And once more he put the weapon ready loaded into the hands of Dobbs.

Scarcely had he done so ere the figure of the tall shepherd became visible against the sky line.

'Doon, mon, doon!' cried Huntley. 'Guide us! here is Wattie 'Jannieson, the keeper, watching us, yon!' At the same time pressing Dobbs down into the heath.

'Who?—what?—who is he?' gasped Dobbs.

'Who is he? why, Lord E——'s keeper; and once he sees us, 'we're baith lost men!'

'But you said there was no keeper here,' gasped Dobbs again.

'Hist, mon, dinna crack, but keep doon, and follow me.'

And on his hands and knees he proceeded to crawl under the shelter of a high bank, imitated in every movement by the perspiring bagman. Once more the tall ungainly figure was lost to view, and they sat still to take breath.

'This is dreadful!' sighed Dobbs, wiping his face.

'Whist, mon; dinna talk but listen. Ay, that is it, sure eneuch; 'yon muckle tyke they got from Cuba—where he was trained to 'hunt slaves—is wi' him. Hark; he's on our track now.'

'Good gracious! what's a tyke?'

'A big dog—a bloodhound, Lord E—— brought from the West Indies,' replied Huntley, relapsing into English.

'Come on, let's run,' said Dobbs. 'It's dreadful to be hunted 'like a beast, and in this wild place, too. It's clear against law, 'I'll write to the "Times" to-night.'

'Canny, man, canny, or ye'll never see night. Yon dog last year 'slipped his muzzle, when he was after Jock Tindale, the poacher, 'and worried him so that he never recovered. Dinna ye hear him 'on our line now?'

'Heaven help us! No: I hear nothing—not a sound, but the 'pee-whits.'

'Have ye got braith? Then we must wade down yon burn; it's 'our only chance.'

And into the hill-stream he went.

'But I shall get wet, and catch cold.'

'Better that than be torn to pieces. Dinna touch the banks for 'your life. He canna scent in the water. Softly, man, and stoop 'well.'

Down half a mile of stream in this tiresome fashion they waded, when the shepherd, as agreed on, appeared on the hill right over them.

'Tak' to your heels and rin, lad, rin!' shouted Huntley, as soon as he saw him. 'It's no the muckle hound now, and if we can 'keep Wattie's lang legs ahint us we're safe yet.'

And off he started at score—

> 'Right up Ben Lomond could he press,
> And not a sob his toil confess,'

is all very well for a slim lad of eighteen; but forty-five and sixteen stone tells a different tale. Nevertheless they had still a good start, and it was no part of the plan for the shepherd to overtake them; he was merely to keep the bagman going until he could go no farther. But, as Burns says, the

> 'Best laid schemes o' mice an' men,
> Gang aft a-gley.'

It so happened that to reach Black Will's cart a small strip of preserved ground must be crossed. It also happened that the keeper was on it at the time, and, hearing the shepherd's shouts, looked out. Soon he descried our flying friends, and, kicking his sheltie into a canter (he was too old to walk), joined the chase. This was more than Huntley had reckoned on; and leg power against horse, ever so slow, is not to be trusted for a distance. There was nothing for it but to save himself and leave the bagman to his fate. Down a steep brae he dashed, stoutly followed by Dobbs, where they gained ground on the pony. At the bottom was a wide and deep morass, treacherously green, and to the eye a fine piece of running-ground. Into this Huntley, without hesitation dashed, for he

> '——— through a bog from hag to hag,
> Could bound like any Bilhope stag,'

and was soon safe across. Not so poor Dobbs: the first stride sent him up to his knees in peat, the second to his middle; when there, he lay, like a stranded ship, roaring for help, half smothered in slush and mire, until he was glad to surrender into the hands of justice to escape suffocation in a Lammermoor bog.

The next week the 'Edinburgh Courant' contained a long account of a commercial traveller taken up for poaching; and the 'Daily Thunderer' a venomous leading article against the game laws. While Dobbs was never seen north of the Border again. Huntley told me this tale last winter, over a glass of steaming Glenlivat, that had been consigned to him direct. N.

A CHAPTER ON SPECULATION.

'Curst is the wretch enslav'd to such a vice,
Who ventures life and soul upon the dice.'

WHY knock you so fiercely at our portal, and raise such a clamour to exact an answer to so simple, to so self-evident a question? Cease your din, and 'lend me your ears!' Speculation is gambling, and gambling is speculation; and surely the recent melancholy racing episodes should have led you to remember, that as it is ordained that excessive luxury in due course should destroy itself, so desperate speculation sooner or later works out its own cure—and that cure is —what? Why, poverty! Granted that your figurative declaration, that speculation, or (to put it in its plainest acceptation) betting, can no more be stopped by English Legislature (unless they have a firm belief in their ability to change human nature) than Niagara be penned back by Congress or with a *bavin;* yet in candour I am bound to tell you (although no lawyer) that the meshes of the betting bill are fine enough to carry out the severest notions of legal conservation as opposed to that piscatorial conservatism which suffers the smaller fry to escape through a gauge which holds the rascals of a larger growth. It, in contrast, reminds one of that allegorical satire upon the Lotteries, in the form of a Wardour-Street picture in oil, representing Fortune, not standing (as in the common style) upon a kind of cart-wheel, but on the two wheels of the lottery, with a net cast over the lesser engrossers of tickets, while a chief manager is breaking through the meshes. Speculation, or betting, if my theory as to human constitution be correct, is as old, I was on the point of saying, as the hills; but, without any attempt at ribaldry, it may be said to date from the days of Adam. In the twenty-third Iliad there is not only a dispute at the race, but a bet proposed in as express terms as at Newmarket. The prince of Latin poets, Virgil, says—

'Tu dic mecum quo pignore certes,'

whilst my text is a free translation from Horace. It is also questionable whether 'Immortal Will' did not found his excruciating drama of 'Shylock' upon a bet. According to an extract from the 'Life of Pope Sixtus V.,' it would appear that it was reported in Rome that Drake had taken St. Domingo in Hispaniola, and carried off an immense booty. This account came in a private letter to Paul Secchi, a very considerable merchant in the city, who had large ventures in those parts which he had insured. Upon receiving this news he sent for the usurer, Samson Ceneda, a Jew, and acquainted him with it. The Jew, whose interest it was to have such a report thought false, gave many reasons why it could not possibly be true, and at last worked himself up into such a passion, that he said, 'I'll lay you a pound of 'my flesh it is a lye.' Secchi, who was of a fiery, hot temper, replied, 'I'll lay you a thousand crowns against a pound of your 'flesh that it is true.' All readers of old racing chronicles must be

familiar with the notorious match run at Newmarket between Old Merlin, a grandson of the Helmsley Turk, and a horse belonging to the cold, calculating, crafty, cock-fighting Treagonwell Frampton, Esq., keeper of the royal running horses, in which the hardy North carried too many guns for the 'Soft South.' Forests were felled, broad acres sold, patrimonies mortgaged, the ancestral plate melted down and converted into the current specie, and sideboards brought to the course in the breeches-pocket, to back the Newmarket favourite.

To prevent the North swallowing up the South, a legislative enactment made all bets exceeding ten pounds irrecoverable. Yet for all this, human nature, in the form of speculation, bid defiance to legal morality. It said, in its practice, 'What right have you to control 'my purse-strings?' So John Slaughter, the butcher, continued to match his goose-rumped mare to trot fourteen miles within the hour for twenty guineas; my Lord to ride his own horse, a match for five hundred guineas. The Marquis is losing his estate with fine temper and exquisite breeding at ——'s or his Club; whilst a coalheaver beggars his family with oaths and curses in a night-cellar. There is only a classic distinction in this order of speculation. What is the mainspring? Why, hope! One man ventures because he is willing enough to be in fortune's way; another, because he had good luck in the last; some other one, because he never got anything before, and indulges in the prospect of making a fortune; whilst some comfort themselves with the pleasing hope of retrieving desperate circumstances. Men of fashion, many years ago, found out a more genteel employment for their hands in shuffling a pack of cards and shaking the dice; and indeed it would appear, upon a strict review, that most of the fashionable diversions at that period were neither more nor less than different branches of gaming; and we have it on record that to the E. O. table, and to that polite spirit of gaming, was owing the great encouragement given to the Turf; and that horse-races were only esteemed as they afforded occasion for making a bet.

The same spirit drew the knowing ones together in a cock-pit; and cocks were rescued from the dunghill, and armed with gaffles, to furnish a new species of gaming. In the days of Pettit, Slack, Fig, and Broughton, many thousands have depended upon a match. The odds have risen at a black eye, heavy bets have been occasioned by a cross-buttock; and while the arena has resounded with the lusty blows of the combatants, it has at the same time echoed with the cries of *five to one*, *six to one*, *ten to one*.

But speculation displays itself with as much variety among the lowest as the highest order of people. It is the same thing whether the dice rattle in an orange barrow or at the hazard table. A couple of speculators in a quiet cellar are as eager at put, dominoes, or all-fours, as a snug party at St. James's at a rubber of whist; and the E. O. table is but a higher sort of *merry go round*, where you may get six halfpence for one, six pence for one, and six twopences for one.

But, with all respect to the memories of 'Crutch Robinson' and 'old Crocky,' to one MONTANO is due the system or art of *hedging a bet*. He was the first who struck out the practice of *pitting*, in which he was so thoroughly versed, that the death of every person of quality, it was said, brought him a legacy; and he so contrived the bets on his own life that, live or die, the odds were in his favour.

The dim taper by which I am now writing, and the space by prescription allotted to such dull, dry scribblers as myself, warn me to a conclusion; but the curiosity is excusable which asks, What is legitimate speculation?—and how far Legislature dare interfere with a national pastime from which *speculation* is inseparable?

Years ago, even in my father's time, it was not beneath the wisdom of Parliament to spend much time and consideration in the enacting and amending laws for the preservation of game, and to determine who should and who should not be his own butcher or poulterer in the fields; who should or who should not share with them the luxury of sylvan sports; but the same vigilance was not extended to the employments of leisure and opulence in the GREAT METROPOLIS! It was not determined what estate or place should qualify a man to play at cards or dice; how much he must be possessed of to sit down to a game at all-fours; how much more to cut in at whist, or to make one at a party at brag; or how much more to punt at faro, or to sit down at a hazard table; or still more, the licence which would legalize a venture upon a fancy for the Derby, Oaks, or St. Leger. As a matter of course, always reserving to Privy Councillors and members of either House an exclusive privilege of ruining themselves at any game they may think proper to play at. The renunciation of a certain Turf law is a matter of Turf history. In a spirit of revenge for the exposure of the 1844 Derby delinquency, a miserable pettifogger commenced proceedings, known as the *Qui tam* actions. But inasmuch as the owner of Gaper, and other owners of horses with an equally sleepy nomenclature, were debarred the chances of winning ten thousand, instead of a paltry ten pounds—a legislative enactment legalized that which had been pronounced illegal! But let bygones be bygones!

After all, let me ask what is legitimate speculation? No man in England has a deeper affection for a horse than I have, from the Horncastle draught-horse up to that magnificent example of Desert quality, Saunterer, now at the Middle Park stud. Horses of all kinds have ever been held in the highest esteem. Darius, I believe, was chosen King of Persia by the neighing of his horse; and I much question if Alexander would have pushed his conquests half so far, if Bucephalus had not stooped to take him on his back. An emperor of Rome made his horse a consul, and I at least am ready to admit that the dignity was as properly conferred upon the beast as the imperial diadem upon his master. But, as I desire to come home to roost, let me ask once more, what is legitimate speculation? Now I have a Yorkshire friend, whom I have dubbed 'Enthusiastic 'William,' who holds a thoroughbred in the same respect as the

natives of Morocco do those horses that have made the pilgrimage of Mecca, where Mahomet was born, and are called 'Hadgis,' or saints, whose necks are adorned with strings of beads and relics, being writings wrapt up in cloth of gold or silk, containing the names of their prophet, and who are led before the King of Morocco, richly accoutred and covered with these writings, the tail held up by a Christian slave, carrying in one hand a pot and a towel to receive the *etcetera*, and to wipe the *etcetera*. Well, he had the office, as he terms it, to back Voltigeur as a two-year-old at 200*l.* to 1*l.*; but, to use his own expressive language, he had not the coin—a legitimate goldfield passed from his possession. Again, as a matter of favour, and being a light weight, he rode occasionally Gadabout as a two-year-old, and trained at Belsay. Upon a certain memorable day Tom E——t, who was then Sir Charles Monk's private trainer, said, 'This mare will never win a two-year-old race. She wants a 'distance of ground. If we can get her in for the Metrop. at '5 st. 7 or 8 lb., you are now on the back of the winner.' The mare was entered and handicapped at the precise weight, and being at 100*l.* to 1*l.*, William offered a bran new maroon silk plush vest, which cost 30*s.*, and had not been worn, to a Hebrew gentleman for 10*s.*; but the highest offer was 7*s.* 6*d.*; and to this day he persists in declaring that the (dreadful expletive) Jew hindered him of 50 'quid.' Now this would have been a legitimate venture.

Now let us place in juxta-position, but in contra-distinction, another case, with which we must deal tenderly, yet truthfully.

Allow me, in imagination, to lead you to where, as 'Rab' says,

> 'The ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,
> As great and gracious a' as sisters;
> But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,
> They're a' mere jades thegither.
> Whyles, ow're the wee bit cup and platie,
> They sip the scandal potion prettie;
> Or lee lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks,
> Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks.'

We will not go 'Westward, ho!' because in the highest rank of fashionable life every one is acting behind the mask of good breeding, and nature is never seen to peep out except on very extraordinary occasions; and the only symptoms of ill fortune at play are slight flushings, succeeded by paleness, and perhaps a complaint of immoderate heat. But 'Eastward, ho!' nature is stripped of her masquerade, and gentlemen and ladies speak the language of the heart.

There is an *assemblée* at—no matter where—there is a round game—speculation it seems—and a boisterous party are deep in the mysteries of 'brag.' Let us go to the whist-table. A beautiful girl of eighteen, with charming tresses, lovely fall of shoulders, ivory neck, snowy bust, divested of art and ornament, is leaning over her mamma's chair, and listening to the following dialogues:—

'Five trumps, two honours, and lost four by cards! But I 'believe, madam, you never lost a game in the whole course of your 'life?'

'Now and then, madam.'

'Not in the memory of your daughter, I believe; and miss is not 'so extremely young neither. Clubs are trumps. Well! if ever I 'play again! You are three by cards, madam.'

'And two by honours—I had them in my own hand.'

'I beg your pardon, madam—I had forgot whose deal it was. 'But I thought the cloven-footed gentleman had left off teaching. 'Pray, madam, will he expect more than one's soul for half a dozen 'lessons?'

'You are pleased to be severe, madam; but you know I am not 'easily put out of temper. What's the trump?'

We whispered to miss how charming it would be if every lady had so sweet a temper, and was so amiably disposed! Miss blushed, and looked down; but we were ignorant of the reason, till all at once her mamma's good fortune changed, and her adversary, by holding the four honours in her own hand, and, by the assistance of her partner, won the game at a deal.

'And now, madam,' cried the patient lady, 'is it you or I who 'have bargained with the devil? I declare it upon my honour, I 'never won a game against you in my life. Indeed, I should wonder 'if I had, unless there had been a curtain between you and your 'partner. But one has a fine time of it to be always losing, and yet 'always to be baited for winning. Ask all the company at Bath this 'winter if I did not lose two or three guineas every night at half-'crown whist for two months together. But I did not fret, and talk 'of the devil, madam; nor did I trouble the company with my 'losings, nor play the after-game, nor say provoking things. No, 'madam, I leave such behaviour to ladies that——'

'Lord! my dear, how you heat yourself! You are positively in 'a passion. Come, let us cut for partners.'

Which they did, and happening to get together and win the next game, they were the best companions imaginable.

Upon *this* class of speculation our gallantry forbids a commentary.

But at 'peerless Goodwood,' when the 'slopes' exhibit the vivid varieties of the prism, the most sanctified would not refuse to the fair ones a little venture (say a box of Wheeler's best primrose, mauve, or a delicate drab) on that brilliant bright bay with black legs, that golden chesnut with the white stocking, or that rich brown with tan flank and muzzle.

And may you and I be there to see!

CRICKET.

The first of the three contests between the amateur and professional talent of England took place at the Oval, and resulted, after a close fight, in favour of the Gentlemen. The Players had with them two of the Northern bowlers, Wootton and Emmett, but Freeman was absent, and so were the great Northern batsmen, Hayward, Carpenter,

Daft, and Oscroft. The Gentlemen depended for their bowling on Mr. W. G. Grace, Mr. Absolom, and Mr. Buchanan—not very formidable, any of it, but as good as is easily procurable in the present dearth of amateur bowlers. With batting strength they were well supplied, though Mr. Green is hardly good enough to stand against first-class professional bowling, and might have been advantageously replaced by Mr. Yardley. However, it was certain to be a great run-getting match on both sides, and the odds in such a case are always correspondingly in favour of the Gentlemen, who are served by their youth, superior agility, endurance, and also by the genuine enthusiasm which they feel about the issue of such contests. The Gentlemen began well with 200, thanks to Mr. Grace, Mr. Lubbock, and Mr. I. D. Walker, who between them got nearly three-fourths of the runs. The Players, however, headed this score, though by no means a powerful batting side. But against the moderate bowling opposed to them every one scored, and all but two got into double figures. Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Absolom got nearly all the wickets, but it was not likely on such a ground that bowlers of this class should be other than expensive. Mr. W. G. Grace has lost much of his straightness, and more of the destructive qualities of his bowling, in which respects he has but followed the example of the most celebrated amateur bowlers among his predecessors. Bowling, as we have often remarked, is a mechanical art, depending for its success on constant and assiduous practice; and amateurs have neither the time nor the inclination to work sedulously at it after their first two or three seasons. The feature of the second innings of the Gentlemen was Mr. Grace's 83, but he was well backed up by his two colleagues in the former innings, as well as by Mr. Cooper, one of the most reliable batsmen in England, and who almost invariably troubles the field one innings out of two. The Players were left with just as many runs required to give them the victory as they obtained in their first innings; but on the third day of a match in July on the Oval youth will beat age, and stiff limbs will refuse to struggle. The Players were tired and stale, and five of them forthwith collapsed for 28. Thanks to Pooley and Summers —both of them active men, though Summers is a shocking runner between wickets and loses many runs and many wickets by bad judgment—a good stand was made, and Silcock, a steady and deserving all round cricketer who would never have been seen on London grounds but for the cricket schism, fought bravely for his side; so that in the end the game hung in the balance, and only 17 runs were wanted, and Pooley, who was well in and hitting at everything, was as likely as not to make them in a couple of overs. But, by luck, there came a shooter, and down went his wicket, and the match was won by the Gentlemen. This was a victory due to the superior batting of the winning side, for they got more runs off such bowlers as Wootton, Willsher, Emmett, and Silcock than their antagonists obtained off Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Absolom. Now, reverse the case, and suppose Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Absolom bowling against

Mr. Grace, Mr. Lubbock, Mr. Cooper, and Mr. I. D. Walker, &c. The question would be whether their innings would ever be terminated.

At Lord's, though the Gentlemen again pulled through in a well-contested match, the circumstances were somewhat different. In place of Mr. Buchanan they had Mr. Appleby, a bowler not for every ground nor for every day, but on his ground, and on his day, taxing all the batsman's knowledge and science to the utmost. Their batting and fielding strength were vastly augmented by the presence of Mr. Yardley, but we quite demur to Mr. Money's right to play for the Gentlemen of England. His batting—never exhibited to much advantage at Lord's—has quite gone off, and people who believe in the efficacy of his bowling must have very strong faith in the chances of cricket. He got four wickets, it is true, and must be esteemed a singularly fortunate man for so doing. Daft's reappearance at Lord's was cordially welcomed, but, as was natural, after some years' absence, the ground seemed quite strange to him, both in batting and fielding. Plumb kept wicket instead of Pooley, and the bowlers were Willsher, Wootton, Silcock, and Griffith. Freeman was unable to play, and the great treat of seeing him bowl at Lord's against the best gentlemen players in England, was thus postponed till another season. The Gentlemen would have fared but badly in their first innings, had it not been for Mr. Lubbock, Mr. Yardley, and Mr. I. D. Walker, who contributed 132 out of the 157 runs scored off the bat. Nothing could have been finer than the play of these gentlemen, Mr. I. D. Walker's 71 being the best innings we ever saw him play at Lord's, and worth any number of hundreds at the Oval. Mr. Yardley showed, what we have noticed about him before, that he is much more at home to good straight professional bowling than to loose and indifferent amateur bowling. Mr. Grace, for once, was dismissed before reaching double figures; but the total was highly creditable to the side, considering the difficulties of the ground, and the excellence of the bowling. When the Players went in it soon became apparent that this was one of Mr. Appleby's days, for, with the exception of Summers and Humphrey, but little resistance was made to his attacks. Summers, one of the most improved batsmen of the day, made 45 out of 80, but Daft was all abroad, and Mr. Appleby bowled him almost before he knew where he was. Humphrey played well for 14, and was splendidly caught out at point by Mr. E. M. Grace off a very hard cut. Speaking of this gentleman reminds us that he too seemed hardly at home at Lord's, though he accomplished one or two brilliant pieces of fielding. The Players being obliged to follow their innings made a much better show, Summers again distinguishing himself with 47, and Jupp playing a rare good innings of 52. Mr. Appleby had done his work in the first innings and could not get a wicket in his second, while Mr. W. G. Grace only got three wickets in the match. Looking at the strength of their batting, 98 runs did not seem much for the Gentlemen to get in their concluding innings; but then an innings of 100 at Lord's,

against first-class bowling is never to be despised, and is never very certain to be obtained by any eleven. And, on this occasion, it proved a very near thing, for when Mr. W. G. Grace left after obtaining 30, in which was a splendid drive to the on for 7, 58 runs were wanted, and four wickets had fallen. Mr. I. D. Walker came and went without scoring, and the game now looked bad for the Gentlemen. It was reserved for Mr. Yardley to justify the opinions of his friends as to his superior batting abilities, by pulling this fine match out of the fire when everything depended on him. His 39 (not out) at that critical stage of the game was above all praise, and was in itself sufficient to elevate him at once to the very front rank of batsmen. Thanks to his good defence and really brilliant cutting and leg-hitting the Gentlemen won their second match against the Players by three wickets.

The third contest took place at the Oval, but was confined to Gentlemen of the South and Players of the South. We shall not dwell on this match, save as a cricket curiosity, because it was one of those hateful slogging affairs, in which it is a toss-up which give in first from exhaustion, batsmen, bowlers, or fielders. When we say that in the two completed innings, one on each side, 1028 runs were scored, and that the third innings commenced with every prospect of its being continued in similar style, we shall have said that this is not real cricket—that this is not what any one either wants to see or to join in; and that if such scores, or anything approaching to them, became common, cricket would be a worse labour than the treadmill. The curiosities of the match were that, though the Players made 475 runs, which, considering that the Gentlemen had next to no bowling, was not so very wonderful, yet the Gentlemen got nearly one hundred more in their first innings against Willsher, Bennett, Southerton, Silcock, and James Lillywhite. Not only so, but whereas the first wicket of the Players fell for 142 runs, the first wicket of the Gentlemen fell for no less than 283, Mr. Cooper making 101, and Mr. W. G. Grace 180. As the heat was almost tropical, we should imagine that at the end of the third day both Players and Gentlemen were heartily weary of one another.

It would be of course unfair to deduce from these matches any estimate of the comparative strength of the amateurs and professionals. Nearly all the best batsmen, and many of the best bowlers among the professionals, are either prevented or prevent themselves from taking part in these encounters; and considering the narrow victories accomplished by the Gentlemen this year, we shall probably be right in saying that they would stand but little chance against eleven professionals worthy of the name of the Eleven of England. The bowling of the Gentlemen is so weak—there is not, in fact, a single first-class amateur fast bowler in existence—that it seems difficult to see how such batsmen as Hayward, Carpenter, Oscroft, and Daft could be got rid of without a most unwelcome accumulation of runs. In batting the Gentlemen can well hold their own. No batsman, past or present, could touch Mr. W. G. Grace. His power of

playing all sorts of bowling, on all sorts of grounds, on all sorts of days, and under every varying circumstance and condition, has never been rivalled. His run-getting is not a matter of haphazard that may or may not come off, but almost an absolute certainty; and he has probably got more hundreds in great matches than most players of repute have got five-and-twenties. It is not his style that is attractive: he has none of the brilliant wrist-play of Mr. Buller, or the commanding style of Mr. Lubbock; but what we admire in him is the perfect timing and control that seems to make no ball, however good, difficult to him, and the wonderful combination of strength and judgment that enables him to utilise his strength according to the disposition of the field. No one has ever so reduced the art of placing the ball to a science as Mr. W. G. Grace. If the field come in he hits over their heads; if they go out he plays for singles; wherever there is an undefended space, thither, be sure, the ball will travel before long; and, generally, his maxim is, not to hit to a man, but just far enough to left or right of him for the ball to elude his grasp. It will be found by most who try the experiment that to accomplish this requires a correctness of eye and a precision of hand and a steadiness of nerve with which the ordinary run of players are not blessed. Then, besides Mr. Grace, there are Mr. Lubbock, one of the most commanding of batsmen, Mr. Cooper, one of the safest, Mr. I. D. Walker, one of the most dashing, and Mr. Yardley, who may fairly be named amongst such distinguished companions. The fielding, also, of the Gentlemen is singularly fine, there being so many fast runners and long-distance throwers amongst them; and they work with a dash and spirit never observable among the Players. In wicket-keeping, of course, they labour under considerable disadvantages, and we regret to observe that catches are missed now-a-days in the field that years ago would have been taken to a certainty. But, as far as that goes, for every catch the Gentlemen miss the Players miss two. Indeed the human hand appears to be losing its prehensibility; but whether this shows that we are passing through some stage of variation of species we leave to Mr. Darwin to determine.

The Eton and Harrow Match, beloved of ladies and little boys with tall hats, was favoured by splendid weather, and the attendance was enormous, far too large, in fact, for enjoyment, and of course far too large to admit of the hits being run out. Why this match should be one of the most fashionable events of the season we know not, except that the cricket is generally very indifferent, and four-fifths of the spectators know very little, and care still less, about it. It is on the same principle of self-martyrdom, we imagine, that people have been flocking every Sunday for the last year or two to the Zoological Gardens, because there is scarcely any shade there, because it is very monotonous to march up and down dusty gravel walks, and because they particularly dislike the smell of wild beasts. Well, the martyrs came in thousands to see the Eton and Harrow boys, and, contrary to the words of the hymn, though thousands

found themselves inside the gates, there was not room for thousands more who had to abide in outer darkness and dust in the vain hope of succeeding to some vacant place. The Stand was crowded, and the amount of money taken at the gate would have made the honorary secretaries of many a struggling county club cry with vexation. The issue of the match had been regarded by all the talent as such a foregone conclusion that for weeks previously long odds—long odds for cricket, that is—had been freely laid on Harrow. The ladies and the ignoramuses and the little boys had all been duly forewarned by their friends that Harrow could not lose, and that Eton would most probably be beaten in a single innings, and had been told to look out carefully for the dark-blues and note what wonderful things they would bring to pass with bat and ball. And the ladies and the ignoramuses and the little boys found at the end of the first day that the reverse of all that had been predicted had happened, and that Harrow, instead of gaining a single-innings victory, would have some difficulty in averting a single-innings defeat. Why Eton should have been so despised we know not, except that popular opinion always inclines to the winner of the previous year; for only about a week before Eton had beaten Winchester in a single innings, and, if this was not worth much, Winchester being confessedly extremely weak, yet in a mixed match of Eton and Winchester boys the following day Mr. Ottaway scored 100 (not out) and several prominent members of the Eton eleven obtained a large number of runs. Now, whatever the bowling, 100 (not out) is no bad practice a few days before a great match, and shows that a man is in pretty good trim. The real truth we take to be that Harrow bowling was a good deal overrated in consequence of its success last year; but that success was owing to the careless play of Eton, and the carelessness was natural when the Captain set the example of making sensation hits, which the rest of his men were quite unable to imitate. It would have been odd indeed if, under such distinguished cricket mentors as Eton possesses, a good step in the path of improvement had not been taken since last year; but we acknowledge to have been quite unprepared to witness so total a revolution in the style of play of the light-blues. The boys were the boys of Eton, but the play was the play of Harrow. The absence of flurry, the steadiness, the correct and not wild hitting, the patience at slows, and the general good judgment in running, all these features, so usually characteristic of the Harrow eleven, were now exemplified by their opponents; and as Mr. Ottaway's was not only the highest but the best innings in the match, as it virtually decided the match and broke the hearts of the Harrow bowlers, we may make particular allusion to that. It was essentially a good, solid, business-like innings, without show or brilliance, without attempt to force runs, but with great precision in accepting every offered opportunity. It was, in fact, the old Harrow game, taken up by Eton and played to perfection. In Mr. Ottaway's 108 there was only one four, a clear proof that even when thoroughly well in he would not be tempted to hit high

in the air, *d la* Mr. Thornton last year. The Harrow fielding was good, and the bowling at times was good also, none of it first-class, but up to the average of public school bowling, and requiring to be met patiently and perseveringly. Mr. Ottaway's innings settled the match, for the Harrow batsmen, alarmed at the large total against them, were flurried out of their usual composure, not so much in their batting, for they showed a very good batting style, but in their running. Feeling that time was precious, and that every run was of importance, they set to work to try for a second run when only one was attainable, and thus in the early part of their first innings two of their most efficient batsmen were run out, and to this must be attributed their one-innings defeat. We must not, however, underrate the Eton bowling, which was far better than had been looked for; and Mr. Maude, in the second innings of Harrow, made as great a sensation as Mr. Giles last year on the other side. Mr. Gore made a fine stand for Harrow in his second innings, and hit and played right well; but for all that the unexpected and signal defeat of the dark-blues could not be averted, nor could it be ascribed to chance or luck, for it must have been pretty evident to any unprejudiced spectator that the best eleven won; only somehow their merits had previously been hid under a bushel.

County Cricket has been, of course, in full swing during the past month, and we proceed to a brief survey of the results. The Marylebone Club has contended against several counties; but we need only allude to its encounters with Surrey, Nottingham, and Lancashire. Surrey had not the ghost of a chance in its return match against the M.C.C.; for Mr. W. G. Grace played for the Club, and it was not likely that the Surrey bowling would trouble him much. He went in first, and carried out his bat for 138 out of a total of 215. There was nothing else about the match worth noticing. Surrey made respectable scores; but their defeat was a foregone conclusion. Very different antagonists were the men of Nottingham; and after a splendid match, one of the best for real good cricket played in London this year, the premier county of England maintained its ascendancy. Though the M.C.C. Eleven included Seven past or present University players, yet they could do but little against the bowling of J. C. Shaw; and had it not been for Mr. W. G. Grace, the M.C.C. innings would have been but sorry affairs. The wonderful batsman, however, showed that Lord's was just as easy to him as the Oval, and that he could play the stinging deliveries of the Nottingham bowlers as easily as the feeble bowling of Surrey. He was unfortunately run out in his first innings after making 48; but in his second he added 121 to the score, giving, it must be admitted, one or two chances. But still, who can get a hundred runs on Lord's ground without having a little luck? Mr. Grace scored 169 runs in the match, and all the rest of the side obtained only 153, including extras. In the first innings of Nottingham, Daft was disposed of for a single, and thus in three innings played at Lord's he had not obtained a dozen runs. The critics shook their heads, and feared

that his day was gone by; but there was still one chance left, and splendidly did he avail himself of it to show the best judges in England the true meaning of scientific cricket. His 103 (not out) was the masterpiece of a master, a combination of perfect defence with judicious hitting, and was played with that perfect ease and style that has always distinguished Daft's batting. It was a noble revenge for his three previous disappointments, and proved him to be, as for years past, the bulwark of his powerful county. All credit also must be given to Wild, a brilliant hitter, and to A. Shaw, for so ably backing up their distinguished comrade. When Nottingham takes the field, good cricket is sure to be seen, and we hope that this match will be an annual fixture in the M.C.C. programme. The M.C.C. match against Lancashire was as great a curiosity in cricket, in its way, as the thousand runs match at the Oval, of which we have spoken before. It was a bowlers' match all through, to begin with. The ground was as hard as a baked brick, and the wicket one of those that sometimes will be found on Lord's, when run-getting is absolutely impossible. Even Mr. W. G. Grace could not score on it, and was got rid of for 6 in his first, and for a real and veritable duck's egg in his second innings! Strong elevens on both sides disappeared for the following trifling scores: Lancashire 67, M.C.C. and Ground 63; and then Lancashire again 58. All this was accomplished in one day, and yet there was time for three M.C.C. wickets to fall for 6 runs in their second innings before time was called. Such is cricket. Three days before, at the Oval, one wicket fell for nearly 300 runs; now thirty-three wickets fell in little more than five hours for 194 runs, or an average of less than 6 runs per wicket. Indeed, on the second day the remaining M.C.C. players gave up the idea of hitting or of getting runs off the bat, and devoted themselves to stealing byes. By quick bustling between the wickets they actually ran up 21 byes and leg-byes, and thus won the match, with two wickets to go down.

Sussex has been having a disastrous month, and to all appearances will not win a single match this season. Two more defeats have been sustained at the hands of Kent, one at the Crystal Palace and the other at Tunbridge Wells. At Manchester, also, Sussex was well beaten by Lancashire, though there was at one time a very fair chance of gaining a victory; but bad fielding, and a total inability to take catches at critical moments was observable in all these matches, as well as in the others that have been played by Sussex this year. Indeed the number of fair catches missed this season by Sussex men is, we should think, more than those missed by all the other counties put together. As long as such a state of things continues, Sussex cannot hope or expect to win a match; while the dispiriting influence on the bowlers cannot be over-estimated. When a bowler has lost confidence in his field, he loses confidence in himself also. Sussex bowling is anything but strong, and requires to be assisted by excellent fielding and safe catching. Surrey has had one gleam of sunshine in her declining years, by accomplishing a very creditable victory

over Lancashire—thanks to Jupp and to a gentleman, playing under an assumed name, who got into three figures. It is but fair to say that the Lancashire eleven was weak, neither Iddison nor Mr. Rowley playing. In the matches against Nottingham and Middlesex, Surrey, as might be expected, has been signally worsted. They could not play against Howitt at Lord's, and, though they got a fair number of runs at Trent Bridge, they could not hope to bowl out Daft, Oscroft, and Wild, without a tremendous piling up of runs. Of the defeat of Cambridge by Yorkshire we will not say much; first, because the Cambridge eleven is wholly disorganized; secondly, because Tarrant could not play, and, thirdly, because the ground had cut up so badly by the time the Cambridge men went in, that batting was out of the question, and standing up to Freeman and Emmett was positively dangerous to life and limb. There was no cricket about it, in fact. The ground just lasted through one day, while the Yorkshiremen were in, and then was about as serviceable for cricket as a ploughed field. What might have been a tolerable match was thus utterly spoiled. Kent may have little difficulty in beating her southern neighbours, but beating Nottingham is quite another thing, and the single-innings victory of the great Northern county will dispel any faint ideas that Kent was in a fair way of rising to its former greatness. The match was played at Tunbridge, and the ground played very false after the first innings of Kent: in fact, with all their numerous grounds, the one at Gravesend is the only Kent ground good for much. However, though Kent got the best of the ground, it made little difference to Nottingham, for whom Bignall—a player much underrated by the critics, but whom we have always considered to be possessed of great batting abilities—made a splendid innings of 116 (not out). Summers also got into his favourite 'forties,' and the total amounted to 251. Of the Kent batting it is enough to say that what little good was done was due to the gentlemen, Mr. Yardley and Mr. Norton in the first innings, and Mr. Thornton in the second, almost monopolising the run-getting. Indeed, in the second innings, Mr. Thornton made 76 out of the 109 runs obtained off the bat. Mr. Cooper was run out both times—a sad blow to his county—but in any case Nottingham would win the match nineteen times out of twenty. There may be a conflict of opinion as to which is the better, Nottingham or Yorkshire, though our own opinion is unhesitatingly in favour of Nottingham, with 'pounds in hand;' but the Southern counties are no more able to cope with Nottingham than any individual member of their elevens would be able to play a single-wicket match against Mr. W. G. Grace.

WHO IS TO RIDE HIM?

BY OLD CALABAR.

CHAPTER I.

In a remote and lonely part of Dorsetshire stood, in a beautifully-wooded park, a fine old mansion, Bradon Hall, belonging to George Bradon, Esq., who at the time we write was about eight-and-twenty.

He was one of the old school, as his father had been before him. Early in life he had been placed in a crack regiment of dragoons, so he was not without a pretty good knowledge of the world for his age. Allowed a liberal sum by his father, he had never exceeded it; on the contrary, there was generally a fair balance at the end of the year in the hands of his agent.

He was a remarkably handsome young fellow. Bred up in the country, and left to do pretty nearly as he liked, it was not wonderful he turned out an adept at all sorts of sports.

A good cricketer, a still better fisherman, a magnificent shot, and not only the straightest but the best rider in the county, indeed riding was his forte. Not so with our late friend Artemus Ward at 'playing oss.' With all these sporting accomplishments he was much looked up to in his regiment, and it was said that the man who could live with George Bradon in any country for twenty minutes was A 1 in the pigskin.

Two years previous to the time we are speaking of he found himself master of Bradon Hall; his mother had gone many years before.

The first thing he did was to sell out and come home, where he had ever since resided. All the men in his regiment had the *blues* when he left. 'It was an infernal bore,' Captain Swagger remarked, 'to lose such a vewey fine fellaw as Bwadon; he should like to 'know who the devil could bwoo such a Cwawat Cup as Bwadon?'

At any rate George left, taking with him a magnificent gold snuff-box, a present from his fellow-officers, 'which would be,' as the lieutenant-colonel said, 'a doocid nice thing to push about the 'dinner-table when he and his old friends of the regiment came 'down to hunt and shoot with him.'

Some of them had been true to their word, and paid him a visit now and then in the sporting season. George was delighted to see them; it put him in mind of old times, and he was always glad to know how matters were going on in his old corps.

His father had been a great breeder of horses, and as George was just as enthusiastically fond of them, the old blood had been kept up; and with the exception of a fine specimen of an old English

gentleman, who used to be daily seen walking about in a blue coat with gilt buttons, buckskins and tops, looking over his brood-mares and colts, everything was the same as before. All the servants had been retained; they loved 'Master George' too well to quit, nor had they been asked to.

Bradon, when with his regiment, had been the crack rider in it, and many a good stake had he won for that gallant corps. His services had always been most anxiously sought after, and mounts given him in most of the great steeple-chases of the day.

He was so cool and collected, no bustle or flurrying with him. A fine eye, a fine hand, a famous judge of pace and strong at the finish, with a knowledge, that must almost have been born in him, when to ease his horse, force the running, or take advantage of any mistake. 'On the whole,' Lord Plunger, who was no mean judge, used to say—'on the whole I consider George Bradon the finest 'cross-country man in Europe.'

Bradon, though uncommonly lucky in his mounts, bore his honours meekly, and when he sold out and came down to the old place to live, gave up steeple-chasing altogether. 'He had so much to do, 'so much to attend to; after a bit he would have another squeeze 'at the lemon, but really he must attend to his affairs first.'

Repeated refusals damped the ardour of his friends, so at last they gave up asking him altogether, and he was left in quiet to pursue his own way.

Time went on, and such a person as George Bradon had almost been forgotten by the sporting public. One morning, some eighteen months after he had come home, going into the harness-room, he carelessly seated himself in the weighing-chair and exclaimed to the old stud-groom, an heirloom his father had left him, 'The same 'weight, Tim, I suppose—eleven three?'

The person thus appealed to, standing on tiptoe, looked up at the dial as well as he was able; for, in addition to being short and stout, he had a very tight pair of trousers, which seemed to have been made on him, and was moreover incommoded by a stiff white neckcloth, which threatened to strangle him, after having studied the dial for a few seconds, started back and blurted out in a voice of horror and amazement, 'Can I believe my haged hies, Master George? You're 'twelve five, as I'm a miserable sinner!'

'What!' exclaimed George, jumping out of the chair considerably quicker than he had got into it, and throwing away the cigar which he had been indolently puffing, 'what! twelve five? It cannot be; 'weigh me again, Tim.'

The old man did so with the same result. 'Oh, hang it!' said George, 'the scale is wrong; it cannot be: I am not a bit heavier 'than I was; the same clothes fit me I wore two years ago—it's all 'bosh.'

'I don't know, Master George, if it's all bosh or no,' replied his old servant, 'but the scale is right. Now lookee, sir, I've been

'fourteen stun nine for the last eleven years, not a hounce more or 'less: see my weight, sir.'

George cast his eyes up at the dial as Tim slowly wriggled himself into the chair.

'Yes,' he said, 'you are right; fourteen nine to a fraction, Tim. 'How the deuce I came to be this weight I have no idea, but I can-'not shut my eyes to the fact that instead of eleven three, my old 'walking weight, I am twelve five, sixteen pounds in less than two 'years,' he muttered as he sauntered away. 'By George, I'll knock 'off that sixteen pounds pretty quickly, though. I detest fat people; 'an idle life will not suit me. I'll do Banting or something.'

Tim looked after his young master as he walked away. 'Well,' he exclaimed at length, 'Master George'—he was always Master George with the old servants—'twelve five, I'd never have thought 'it. There's something in his hi, though, that tells me he won't be 'that weight long. Although he is so cool he'll hunt every day the 'coming season, I'll bet my life; walk like blazes, and take physic 'enough to float a jolly-boat. I'll lay a sov,' he remarked, as he slowly drew one out of a bag which he extracted from the depths of his capacious breeches-pocket, 'that he is in his old form this day 'six months; dashed if I don't bet a fiver, or any part of it;' but as no one was there to take him, he put back the coin, gave the neck of the bag a twist, and after a struggle managed to convey it to his breeches-pocket again.

'What will my old woman say,' he continued, 'when I tells her 'o' this? she as nussed him as a foal and said he'd never get fat like 'me—it's heart-breaking to think on; and there's Guardsman, the 'finest and fastest hunter in England, just coming six; how will he 'be able to carry him if he goes sticking mountains of flesh on like 'that? he can't do it. He'll have to ride in a seven-pound saddle; 'but I don't let him do *that*, not if I knows it—he'd break his pre-'cious neck, and then I should like to be told where Tim Mason 'would be, the old woman, and all the kids. No seven-pound 'saddle for me. I aint a going to have my boy a smashing of his-'self, and all because he will put flesh on. He's the only one left of 'the old stock; it's time he married, and I hope he will. I'm 'almost afraid to tell the old woman. Twelve stun five,' he ejaculated, as he wended his way thoughtfully across the yard; 'it seems 'almost impossible.'

'Tim,' said his master the next morning, 'this idle life won't do 'for me. I'm going over to France for three or four months. 'Would you like a trip?'

'Me, sir?' said the old man, 'why in course I should like to see 'them mounseer fellows eat frogs, and taste their brandy too.'

'Well, Tim, so you shall,' replied George; 'and look here, we 'will take Guardsman and the grey with us. I will run them both 'at some of the meetings. Young Harry shall go with us: he is a 'good rider, a light weight, and can keep his mouth shut.'

'Yes, sir,' said Tim. 'He and I can do the horses as they ought 'to be done, and a little work now will do them good.'

'Well,' continued his master, 'I'm off to London this afternoon 'to make some arrangements. Travel the horses down to South-'ampton, and meet me at the Dolphin, the bottom of High Street, 'you know. Be there on Monday morning; take saddles, clothing, 'and all you want. However, I need not tell you all this, or of the 'necessity of keeping our movements a profound secret.'

'No occasion, no occasion, sir: I'll be there. Huzza!' he exclaimed, as soon as his master was out of hearing. 'My words are 'coming true; racing again, by all that's jolly! This is a proud day 'for me. My boy will get into form again, I know he will. I 'should like to give him a leg up once more and see him set a field.' So saying he waddled off to inform his old woman, as he irreverently called her, of the change about to take place.

Some few days after this Bradon, his servants and horses, were located in a quiet little village in Lower Brittany.

'Well, Tim,' said his master one morning, as the old stud-groom came in to say the horses were well, and ask what exercise they were to take. 'What exercise?' said George; 'why, I'll tell you. 'They are to go into regular training; they are in pretty good fettle 'now, but they must be better. We can do it in quiet here, with-'out those confounded touts and fellows watching us, as they would 'have done at home. I should have had a scoundrel perched up in 'nearly every tree in the park if they knew the game I was flying at. 'I have found out good ground here, and have permission to use it. 'Now, Tim, I am going to astonish your weak nerves. I need 'not caution you of the necessity of being silent. All the races, 'I find, are over in France for the year; but, Tim, what do you 'think? I have entered both the horses for the Grand Silverpool 'Steeple-chase. I did it when I was in town the other day.'

'What!' said the astonished old man, 'the Grand Silverpool? 'my horses going to run for the Grand Silverpool? Oh, Master 'George, this is a joyful day. Guardsman will win it: he has 'never ran, and if there is any justice he must be put in light. *But* '*who is to ride him?*'

'Who?' returned his master; 'for your life, Tim, not a word.' And pulling him closer by the arm, whispered 'MYSELF.'

'You, sir? but your weight, sir! Twelve stun five and your 'saddle. Oh, no, Master George, that won't do.'

'Now, Tim, you are a clever fellow, but others are as knowing 'as you. Look here. You see this weighing-chair; well, I bought 'that in London. Now weigh me.'

The old man did as he was bid. 'Why, sir,' he exclaimed, excitedly, after looking at it, 'only twelve stun one; four pounds 'lighter in less than a week, and without exercise.'

'Or physic,' continued Bradon. 'Banting, Tim, Banting—no 'bread, no butter, no sugar, no beer, no saccharine matter of any

'sort; plenty of meat, biscuits, toast, claret and seltzer-water, that 'is my diet, and I never felt so well. If wanted I shall be able to 'ride eleven stone with the greatest ease.'

* * * * *

In a luxuriously-furnished dining-room, some three months after the events which we have described, five or six gentlemen were discussing their wine.

'I cannot make it out,' said a heavy-built man of five-and-forty or so; 'I have tried everything I know, and am not a bit the wiser 'than when I began. This Bradon is a most extraordinary fellow. 'I took the trouble of going down to Dorsetshire myself, and all I 'could arrive at was that Bradon was travelling. The servants 'knew nothing, or would know nothing. They were aware the 'stud-groom had gone and taken two horses and a lad with him; 'that was all I could get out of them. Well, I went to the groom's 'house and saw his wife. She looked at and received me as if I 'had been a thief. It was a regular mull. That Bradon has got 'two horses with him I am certain, but what they are, and where 'they are, hang me if I can find out. I have tried every tout and 'stable in the kingdom, but to no purpose, so I have given it up as 'a bad job.'

'Ah!' replied a fashionably-dressed and bewhiskered young man, 'with all your cleverness and knowing dodges, you are bowled out, 'old boy. I know a little more than you. In my opinion George 'Bradon is training his horses quietly somewhere for the Silverpool. 'Both are well in, and the handicap has been accepted by him. 'He is a knowing hand, is Bradon. Now I got hold of a letter 'written to a friend of his just before he left England; no matter 'how or where I got it, this is what he says.' And opening his pocket-book and taking out a letter he read the following:—

'Bradon Hall, Nov. 1st.

'DEAR JACK,—In answer to yours of this morning I am sorry I 'cannot accept your kind invite. I'm off on a bit of travelling, 'for I am not at all in form. Fancy my disgust on weighing my-'self yesterday morning to find I was considerably over twelve 'stones; so you see an idle life will not do for me. I shall go to 'France first; I may probably remain there some time. I have 'entered two nags for the Silverpool. I must engage some one to 'ride one; it matters little who will get the second mount, as he 'will merely be wanted to make running for the one I declare to 'win with.

'Yours ever,

'GEORGE BRADON.'

'There,' he exclaimed, 'you see I know more than all of you. 'As for Bradon's riding, that is an utter impossibility, for both horses

'are in at ten twelve, and it is equally impossible to get any good 'hand to ride them now, as all are engaged.'

'By George, Fred!' exclaimed the first that had spoken, 'you 'have done wonders, but still I can make nothing of it. No end 'of odds have been offered against his nags for win or a place, and 'all have been eagerly taken up by the fellows of his old regiment. 'Why, Plunger alone stands to win over ten thousand. However, 'the horses are really coming into the betting, which they must not 'do. I must go down to the rooms to-morrow and give them such 'a tickler that will knock them out at once. It will not suit my 'book their taking prominent places in the market. By heaven, if 'either of them was to pull through I should be a ruined man, and 'others are in for double as much as I am.'

'My dear fellow,' put in a quiet, sly-looking little man, who had not yet spoken, 'you should not do such rash things. Flukes do 'happen—not that it is likely in this case. I always wait till the last 'moment, and then come with a rush when I know things are pretty 'safe.'

'Come with a rush,' replied a tall, delicate-looking stripling; 'a 'pretty rush you made of it last year. You prevented my getting 'on, and not only put me in the hole but every one else who 'attended to you.'

'I could not help it, my dear boy,' returned the other, with a crafty smile. 'There is no occasion for you to ruin yourself too 'quickly, which you will do if you go on in such a reckless manner.'

'Reckless manner!' passionately exclaimed the young fellow; 'why, you have had more of my money than any one else. Where 'others have had pounds you have had thousands, and now you talk 'to me of "recklessness." That is rather "hard lines."'

'I meant no harm,' replied the other; 'I only think it is dan-'gerous to lay against Bradon's horses at present.'

'No doubt you do,' said the youth, a little pacified; 'but I do 'not mean to take your advice in this case; and to-morrow, if I do 'not knock them out of the betting it shall not be my fault.'

So it was settled between them all over their wine and cigars that Bradon's horses should be set at on the morrow and sent out of the market.

They were attacked, and such extravagant sums laid against them that astonished every one, many of which odds were booked by Lord Plunger and a few others.

How this came about we will now explain. Lord Plunger, as before stated, thought George Bradon 'the finest cross-country man 'in Europe,' and from a letter which Bradon sent in confidence to his lordship, he started for France. Here Bradon put him up to what was going on, and asked him to take some of the heavy odds offered against Guardsman for a place or win.

'I won't have anything to do with it myself,' remarked George.

'You are a betting-man, Plunger, which I am not, but I will have 'one more shy, hit or miss: this will be my last appearance in 'public in the pigskin. I don't admire the way in which matters 'are carried on in the racing-world now, and I am not going to risk 'my fortune and reputation in having any more to do with it. Of 'course there are honest people connected with it, but they, like 'angels' visits, are few and far between; and besides, I know 'nothing of betting, but this I feel sure of, that such a horse as 'mine has not been out for years.'

'That,' said his lordship, 'I am quite certain of, or you would 'not run him, and you are too good a judge to be deceived. You 'may depend on my doing all you wish. I shall be as silent as 'death on the subject, and not a word shall escape me. Let me 'see,' consulting his note-book, 'I am to go as far as five hundred 'for you—that ought to win you a handsome sum; I shall go as far 'for myself. You are to come to me four days before the Silverpool 'and I am to take you there in the drag; that is the order of march, 'is it not?'

'Exactly,' said George. 'Now let's have a cigar; you have 'plenty of time before you start; if you have any luck you will be 'sitting *chez vous* to-morrow evening.'

It turned out as his friend predicted. The following evening Lord Plunger was comfortably lolling in his arm-chair, thinking what a clever fellow Bradon was, and how secretly his own journey to France had been managed. This, then, was the reason Lord Plunger had taken some of the extravagant long odds that had been laid against Bradon's horses for a place or win.

(*To be continued.*)

YACHTING AND ROWING.

The past month has been a busy one for yachtsmen, tempting programmes issuing from all points of the country at once, so that the most insatiate sailing men could not hope to go for more than half the good things offered. The Dauntless arrived from across the Atlantic just in time to be too late for the Havre gala, where it was hoped she would have entered and started. A challenge from Mr. Bennett to the world in general, and the Cambria in particular, for a match to New York, has revived the interminable questions of relative size, discrepancies of national measurement, and many another *linguæ teterrima causa.* Meanwhile nothing is settled; but we may fairly hope to see the Dauntless, after a thorough re-fit, showing her quality at Ryde and Cowes this month, when the old Alarm will doubtless make her appearance again. She has recently discarded the raking masts, which were one of her most marked features, and with some other alterations and a new suit, is to 'come out again as good as new,' or, for her owner's sake, we'll hope better,

if it be possible. The gathering off the Isle of Wight bids fair to be as brilliant as ever; and to judge from the reports from stations, there will be no lack of clippers to do battle for various trophies.

The New Thames finished their season with an ocean match to Harwich, timed so as to arrive nicely for Harwich Regatta. Eight were entered—Gloriana, Cambria, Flying Cloud, Druid, Nettle (Mr. J. D. Lee), Amy, Thought (Mr. J. Wells), and Amazon; but the latter did not start, owing to the death of her owner, Mr. H. F. Smith, a gentleman well known in the yachting world. Mr. Ashbury's vessel was also an absentee. There was a light N.E. wind as they started from the Lower Hope just after flood. The little Thought showed the way through Sea Reach and past the Nore; but as the breeze increased past the Maplin, Druid and Flying Cloud went by her; and Gloriana following Druid through the Wallet, took second place from Count Batthyany. From the Cork Light they had a nice breeze on their quarter; and Gloriana making the most of it, finished a dead heat with Druid. Flying Cloud and Thought next. Druid won, and Mr. Wells gained second honours by time allowance. Harwich Regatta was not up to the average, and none of the vessels engaged in the New Thames Match put in an appearance. The Surge won the cutter race—Anita (Mr. Packard, of Ipswich), the schooner match, and a minor affair fell to Mr. Lord's Blanche. The fact of the Royal Mersey's fixture clashing had doubtless an unfavourable effect; and we trust to find an improvement next season, as Harwich has been the scene of many memorable struggles. The Royal Mersey issued a capital programme for two days' sport, and had excellent entries; the Avalanche, Amberwitch, Condor, Fiona, Muriel, Mosquito, Oimara, Phasma (Mr. L. Lloyd), and Pantomime being amongst them. Oimara and Muriel gained first honours in their classes, Fiona taking second prize; and on the second day the Oimara repeated her victory, Pantomime and Phasma being the other winners.

The Sailing Barge Match has now, thanks to Mr. Henry Dodd, become an annual institution; and this year the day was quite equal, if not superior, to any of the six previous anniversaries. The constituency interested in the event is so large that there were more than a dozen steamers crowded with eager spectators, most of whom evinced a personal interest in the success of one or other of the competitors. Mr. Dodd, as usual, chartered a saloon steamer, the Albert Edward, for his friends, who to the number of about three hundred had an excellent view of the race, and were treated throughout the day with the most unbounded hospitality, the vessel being converted into a land flowing, if not with milk and honey, with all things requisite and necessary to salvation from hunger and thirst; or, in the language of the line, 'all the 'delicacies of the season,' an expression which does not always mean as much as it did on this occasion. Among the three classes into which the craft are divided there were altogether fifty entries; and Mr. Cecil Long, who, as usual, officiated as Commodore, had no easy task. There was a light north-east breeze as the two spritsail classes got away from Erith, the topsails following them after a short interval. Owing to lack of wind, the second class spritsails were signalled to round off Holy Haven, when the Dinah, Edwin, Emily, and Volante had the best of the struggle. The larger vessels were taken down to the Chapman, and the leaders rounded in the following order: Topsails—Alice Lloyd, Invicta, Bessy, Hart, and Blue Bell; Spritsails—Severn, Mars, Renown, and Richard. Returning to Erith, the positions of the leaders were slightly altered, as follows: Topsails—Alice Lloyd (Mr.

E. Lloyd), first Invicta (Messrs. Lee, Son, and Co.); Bessie Hart (Mr. C. Wood). First-class Spritsails—Severn (Grays Quarries Company); Renown (Messrs. Lee, Son, and Co.); Mars (Mr. F. Sales). Second-class—Volante (Mr. T. F. Wood); Emily (Mr. J. J. Robinson); Edwin (Messrs. E. Down and Co.). Mr. Wood accordingly gained Mr. Dodd's Cup, value 15*l.*, and his crew received a tenner also presented by that gentleman, these with the other prizes as chosen by the Committee being handed to the winners, with appropriate remarks by Mr. Cecil Long. The steamers, with their numerous freight, then made the best of their way to town, after what was considered by all present a most delightful day. We hear that a number of supporters of the Sailing Barge Match, wishing to commemorate and show their appreciation of Mr. Dodd's continued efforts in the cause, proposed presenting him with a testimonial; but he has expressed his unwillingness to receive any personal gift; and it was accordingly suggested that the fund be devoted to paying for the prizes next year, so that 1870 would be remembered in the annals of the barge-sailing community as the Dodd year. This is an excellent idea, but we may move, as an amendment, that the money be devoted to one or more Challenge Cups for barge sailing, which would best tend to perpetuate the memory of the original founder of the Match, which has now developed into an annual affair of considerable importance.

Rowing is rather looking up. Sadler and Percy are matched for a race, a little over a mile, which comes off on the Tyne in November, and should be worth seeing, as both are very fast. At first Sadler's challenge was by a misprint issued as to Renforth, which created much surprise among the students of public form, as the present champion is probably as good at a sprint as any one, and would dispose of a rival alongside at least as quickly as he cut down Kelley at their last essay. However, the mistake was soon corrected, and the match now in prospect was duly settled. Kelley, who has given up active exercise, if we except his performances as Queen's Waterman on the Buckingham Palace Lake, is looking after the Harvard men, and especially their coxswain, who is to be made fly to all the specialities of current and eddy on the Putney water; and we should say that, with the exception of a sailing gig veteran or two, no one has had more experiences of the reaches to be studied. The American team have arrived at their quarters, a comfortable house on the waterside at Putney, and their boats are snugly stored at the London Rowing Club, whose members have welcomed the illustrious strangers with all cordiality, which has been taken as it was meant, in a friendly spirit. The crew are splendid specimens of humanity, but we are not in a position to discuss their rowing form, as at present they have not been out together, contenting themselves with paddling in gigs. Their boat is much longer than our ideas of a racing four; and it is quite probable that they will use an English boat, Salter having been ordered to build one for them to try. Their views of training diet are also at variance with our notions, but we forbear to particularize, as such details would perhaps be reckoned as lacking in courtesy. The offer of the London Rowing Club to row sculls, pairs, or fours was declined, as they stated their object was merely to try conclusions with an university, and by no means to pit themselves against the crack amateurs of England, disclaiming anything of a championship or international character in the affair. The Oxford men are at work near Eton, and the crew consists of Darbishire (str.), Tinne and Yarborough, with Woodhouse or Willan, as bow. They are reported to be going well, but have at present taken matters rather easily.

The Metropolitan Regatta, which is now under the management of the London Rowing Club, was a tolerable success, and certainly an improvement on former occasions, though second-class form was again very much in the ascendant. However, the friends of the aforesaid second class mustered in considerable numbers, and were evidently intensely excited at the efforts and perspiration of their heroes, so as many were pleased, one at least of the ends of a regatta was answered. The Eights maintained their monotony by another W.O., and fours obtained but two entries—London and Lancaster; the latter were easily beaten, but have, we observe, since gained honours in the provinces. The Metropolitan Eights for juniors were well contested; West London and Twickenham were evidently the pick of the basket, but the latter were so curiously steered in their trial, that good judges pinned their faith on the Wandsworth men for the final; and with reason, as it turned out, for Twickenham, instead of going many lengths out of its way, began to bore for a change; and having drawn West London out of their course, a foul resulted. Towards the finish they were very evenly matched, and a ding-dong race home showed the up-river crew leaders at the post by a few feet, but they were, of course, disqualified for the foul; and West London, which has in former years been very unlucky in this race, took the prize. As to the relative merits of the crew it is difficult to decide, as the Wandsworth were more practised and tried oarsmen; but on the day, we think, Twickenham, decently steered, would have gone away, and never been collared. Junior Fours produced another foul—altogether the faculty of going straight seems as rare at Putney as at a suburban gate-money spec. The pairs also collided, putting Ryan and Galston out of court, and in the final Glasgow won easily from Lancaster, who had two races in them. Neither of the country couples were very elegant to look at, but both had good pace, and the winners displayed great watermanship, steering a capital course down to Putney, which is by no means an easy route to learn well. The Junior Pairs were a very easy win for Slater and Lowe of the W.L.R.C.; and, as the same club also took Junior Sculls, they had a pretty good day. Long had a walk over for the Seniors.

At Walton the usual pretty meeting came off with *éclat*, though the course was not kept as clear as it should be, in spite of the efforts of the Committee, who addressed the evildoers, alternately vigorously and politely, with much judgment. Senior Fours fell to the L.R.C., who, with two of their crack team, and Fenner and Parnell for the vacant thwarts, won easily from the Kingston Wyfold crew. Juniors had four entries of more than average merit. Kingston beat a good Twickenham crew, and Thames won their heat easily; the final was considered a good thing for Surbiton, but the Putney men chopped them at the start, and won all the way. Gulston and Ryan, who were disqualified at the Metropolitan, made short work of Corrie and Brown, who had a good race with Willis and Graham for second place. Senior Sculls were rather a *fiasco*, as Gibbons fouled Slater, who is always unlucky, and Monteuuis got such an advantage thereby, that he won easily, Slater, though he caught Gibbons near home, never reaching the leader. The Punting races for local professionals caused intense interest among their friends on the towpath, and seemed equally entertaining to the bulk of the spectators, who altogether had an excellent day's sport.

Kingston Regatta was mainly noticeable for the great form of the Oscillators, who landed everything they went for, bar pairs, in which they came to grief, and did not persevere. The London Rowing Club were conspicuous by their

absence, to use a well-worn Paddyism, having, we believe, declined to row, because Kingston will not enter for their Regatta the Metropolitan. Without discussing the policy of such self-imposed martyrdom, it certainly had a healthy effect upon the quantity, if not the quality, of the entries, as the Fours showed four boats, half of which would doubtless have stopped at home had the Londoners been in the programme. As it was, the Oscillators beat a fair scratch Twickenham crew with ease, and Kingston did much the same with the Thames, who, having won Juniors at Walton, lost no time before flying at higher game. They were well within hail at the island, where the superior steering talent of the local crew came into prominence, and they ran right away. There are few courses where intimate knowledge of the stream tells more than at Kingston below Messenger's Island; and if crews are level at the boathouse, it ought to be long odds on the natives. The final heat lay between Oscillators and Kingston; and the former, who had previously beaten their opponents in the final Wyfold at Henley, repeated the performance. Juniors fell to the same Club, as did the local fours, in which they beat a good Kingston crew. In the Senior Sculls Chambers played with Chillingworth and Gibbons, and the Juniors fell to Steward of the Oscillators. Reece, of the same Club, might have made a race with him, but was disqualified in his heat for fouling. Steward's final was reduced to a mere paddle well ahead of Dixon, who lacked practice. In the Pairs Corrie scored a win for the K.R.C., who were unfortunate throughout the day, though their efforts as managers of the Regatta deserve all praise. Owing to Wimbledon Review, the attendance was not up to the average, as Kingston is generally very strong in youth and beauty.

We cannot leave the subject of regattas without alluding to, what is to us, an objectionable feature—the excessive presence of electro-plate in the prize-tent instead of the time-honoured silver pot. Of course it suits the silversmiths well enough to palm off upon committees so many works of art at the extremest fancy price; but cost of material six shillings, and workmanship six pounds, ought not, and used not to be, the component parts of a six-guinea regatta prize, say, for Senior Fours, or some equally important race. We remember a few years back Parker winning Senior Sculls, and receiving as his reward a vast metal teatray of the programme value of, perhaps, eight or ten guineas. Surely this is not the sort of thing to lug to the antipodes as a specimen of English and London prizes. A silver goblet, flask, or what-not, has a certain intrinsic value, which, if it doesn't come up to the silversmith's estimate, is, at any rate, not utterly insignificant, as in the case of so-called works of art. Victorious oarsmen may be 'sick of pots,' but the united brains of a regatta committee, if not absurdly swayed by their silversmith, can surely discover something to offer which is 'real,' instead of so-called artistic work, moulded by the score, which can boast neither merit in execution nor value of material. In short, a regatta prize ought to be what it appears—real silver or gold.

Provincial Regattas have been plentiful as blackberries. Bedford had a good day; and at York there was an enormous programme, which took up two days, and then overflowed into the next. The umpiring here was very deficient, as no means were provided for enabling the officials to accompany the races; so when a foul occurred, they were in the unenviable position of really knowing little or nothing of the facts of the case, except from hearsay, which, like a policeman's oath, is too often worth nothing—or less. The

Wingfield Sculls is again reduced to one entry; and the holder not competing, Mr. Long, as we hinted last year would be the case, becomes entitled to the name of champion. Our simultaneous long-shot about the Diamonds did not quite come off; but what a near squeak it was, those only who say it can appreciate it!

'OUR VAN.'

The Invoice.—July Jottings.

JULY has been a month that may be described as being in some degree more sensational than many of its predecessors, and as fully distinguished for its warmth as December was for its cold. During the greater part of its continuance Politics have triumphed over the Turf, and Handicaps have yielded precedence to Concurrent Endowments. A great cry has been also made for the disestablishment of Racing besides the Irish Church; and although it may be heretical to say so, the former seems more likely to stand than the latter. Then the utter defeat of the Commission Agents has led to the idea of agencies being established on the Continent, Scotland, and Ireland, a proposition which will only entail on the Draftsmen of the new Act of Parliament that is to be brought in next Session for their entire suppression, the trouble of adding to the Bill the sentence that 'This Act shall extend to Ireland and Scotland. 'The continents of Europe and Asia, together with those of the two 'Americas, will be alone thrown open;' and we do not see why commissions on Kingsbury, Newmarket, and Liverpool Autumn should not be executed at Teheran or Sumatra by means of the Electric Telegraph, as at Manchester and Birmingham, providing a good and safe Firm were established at either of those places. It is true the price of the wires would add somewhat to the expenses of the Commission, but, when money is to be won, that is no consideration. We confess, ourselves, we could prefer going down by a third-class train to Knutsford or Abergavenny, and investing our tenner with a man in a stone-coloured dress, with a green bag slung across his shoulder, and standing under an umbrella the size of a marquee to trusting to so remote an agency. But others may be of a different opinion; and therefore we throw out the hint for their consideration. Since Ascot the Racing of the month has been of a very indifferent character, like the off-nights of an Opera Season; and the real legitimate business can scarcely be said to commence before Goodwood, when we shall see some of the favourites in the old parts. The Provincial Performers have not been of a very high class, although Kingcraft and Sunrise were called before the curtain at Newmarket; and having played their parts well, those interested in their success have a reasonable right to look forward to their attaining a higher status in the Newmarket and Epsom theatres. Rarely has the Metropolis of the Turf been seen to greater perfection than in the July week; and those who exchanged the mighty Babylon, with its heated Ball-rooms, and Parliamentary Chambers full of Irish Church Debates, could not have regretted the step they had adopted. For the language of the Ring must have been a welcome change to that of Disestablishment and Concurrent Endowment; and Martin Starling, we have been told, was more popular in the eyes of honourable members than either Mr. Noel or Mr.

Brand. The Meeting was also remarkable for one of Fordham's best pieces of riding on old Silenus; and it is dubious which is most to be commended, the talent of the jockey, or the stout Claret blood in the veins of the happily-named Silenus, and which is likely to render him more popular as a stallion than he has yet been. From the state of the times, as may well be imagined, the attendance was of the limited order of liability. Still there was quite as much betting as was desirable, while not a vestige of plunging was visible during the week. In fact, that practice may be said to have become extinct, and to have died a natural death. And, although complaints have been made as to the absence of speculation, yet at the Post, Noblemen and Gentlemen have not hesitated to back their opinion freely; and the Ring are satisfied they have no cause for alarm, and that the ready-money system is the best in the end. Liverpool July exhibited a dreadful falling-off from the days of old Inheritress, Lothario, and Lord George Bentinck, and the beggarly array of empty boxes showed that there was something rotten in the state of Denmark. The Cup was swept off by John Scott with The Spy, who told the Sporting World John Scott's right hand had not yet lost its cunning, although Spigot Lodge asserted, as usual, its endeavour to preserve its monopoly. Worcester, whose fixture had been interfered with by Liverpool, did not suffer from the clashing in the least, and the crowds which were gathered together on the Pitchcroft were never better amused or more excited since when, in the days of our hot youth, the lions Nero and Wallace contended for supremacy; and few Meetings may be said to have a better future before them than that of the Faithful City, whose destinies will henceforth be ruled by Mr. Marshall. Nottingham was much the same stamp as usual, and strongly patronised by the betting men, the Layers greatly predominating over the Backers, and overcrowding the hotels in all directions. That they had a good day was evident from the fact that the bedroom of one of the former class was entered while he was asleep, and a note case, with eight hundred pounds, extracted from his pocket, while he was in the arms of Morpheus, without disturbing either him, or the drowsy God. And what makes the performance the more remarkable is that the individual thus successfully operated upon was an ex-policeman, who had exchanged the truncheon for the lead pencil in the hopes of benefiting society. Mr. George Angell is usually in immense force at Nottingham, and has been supposed, whether truthfully or not we cannot say, to influence 'Braddy's Handicap;' but on this occasion he had no voice in the Cabinet Council, or else his knowledge of weights and scales was greatly at fault, for his name does not appear once among the list of winners. Southampton was perhaps more remarkable for affording the strongest contradiction to the report that had been circulated through the Sporting Papers that Lord Vivian's trainer was on the point of death than for the racing, which was of quite a Plating character; and to the great astonishment of all the students 'of the ordinary channels of 'communication,' as Honourable Members are wont to term the newspapers in the House of Commons, Isaac was not only visible in the flesh, but trained three or four winners, and coolly informed us that the origin of the report was merely owing to his stomach being a little out of order. This contradiction of the report was rather a serious blow to 'The Memoir Men' of the Weeklies, who fully calculated on getting at least a column out of Isaac, who will, we trust, not be ready for his 'wooden surtout' for some time to come. Reading, where Welshers and Platers most do congregate, hardly came up to its usual mark, although the chief stables in the neighbourhood contributed liberally their chief

screws, whose legs must have been of an adamantine character to have run over the course, which equalled any piece of asphalte pavement in the Metropolis for durability and hardness. Huntingdon is as aristocratic as Goodwood, for Kimbolton, Hichinbrooke, and Paxton furnish the 'Swell Contingent,' and the Victoria and Albert Clubs the Professional Classes. Hence there was a happy medium of each section of the Turf community, and they betted away as merrily as if they were playing a cricket match at Lord's. John Scott sent The Spy for the Handicap; and as he took it away, people regarded it as a happy omen for his stable companion for the Goodwood Stakes, and a Declaration of War was forthwith made. Hawthornden again showed himself to be a first-class two-year old, and he is the cheapest advertisement Lord Clifden has ever had, so much so that Mr. George Thomson will have no occasion to put him in the papers next season, for by that time, unless we are greatly deceived, he will be what is called a 'Close Borough.' Stamford, the favourite racecourse of the late Marquis of Exeter, where his ancient 'cracks' were wont to contend with those of the late Duke of Cleveland and the present General Peel and sportsmen of that stamp, was as exclusive as ever, and almost entirely confined to Newmarket horses. The racing, however, was different, both in quality and quantity, from what it was in the lifetime of the first Judge Clark, when The Martin Starling of the age had great difficulty in clearing the course; and sometimes, after whining piteously, used to add, by way of rider to his request, that three horses were going to start in the next race. The Aldershot Garrison Races were, as usual, most amusing, but the heat marred all the enjoyment; and in a forced march that we made from the head-quarters of the Commander-in-Chief to a Regimental Drag, which was not more than a couple of hundred yards, we imagined we had swallowed the Dog Star; and, but for a draught of claret cup from the equipage in question, we believe there would have been a box seat vacant on The Van.

The month has also been rendered a sensational one, by the celebrated canter of Col. Knox in the Park some three weeks past, and which has been immortalized by being the subject of debate in both Houses of Parliament. Annoying as it must have been for the gallant gentleman jockey to have been summoned by the policemen, still it must have been greatly mitigated by the way in which public attention was called to it in the Legislature, and two Cabinet Ministers, in the midst of an important debate, being called upon to defend his assailants. Certainly never has the riding of any professional amateur jockey ever been canvassed before in Parliament, or ever such importance given to a gallop before either in Rotten Row or on Newmarket Heath. Chifney, Buckle Robinson, and Frank Butler, and Delmé Radcliffe, Percy Williams, and Captains Becher and Little, have all in their turn witched the world with their noble horsemanship, but it never occupied the attention of a Cabinet at the time of a ministerial crisis. And it is stated that when Lord Winchilsea, in the House of Lords, and Captain White, in the House of Commons—the latter we suppose to be a relative of Jack White, the gentleman jockey—questioned the Government on the subject, the greatest curiosity existed to hear the defence of those 'to whom the administration of public affairs in this country 'is entrusted.' Accordingly, when Lord Granville rose in one chamber, and Mr. Bruce, the Home Secretary, in the other, the profoundest silence reigned in both places, and any one with a quick ear could have detected the falling of a pin. Of course, as members of the Government, they were obliged to support the officials of Scotland Yard, and with a brazen effrontery that cannot

be too much condemned, justified the worthy magistrate of Marlborough Street, in preferring the evidence of two policemen, whose knowledge of pace was derived from bumping their posteriors round the circuit of a riding-school, to the assertion of The Guardsman, who had won the Grand Military on Ironsides, and who had got Alcibiades placed at Liverpool by nothing but patience and fine riding. It was this blow to his *amour propre* that disturbed the gallant Colonel's equanimity, for he is usually as genial as a sunbeam; but mortifying as Mr. Knox's decision must be to him we trust that the notoriety it has given him may make amends for it.

Our Hunting News at this period of the year comes under the limited liability act, but we hear that the Hursley Hunt is not dead, but is to be managed by a Committee, the working part of which is taken in hand by Mr. Chamberlayne, Colonel Nicoll, and Mr. Fitt, of Westley. They have bought twenty couple of hounds from Mr. Morant, and with a few drafts from other hunts will have a fair pack to begin with, and some new kennels are to be built on Compton Down, on some land of Sir William Heathcote's; Richard Morris, lately with the Pytchley, and who has had a great deal of experience both in the kennel and in the field with different packs in the midland counties, and who is a good horseman, has been engaged as huntsman. All that is wanting now are the sinews of war, and if the country will only 'stand Sam,' we augur a successful season. In consequence of the detention of Lord Ailesbury in London, the annual meet of the Tidworth hounds has been put off until the Autumn, and as Captain Morant, of the New Forest Hunt, has declined to take the North Staffordshire on account of his inability to meet with a suitable residence, his place will be filled by Capt. Nugent, of Stafford. Clarke, late of the Badminton, has been secured, and the Committee expect to hunt the country five days a fortnight. We have not space for the publication of the correspondence with which we have been favoured relative to the Kilkenny Hunts, but the principal members thereof appear to us to resemble very much the feline animals for which that city is so noted. We lose no time in faithfully assuring our hunting readers that the Mr. T. Percival, who gave evidence at a meeting of the Dialectical Society on the subject of spiritualism, and stated 'that he had been 'for many years subject to supernatural influences,' is not 'Great Tom of 'Wansford.'

Mr. Blenkiron's second sale was by no means so well attended as his first one, and the absence of 'The Upper Ten Thousand was very conspicuous.' Of the Ring there was a plentiful supply, for Middle Park on a Saturday is a favourite retreat of that body, who while away the hours devoted to the hammer with drinking claret, and champagne cups, smoking regalias, and now and then nodding for a cheap yearling, while Mr. Quartermaine, at Greenwich, fills up the rest of the day for them. Mr. Graham of course was the chief buyer, and he really seems to be at the present time the only sportsman that has change for a sovereign in his pocket. His Commissioners are also not only vast, but numberless, as sometimes they are Mr. Bertram, at others Mr. Henry Woollcott, and now Mr. Cavaliero nodded for him. As a matter of course the best lots went to the latter gentleman's bidding, and the Saunterer filly, out of Alma, the dam of Molly Carew, and the filly by Blair Athol, out of Silkstone were unanimously pronounced 'the Belles of the Room.' Mr. J. B. Morris bought his annual yearling, in Sister to Elferon, and the whole thirty-five lots realised 4390 guineas, or an average of 141 guineas, which, in these times, must be considered to be a very handsome return for the capital laid out

in the Middle Park Paddocks. With regard to the reduction made in the amount of added money by the Jockey Club to the Middle Park Plate, Mr. Tattersall addressed some very appropriate observations to the audience, which were extremely well received. And without entering into any discussion either on that subject, or that of altering the name of the race in question, we must say the latter proposition was extremely ungracious and uncalled for, and fully deserved the fate it met with at the hands of the Jockey Club. By the return of winning stallions up to the end of June, we perceive that Adventurer is far above all the other sires at the poll, the winnings of his stock having amounted to 12,236*l.*, while Buccaneer is second with 9,265*l.*, and the deceased Newminster took the third place with 6,102*l.* At the bottom of the poll, Vindex is placed, his stock having only scored 'a tenner,' with which was associated a silver cup, won at Barnstable. Surely this is enough to call the late Sir Charles Monk out of his grave. Among the curiosities of breeding may be mentioned the fact that Mr. Naylor's young sire Macaroni has far surpassed his old horse Stockwell, as his stock have won nearly double the amount of the Emperor, whose 'reign' would appear to have almost expired. Of the other horses, Thormanby appears to be fast working his way to the front, and Saunterer has no occasion to be ashamed of his stock. The stoutness of the Clarets is sure to be appreciated, while Lord Clifden bids fair to fulfil all our auguries about him, if we are to judge by Hawthornden. The Craters are beginning to show some running, and the Thunderbolts are as handsome as paint, but give one rather the idea of not being stayers. The Spy will give Underhand a lift, and we have heard extraordinarily good accounts from a reliable quarter of Orestes' young things. But it is much to be regretted there has been no market this season for the great majority of these animals, and that most of them have gone at the price of hacks and not racehorses. However, when the atmosphere of the Turf has been thoroughly purified, it is not too much to expect that prices will return to their proper, but not fictitious value, but we are never likely to look again upon a Hastings' era.

The sale of Mr. Naylor's yearlings, which was crowded out of our last number for want of space, confirms entirely our remarks upon the excessive quantity of blood stock in the market, and the consequent necessity which exists for a reduction in the fees for first-class stallions. Stockwell must indeed have fallen from his high estate when a filly by him out of such a mare as Hesse Homburg, and which may be said to combine 'all the blood of the 'Howards' in her veins, only realizes the plating price of 40 guineas, while the price of getting her, supposing the mare had not belonged to Mr. Naylor, would have been 200 guineas; and other breeders have been equally unfortunate.

Mr. Barraud has lately produced a new picture, entitled Punchestown, and we proceed to give our readers some idea of it, which, from being a constant attendant of the Meeting, we imagine we are enabled to do. The scene of the painting is taken when the Prince of Wales paid it a visit last year, and when all Ireland turned out to visit him. The time that the artist has taken for his view of the course is when the jockeys have weighed out, and have mounted their respective horses. Nothing can be more correct than the view of the country and the Grand Stand; and the principal *habitués* of the Meeting are hit off with marvellous fidelity. The Prince of Wales is taken on a grey hack, on which he is lounging, while talking to the Marquis of Drogheda, the active and persevering promoter of the Meeting, of which he may well be

proud. Near him are Lord St. Lawrence and Lord Clanricarde, whose features are as well preserved as their seats on horseback. The Marquis of Conyngham is very true to nature, while the Marquis of Downshire, to whom he is talking, is the *alter ego* of himself, and could be sworn to among a thousand. Lord Combermere is an excellent likeness; and Mr. Conolly will be instantly recognized by his friends and acquaintance. Mr. Barraud has also been fortunate in his treatment of Lord Howth, General Doyle, and Colonel Leslie, and likewise in the generality of his subjects, and his groupings of them are most natural and unaffected. The picture has been well subscribed to in Ireland, and will doubtless receive in this country the patronage it deserves.

Racing Gossip in the Sporting World is confined, in a great measure, to the difficulties in which so many Members of the Jockey Club have been recently placed, and which have found exposure in the Law Courts, without which we should never have alluded to them. These financial straits, which have been increasing for years like a huge snowball, have suddenly come upon them, and threatened to dissolve them; and they illustrate very strongly the dangers arising from racing 'on paper,' which are far more expensive than doing so on the turf either of Hampshire, Berkshire, or Sussex. And how men of the highest birth, education, and position can submit to banishment from their native country for a term of years, equivalent to a sentence of transportation, merely for the sake of acquiring a degree of temporary popularity among the Ring, surpasses our comprehension. What matters if a six turns up before a four some evening if exile is to be the ultimate result? And what is the value of a Selling Plate, if it is to be purchased at the expense of a residence in a foreign land? The fate of the Duke of Newcastle is a truly pitiable one, and will both point a moral and adorn a tale. To ordinary people his position was a truly enviable one, but the sight of his mansion in Carlton House Terrace, when his effects were sold, revealed a state of things that was not to be envied, and showed what reckless extravagance, coupled with high interest, could accomplish. Never was a scene of desolation so complete as that which was afforded on the occasion to which we have referred, as the Duke was denuded of everything he possessed from a dining-table to a Bath brick for cleaning his doorsteps. His library does not seem to have been a very extensive one, as the chief item consisted of seventeen volumes of the Racing Calendar, and that of his wardrobe of a couple of yachting suits. Both his wines and cigars fetched fabulous prices, while the carriages were scarcely painted for the money they realized. The horses at Clumber sold well, and the Duke may be said to have cut up better than was anticipated, but the Gold Cups were almost given away, and the Shrewsbury Lessee, as well as the Jewellers of the Metropolis, must have deeply regretted their absence from the sale. The attempt to make him a bankrupt may or may not be successful, but we trust the Peerage may be spared such a disgrace. Certain it is no failure of late years has created such a sensation as that of the Duke of Newcastle, and the Turf alone has been blamed for it, with perhaps the smallest occasion, although his Grace, from being the Senior Steward of the Jockey Club, was at the head of it. And here we may remark how time alters fashions, for it was but a few years back the Jockey Club were said to be endowed with almost divine attributes, were above criticism, and, like the French King, could do no wrong. Yet within the last month we have seen, by the Law Reports, the Sheriffs of the County dealing with them, like ordinary beings, and being quite regardless of the existence of such a place

as Newmarket Heath. The other failures in the Club are but minnows compared with that of the Triton we have been discussing, and as 'De 'minimis non curat lex' we will dismiss them with the simple remark that it is dangerous to have the pen of a ready writer.

A good story of one of these latest 'fashionable departures' is afloat at the West End, where it has caused considerable amusement in impecunious circles. The hero of it, who is universally popular, but better across a stiff country than 'a bit of stiff' of another description, being pressed by a creditor the afternoon he was going to leave England, put him off with a letter to his solicitor to make his mind easy on the subject of his debt. This epistle he signed with a seal having for the motto a fox pursued at full cry by a pack of hounds, and underneath the words 'Gone away,' superscribed. This seal the lawyer, on receiving, at once pointed out to the creditor as the best means of revealing the true nature of the situation of his client, who, we fear, will have to display his horsemanship in sunnier climes for some little time. But the best of the joke is that our friend had only one seal in his possession, and that had on it two mottoes, viz., 'Gone away,' and 'Forget me not,' either of which would have been appropriate for him in his pecuniary position; but the former he thought the most becoming one; and we trust our readers will coincide with him.

Sir Francis Grant is, we hear, already very much pleased with his sketch of Captain Thomson on Iris. This well-known hunter is once more the property of his old master, who has ridden him in Rotten Row. At the Pytchley sale, at Tattersall's, he was sold to Mr. Padwick for 370 gs., who made his 'nimble ninepence' by selling him almost immediately to Mr. Gerard Leigh for 500 gs., who, in the most kind and gentlemanly manner, let Captain Thomson have his favourite again for the same sum. Our attention has been drawn to 'Hunting, Steeplechasing and Racing Scenes,' illustrated by Ben Herring, with descriptions by Mr. J. Nevill Fitt, who, towards the end of last season, was appointed Special Hunting Correspondent of the 'Field,' and whose letters from Yorkshire were not everlasting wearisome genealogies of hounds always harking back to that blessed old Furrier, of immortal memory, but really told us something of the men of the day. We certainly think that of the two contributors, Mr. Fitt's letterpress has the best of it; for at Tattersall's we have never, when either Mr. Edmund or Mr. Pain have been in the box, as yet seen Mike mounted and going down as hard as he could for a show, as is given in plate the first. Then the portrait of the Duke of Beaufort, who looks exceedingly bilious, is not very likely to be preserved at Badminton as a heirloom; and the Meet in front of a pub., on which is emblazoned 'Charrington and Co.'s Entire,' and 'Vickers' Cream Gin,' savours much more of Epping than of Kirby Gate or Crick. Mr. Banting has brought out another edition of his pamphlet on Corpulence, and he assures the public that, instead of being dead, as was reported, he is as fit as ever, and that he has now lost fifty pounds, and hardly ever varies. Some of the cases communicated are indeed marvellous and quite worth the immediate attention of our fat friends fond of hunting and shooting, and who ought to go a stone lighter; and we hear that a subscription has been entered into for the purpose of presenting the jockeys of England with a copy, which we think will be to them most useful.

Witnessing the other day at the Bishop of Bond Street's a crowd of men well known in the Volunteer World, and who are to be constantly seen in the

peculiarly becoming costume of the brave defenders of our country on Saturday afternoons, we ventured to make one of them in the hopes of picking up some information for our readers. And verily our curiosity was rewarded, for we heard the Bishop himself in his arm-chair lecturing away as if he had been at the Polytechnic on Westley Richards' New Breech-Loading Central Fire Rifle, which, if men know how to use it, must be the most destructive to deer of all descriptions. From what we could gather from the Bishop, this rifle has neither hammer nor lock-plate, and is very simple in construction; for the action of opening the breech for inserting the cartridge cocks it, when an indicator rises, and falls on the rifle being discharged. There is also a safety stop attached, so that you can carry it any distance and over any obstacles, and it cannot go off. The lecture was well and pointedly delivered, and at the same time nothing could be more truthful or graphic than the illustrations which the Bishop used in his course of instruction. And having given us his blessing, his pupils departed, much improved in the knowledge of rifle practice.

Our Hunting readers would never forgive us if we omitted to notice the death of the veteran ex-huntsman George Beers, who died at Whittlebury at the latter end of June. Beers began life in the stable of the Duke of Grafton, whence he went as pad-groom to the Earl of Jersey. His first place with hounds was with the Oakley, in the first mastership of the Marquis of Tavistock. In 1828 Lord Tavistock retired, and sold his hounds to Lord Southampton, who was then hunting the Quorn country. George Mountford, the huntsman, and George Beers went with the hounds into Leicestershire. These hounds were not very level nor fashionable in their looks, but they had good noses, and were hard workers, and showed extraordinary sport in their new country. In 1831 Lord Southampton was succeeded at Quorn by Sir Harry Goodricke; and the latter, who was somewhat fanciful about hounds, drafted the greater part of the pack, which was scattered all over the world. Beers' next place was as head man to Mr. Musters, who hunted his own hounds in Nottinghamshire. This, however, was only for one season, as, upon Lord Tavistock resuming the mastership of the Oakley in 1836, George Beers became his huntsman, with Thomas Wells and Charles Payne for whippers-in. These were the palmy days of the Oakley, and for twelve seasons the sport in that country was first-rate. Afterwards Beers went to his old master, Lord Southampton, in the Grafton country, where he may be said to have finished his hunting career. However, in 1867, Mr. North tempted him from his retirement at Whittlebury to hunt the Bicester hounds. Beers, who was noted as a good kennel man, soon got Mr. North's hounds into order, and had excellent sport at cub-hunting. But in the first week of the regular season he fell from his horse in a fit, and was compelled to resign his post. Beers returned to his cottage at Whittlebury, and went out occasionally with the Duke of Grafton's hounds, which are hunted by his son Frank, of whose abilities as a huntsman we have frequently had cause to make mention. Frank learned his business when whipper-in to his father. Beers was somewhat crusty and surly, and no admirer of the fair sex in the hunting field, invariably remarking when a certain lady appeared, 'God bless that woman! here she is 'again!'

Our Obituary this month is not a heavy one, still it includes Mr. W. J. Goodwin, of Hampton Court, a gentleman who filled the office of Veterinary Surgeon to George IV., William IV., and her present Majesty for a great

number of years, and who for some time has retired on a pension for his services, at a residence assigned to him at Hampton Court. From a long biographical notice which appeared in 'The Sporting Gazette,' we gather that Mr. Goodwin entered the Royal service in 1815, and shortly after proceeded to Russia, where he was most useful in teaching the Russians how to nerve horses, and many other improvements in Veterinary Science, for which he received the thanks of the Emperor as well as of the Russian Nobles, with both of whom he was a great favourite. The health of his father requiring his return to England, he left Russia, and was at once appointed Inspector of the Royal Stables, and Veterinary Surgeon to his Majesty George IV. Mr. Goodwin was very clever in his profession, and was distinguished by his selection of mares for the Royal Stud, which did the utmost credit to his judgment and knowledge of blood stock. Mr. Goodwin took an active part in all the controversies of the day relating to racehorses, and his arguments were invariably sound, as his illustrations of them were well chosen. Although a remarkably kindhearted man, he was very crochetty in temper, and could not bear any opposition being expressed to his views, and consequently often got into hot water with his contemporaries, who would have it that his doctrines were old-fashioned, and not suited to the present day. He was deep in horse-lore, and could be, when in the vein, a most entertaining companion, for he knew all the cracks of the day, and could relate many interesting anecdotes of them. Making allowances for his temper, he was a good sort of man, and was much respected in the Sporting World. It is said he died in affluent circumstances. We are also given to understand that the curious eccentric, Mr. Savage, who for the last twenty years has driven a red coach in the streets of the West End, and who was wont to drink gin like coffee at a low public-house at the bottom of St. James's Street, has just taken his departure from this world, and left no less a person than the Emperor of the French his sole legatee, bequeathing him a sum of no less than one hundred and twenty thousand pounds.

A most absurd and Quixotic attempt has been made by a few cockney artists and a fanatical West End clergyman, to get up a crusade against pigeon shooting, as if there was any more harm in killing a pigeon than a partridge or a pheasant. And one correspondent of the 'Morning Post' actually tried to make the readers of that paper believe that the authorities at Hurlingham actually were in the habit of causing the eyes of every pigeon that was trapped to be put out beforehand, in order that they might fall easier victims to the Purdays and Stephen Grants of the members. This scribe, whom 'Argus' recommended should be forthwith 'cut for the simples,' could evidently have known nothing about pigeons, except in one of Gunter's pies, or he would have been aware that such a process as that which he accuses the Hurlingham officials of adopting, so far from making the pigeons fly swiftly, would have precisely the opposite effect, for it would make them whirl round and round like a horse seized with the megrims. However, the agitators have as yet made very few converts to their view, nor, in our opinion, are they likely to do so.

The efforts of the Touts to obtain subscribers to their Racing Tips by means of their advertisements are as amusing as ever; and by their constant repetition we are convinced of the truth of the axiom, that a flat is born every minute. One of these gentlemen, a Mr. Alfred Stephenson—who must be a most valuable acquaintance, as he has sent, he says, the winner of every principal

race this year to his friends, and will forfeit a thousand if any one can prove to the contrary—now offers to put his visiting-list on the best thing he ever knew in his life, at 100 to 1. In return for this unlooked-for kindness his friends are to remit him half a dozen postage-stamps, and they will forthwith be put in possession of the promised Eldorado. Now it strikes us as rather singular that a gentleman who is prepared to stake such an amount of ready money on his belief should have such an extensive correspondence as to need so many postage stamps, and we are somewhat apprehensive that Mr. Stephenson is not quite such a disinterested person as he would make us believe, or that the receiving-house in Rupert Street, where his letters are addressed, is very badly supplied with postage stamps; and as his means will evidently enable him to do so, we would earnestly recommend him to change his present abode to one of the new mansions in Grosvenor Place or Queen's Gate Terrace, Kensington, for he would be more appreciated among the Belgravian mothers than he is in his present neighbourhood.

We have received a copy of a very agreeable work, entitled 'Life in Japan,' to which we hope to do justice in our next, as we cannot extract any of the valuable items to be found in its pages for the benefit of our readers, who would find the said life anything but an unpleasant one. Among the sporting inventions which the autumn has brought out is the Zouave shooting-jacket, designed by Smallpage, of Maddox Street, upon the same principle as the Zouave coats of the Papal troops at Rome. The great advantage of the jacket we take to be that, being made with wings, it acts like a driving-cape, and protects the rifle or gun of the deerstalker or grouseshooter from getting wet, while, should he be driving to, or returning from his shooting-quarters, it acts like a macintosh in keeping out the rain. The invention is certainly an ingenious one, and worthy of a trial in this age, when eccentricity of costume is so much studied.

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

LORD ROYSTON.

AMONG the recent accessions to the Turf is Lord Royston, a young Nobleman who has made himself very popular by his unaffected good-nature, and the honourable mode he has pursued with his horses, which is entitled to imitation even by those of his equals in life.

Lord Royston is the eldest son of the fourth Earl of Hardwick by Susan, daughter of the first Baron Ravensworth and grandson of the late Sir Joseph York, whose melancholy death by drowning in Southampton Water is still spoken of with regret in that neighbourhood. Lord Royston was born in 1836, and went through the usual curriculum of study at Harrow and Cambridge, upon quitting which he entered the 7th Hussars, in which regiment he stayed a couple of years, when he was promoted to a Lieutenancy, and exchanged into the 11th Hussars, from which he retired in 1861. While in the army Lord Royston served in India, and was present with his regiment during the advance into Nepaul, and he was present at the affair at Silkugat, and received a medal. Since that period Lord Royston has filled the office of Comptroller of Her Majesty's Household, and been elected Member for Cambridgeshire. In politics Lord Royston is a Conservative, but at the same time a strong advocate for the Abolition of the Malt Tax, and for the maintenance of the Army and Navy in a high state of efficiency.

As a Sportsman Lord Royston has ever shown himself a patron of every manly and athletic sport. He races not so much for profit as amusement, and is also devoted to Cricket. Of Hunting he is passionately fond, and with his small stud at Melton can hold his own with the best men in Leicestershire. And, in conclusion, we may say of Lord Royston, that he is one of the best style of noblemen now extant on the Turf, and very much appreciated in Racing Circles. Lord Royston, we should add, is married to Lady Sophia Georgina, second daughter of the first Earl Cowley.

THE BONNET OF BLUE.

Ye thoroughbred Tykes, who in Voltigeur's cause
Redoubled your rounds of excited applause;
Who swear by the Dutchman and worship the 'West,'
And follow John Scott with a northerner's zest:
With foaming homebrew'd fill your tankards anew,
And drink a deep health to the bonnet of blue.

In all your broad acres there beats not a heart
But bears in the glories of racing its part;
The sires and the dams of your steeds of renown
Are known to your serfs better far than their own;
And they cherish a love tender, honest, and true,
For 'Johnny,' the knight of the bonnet of blue.

From Middleham Moor hails your chivalrous crack,
He flies up its gallops in Ellington's track;
But worthier far, for already 'the Heath'
Has bound on his front her redoubtable wreath;
And the bonny bright 'Riband' is lost in the hue
Of a jacket that matches the bonnet of blue.

You all may remember when southward he came
They vowed he would 'turn out as good as his name;'
How Newmarket scoffed and the knowing ones swore
They'd ne'er seen a crack with such action before;
But his action behind they were fated to view
As they reeled in the track of the bonnet of blue.

Newmarket may boast, as she ever has done,
Of Martyrdom's merits and Skirmisher's son;
But haply on trial their foes may demur,
For one is a cripple, the other a cur:
And backers may grumble and owners may rue
That they cast down the guage to the bonnet of blue.

The Drummer may carry the colours of Græme,
And boast his old motto of 'ever the same;'
But how can he hope better cadence to beat,
And wipe out the stain of his double defeat?
If he's better by pounds 'twill be all he can do
To keep within hail of the bonnet of blue.

Sir Joseph is silent and biding his time,
He looks up the tree that he ventures to climb;
If the branches are safe, and the fruit worth the chance,
His Pero may lead them a deuce of a dance;
And Johnny may have to keep glancing askew,
And sit down to ride in his bonnet of blue.

Let Aske, as of old, raise her banner of pride,
And Malton to 'George' all her honour confide,
The green garb of Typhon, the white of Dunbar,
Flash bright in the onset of turbulent war;
In vain—they shall vanish, as fadeth the dew
In the eye of the sun, the bright bonnet of blue.

Thorwaldsen shall follow the hope of the North,
Lord Hawthorn to battle shall herald him forth,
Staunch, valiant, and swift are the squires who attend
The steps of their master, and sworn to defend:
But they're soon in the lurch when he puts on the screw,
And it comes to a race with the bonnet of blue.

Then put down your money, and stand it like men,
Nor growl at the odds—'tis a horse to a hen:
See now as he comes how his foemen retire,
Their hearts are all broken, all quenched is their fire;
And back through a throng he can scarcely press through
Comes merrily nodding the bonnet of blue.

AMPHION.

THE STUBBLES.

WITH a fair if not good crop of turnips, swedes, and mangolds, potatoes, and so forth, where partridges most do congregate, the stubbles will be but little appreciated or thought of. Yet it is always worth our while to note how sport can be obtained, even under the most untoward circumstances. Let us then in fancy project ourselves into a thoroughly dry season, such, for instance, as the last, when nine fellows out of ten will swear it is no use taking a gun in hand, and save for an occasional day's driving, vote anything like an attempt to get at the birds a bore; when they leave their fair acres to the keepers and poachers, and betake themselves to the Continent, try the tables at Baden-Baden, climb the Alps, get married, take to drink, or anything rather than shoot partridges. Yet for the moderate man there is balm in Gilead even in such a season. If he likes sport better than butchery, is contented to walk for that sport, and is, moreover, not a mere shooter, but one who knows the habits of the game he is in pursuit of, where and when to find it, and how his own skill may best make up for want of cover, verily he may go to the stubbles and not return quite empty-handed. Moreover, the birds are generally plumper or in better condition in such a season, and are worth a little toil to secure them. Nay, if he will accompany me I think I can give him not only a good healthful walk but a fair share of amusement. We will take our departure, always supposing he is a sportsman of the order I have attempted to describe, and a contented, companionable fellow to boot, other-

wise I'll none of him. We will take our departure, I say, for an old shooting-box I wot of, far away down in the south—an outlandish place, that you must traverse bye-roads and downs to reach—an independent, self-willed, conservative old spot, regardless of fashion, and but little given to change its traditions. With no name in history, situated on a road leading nowhere, whose inhabitants live and die there, after the same manner that their ancestors have done for ages before them—you may pass close to the place and never dream of its existence: like the chasms we read of as crossing the Western prairies, you see it not until an abrupt descent takes you from the open country down into the midst of it. Once there it is like an oasis in the desert: noble trees line the valley, picturesque homesteads nestle beneath them; while down the centre brawls a shallow trout-stream, and here, surrounded with trees and meadows, completely shut in by the hill, stands the old shooting-box. So far well; now for our sport. We will not hurry ourselves in the morning, for it shall be less a day of hard walking than a pleasant saunter round the estate, which as yet has not heard the report of a gun; but with our breech-loaders in hand (we must have them, as in such a season every shot is of consequence to the bag), we will stroll leisurely forth, with the curly-coated retriever, who shall be our only four-footed companion to-day. So through the neat garden, across the trim lawn, and out into the pastures beyond: we will try those pits. It's a favourite spot for a hare early in the season. 'Good dog, Ben! turn her out there! Was I not right? there she goes, but thirty yards is the length of her tether. Very neatly killed indeed. Now for the potato patch through the old gate, that must hold a covey: let us walk it quietly. Another turn, we shall get them on the edge of the stubble. Bang! bang! bang! Well done! a leash down to begin with, but the covey is gone out of bounds right across the valley. Always the case with those bred close at home here. Nine coveys out of ten take that flight, and the same from the opposite side, so on the whole probably we gain as many as we lose by it. The dog works as though there was a straggler or two left: let us beat it out. That's right, you have him. Now I will call the man who is digging yonder, and let him take in those we have killed, and tell Mrs. Grumbles, the housekeeper, to add the leash of young ones to our bill of fare. Always despatch the first-fruits of the season, to be offered with all due honours, a sacrifice to the feast of St. Partridge; and believe me none during the year, even though hung to the very acmé of perfection, surpass these young birds killed and dressed ere they have time to cool. But they must be young ones or the offering becomes a curse, and a snare. Now for the stubble; not such a one as I should wish to subject to your notice, for even here, old-world as we are, farmers have learnt better than to leave half such a valuable substance as the straw to rot away upon the ground. With an early harvest, no backward oats standing, and the turnips in a minority, a good rough old-fashioned stubble is much missed. Nevertheless, unless I am mistaken, we may fall upon

the right sort ere the day is over, for the tenant here is one who gives all a chance; and I have ere now seen a widow woman taking her 'land' with the rest, sickle in hand, and killed a brace or two afterwards, from the cover she has thus unwittingly made. See how the birds are moving off at our approach, covey after covey: there is no lack of game, if we can only get within range of them. All seem making for that field of mangolds, which appear to have set the drought at defiance, and properly worked will yield us a few shots though not more than five or six acres in extent. Stop that rabbit. Well done! I will find you another directly. See, there is a hole; look out. Bang! Well missed, but I have him. Now for the beetroot, and remember it is the first and last piece of green cover we shall beat, so shoot steadily and don't let a bird escape you. Fair work, a brace to three barrels; but the birds are even now wild from want of cover, and the coveys we disturb take the others away with them: nevertheless there are sure to be some left here, and we must not leave a leaf untried. Moreover the ground is dry, and they will run, so it is far from unlikely we may get a shot, even on ground already passed over. Slow work, you will say, pottering about in this manner, but scarcely so slow as standing under a hedge while birds are driven to you. Capital! who says such a piece of cover as this will not stand a second turn? We had missed that covey altogether, unless, as I suspect, they have been running, and so avoided us. We have both old birds, the others are broken, and I marked the greater part into that wide hedge. If we follow them at once they will lie like stones, and in all probability we shall bag them all. There they are, sir, three brace and a half, and as pretty shooting as man need wish to see, while few dogs could have behaved steadier or better than our friend Ben. I like a retriever for this hedge work, where, when birds once take shelter, they will sometimes lie so close as to be caught by the dog, or even taken up in the hand. In fact, the kicking and routing about often resorted to on these occasions is not greatly calculated to benefit a pointer, who is apt to think he may as well have a hand in the fun, even if his master does not, in the excitement of the moment, encourage him to do so. If we walk quietly round under this other hedge, a shot or two will reward us for our pains. Beyond is a dry, dusty fallow, and the birds will be basking and rolling under the banks. Nor are we unlikely to kill a brace by crossing as it appears rough and somewhat foul. But here you see is, literally, corn in Egypt, and it is an ill wind that blows no one any good. The dry summer has so spoilt this field of Lent corn that it has been fed off, with sheep, some of it so late that they merely cropped the ears, and have done little more than trample the straw in paths. Here we shall get shooting, and now I wish we had at least one good steady pointer with us. Nevertheless, we have time in hand, and can beat it closely, by this means getting perhaps quite as much sport; but we must be content to lose its greatest charm, the work of a good dog, or dogs, where there is scope for its display. To my mind, nothing except the dash and drive of

the foxhound is grander than the work of a brace of setters or pointers, as with heads well up, lashing their sterns, with the action of a racehorse, they quarter the ground. Then the sudden change from activity, life, and motion, to the stillness of marble, when only the intent eye and slavering chap bespeak the ecstacy of pleasure—the cautious tread with which, at their master's signal, they will draw on the birds—and the perfection of training which, despite the natural jealousy of their dispositions, causes them to back another's point, are all things to delight a real sportsman. But in such a season they would be of little service to us on this manor; nay, rather do harm than good. Well, have you not found the advantage of a piece of fed corn; nothing can be better, and did I farm land I would always sow a backward piece, purposely. It comes to fold just at a critical time, when often the early feed is done, and the rape and turnips not quite ready, thus paying for itself, and to shoot in has all the advantages of standing corn without any of its drawbacks, viz.: it is less distressing to get about in both to men and dogs, holds birds quite as well, and you do no harm by beating it, which can scarcely be said of standing corn. But I see Sawyer with the luncheon, so we will wait his arrival on this bank; and while we discuss the provisions he shall canter round those wide fields beyond us, where there is nothing that could afford even the most remote chance of a shot.

You see those bushes? Well, beyond them is a down of considerable extent, and on it above sixty acres of furze, brambles, blackthorns, and junipers; in places the gorse is as high as our heads; in others it will not reach our knees; over the whole it is about thick enough to form admirable cover, and into this stronghold every bird disturbed in the adjacent fields will go. Then, with Ben working steadily, close round us, if we do not make a good bag the fault will be with us.

You will tell me that few places are so naturally provided with covert as this, and I admit it. But you have seen this morning what a knowledge of the country, as well as the habits of game, can do with careful beating, for the whole ground gone over, that has enough on it to shelter a bird, amounts to but a few acres. Yet we have managed to get a nice hour or two's shooting, and I now propose to take you where even the most fastidious might well feel inclined to pull a trigger. A place of this sort, though from its nature not perhaps so much appreciated when cover is plentiful round it, in such a season as the present, gives the man who possesses it an immense advantage. In fact, one or two guns may shoot for hours in it and still leave birds; but this is exceptionable; and much as I enjoy an hour or two in this wild place, whatever we may kill there, I shall feel more really proud of those birds already brought to bag, because they were obtained under more difficult circumstances. I have, in fact, little hesitation in saying, that going out with a party, wide-ranging dogs, keepers whistling, &c., the ground would have been traversed in half the time, and far less game killed than has fallen to our lot. But, mark me,

I say this only under the present circumstances. As for the fashionable system of beaters, it would not have given us half a dozen shots.

I remember once meeting an old sportsman very near the spot on which we are now sitting: it was towards the end of the month of November, when birds in this open country become very wild, and cover scarce. Both being near the outskirts of our manor, we drew up for a chat; and, on my asking him what sport he had, 'Well, 'pretty good,' he replied; 'I have bagged four brace, and that at 'this time of the year is equal to twenty in the beginning; and I 'think affords one more pleasure, from the difficulty of coming at 'them.' There spoke the real sportsman, and he was a man who commanded the best of shooting, both on his own manor as well as on those of his friends, and was, moreover, then a heavy man, and arrived at the age when none care for any great exertion.

Are you ready? We will cross this oat stubble to the gorse, and may perchance bag a quail; it is not unusual to find the delicate little fellows about here. There goes one—down with him!—well done! I have another; possibly there are more near, but we will not stay to seek for the rest of the bevy. You want to kill a curlew; that is no easy matter. I have tried in all ways, but never was successful, though I have got with a horse nearly within range. When riding with no gun, I have often seen them quite close to me. They are very numerous about this country. I like to hear their strange, melancholy notes as I am going homeward in the dusk of evening; there is something wild and unearthly in them. Look out—bang, bang!—a brace on the very edge of the gorse; both old birds, though. Well, it's a good riddance from the place, and they will help the soup kettle. These old barren birds are as bad as vermin, and will drive all younger ones from nesting in their neighbourhood. Good dog, Ben! Hie in! How neatly you roll over, madam, with a shot in the head! that's the way to kill hares.

Now see how the birds are rising. Never mind, there are more left than we shall kill. Not if you maintain that wholesale style, though, my friend,—a brace to one barrel. All right; it was not purposely done, I know. A bird crossed the one you had singled, and you could not avoid it. Some make a point of doubling them in that way when they can, but I don't like it: a neat right-and-left looks better, at any rate, and really ammunition is not so dear but we may afford a charge for each. It is very different, however, from firing into the brown of the covey—hit or miss. A man I once shot with used a large-bore single gun, and would wait for them in this way, and said he killed as many as others with two barrels. He was a wonderful shot, but had no more idea of sport than the poulterer who kills fowls. It was all pot with him, and the sooner he could fill it the better he was pleased. Rather different from another man who was once out on the farm adjoining this. There was only the keeper with him, who thought he knew all about the business, and was rather astonished to see him take no notice whatever when the dog stood.

'Come on, sir; come on!' whispered he; and up walked the shooter all eyes, and both barrels full cock. Whirr went the covey, rising thickly: slap he let fly right amongst them without taking any aim; and I know not whether he or the keeper was the most surprised, to see nearly half the covey come tumbling one over the other to the ground. The gentleman was in great feather at what he considered such a fine performance, and was not a little chagrined to find that, instead of gaining the kudos he expected, he had made a great hole in his sporting manners. After all, though, no great harm was done, as it was the first and last birds he killed, the remainder of his shots being as innocent as this one was deadly. Poor fellow! he was a merry-hearted, good-natured creature, and joined heartily in the laugh against himself afterwards. He was far more dangerous, with a good youngster in his hands, than a double barrel, and could 'ask them a question,' and 'shoot' the ring to some purpose. Have you nearly had enough of the gorse? it's no despicable spot to pass an hour of an afternoon, you must confess. But the sun is settling quietly down over the hill yonder, and twilight will soon be creeping on, so let us turn our faces once more homeward. Ten to one, we find a hare in those wheel-ruts on the down! Yes, there she sits; do you catch her eye? Shall we disturb her? No, we have killed as many as we want. Sawyer is gone on with the game, and it is not worth doing to kill, and then carry her two miles. So e'en let her be; she may give me a merry spin with the long tails another day perhaps. Bang, bang! both down! Did you ever see anything like that? Those birds rose from a piece of gorse, certainly not more than a yard square, on the open down, and let us nearly tread on them ere they got up. I shall not load again, though I have heard an old and good sportsman say you should always keep your gun charged until you reached home, and then shoot a hen sparrow. That is a mistake, at any rate, for much abused as they are, they do more good than harm. Let us examine the bag, and see what we have done. No, kind reader, we will not parade our modest achievement for your derision, lest you be one of those giants in the land who slay their thousands and tens of thousands, and love to see the butchery recorded in print. Rather let us take one glass of sherry, and then to dinner. This haunch of Welsh mutton, hung for weeks, hot as it has been, must be our excuse for the absence of artistic dishes and foreign plats. And if the old shooting-box will not afford Cliquot or Roederer we must content ourselves with modest home-brewed. Well, Mrs. Grumbles has done the birds justice, at any rate. And now, methinks, far away down in the bowels of the earth, a darksome cavern once held some rather choice Madeira. Let me explore; ay, here is at least one remnant of the goodly store, cobwebbed and dusty, but the contents bright and sparkling as jewels, rich and oily. See how it beads the glass. That finished, betake yourself into the large horseskin chair, a gallant one he was, and his rider was even as easy crossing a country, with that bonny bay skin beneath him, as you are here sitting by the bright wood fire.

Turn out, Nip, and let me have the other, whose hairy cushion once adorned one of your own bold-hearted ancestors. Will you try the contents of that cedar box? they are old and good. If not, meerschaum, churchwarden, or cutty await your pleasure. Mix a tumbler, and then, with Ben sleeping on the hearthrug between us, ourselves comfortably esconced, the fire throwing shadowy, fantastic lights over bookshelves and pictures, and the fragrant vapour gracefully circling around and above us, we will chat away a September evening.

N.

RABIES AND HYDROPHOBIA.

BY DR. SHORTHOUSE.

'RABIES' and 'Hydrophobia' are two terms of fearful import and significance; but their precise and exact meaning is seldom sought, and very rarely applied. For example, in an article in a late number of 'Baily' the writer has confounded the one disease with the other, and spoken of 'fifteen decided and unmistakable cases of *hydrophobia* 'occurring in dogs,' and attended by himself. Now the disease, when it occurs in dogs, is not hydrophobia at all. On the contrary, dogs affected with rabies, so far from having any antipathy to water, or terror at the sight or sound of it, frequently bathe in it, and lap it without difficulty or distress. When the disease occurs in man, there is not only an utter inability to swallow water, or any other liquid, but the very sight of water always, and the mere act of pouring it from one vessel to another frequently, brings on a spasm of the glottis, and induces in the mind of the sufferer a paroxysm of terror. The writer of the article alluded to, as well as numerous other writers, who flood the newspapers with their communications at this season of the year, seems to believe in the possibility of the disease being cured when once it has set in. I am sorry to dispel so amiable a delusion; but truth is paramount to every other consideration, and, as I have probably seen more cases of hydrophobia than any other person living in this country, my experience of the disease compels me to state, most emphatically and decisively, that the disease is incurable by any means whatsoever.

But I will at the onset briefly mention the distinction between rabies and hydrophobia, their modes of propagation, symptoms, and terminations. I may, however, first of all premise, that I have seen eleven cases of hydrophobia, which is, I believe, an unusual number, and not one of them has occurred in my own practice, but accounted for in the following way:—Many years ago I knew several persons who were bitten by a mad dog, and three of them died of hydrophobia within ten months afterwards. They were all of them bitten by one and the same dog. The impression created on my mind was so abiding, that when I entered the medical profession I 'hearkened out'

for all the cases of hydrophobia, or supposed hydrophobia, to be heard of in the hospitals or in the private practice of gentlemen whom I knew. I have thus seen and watched eight more cases. But I think I have read every treatise on the subject which has emanated from a trustworthy observer; and I will proceed to epitomise the knowledge I have gathered of the nature of the disease, and of its mode of propagation.

Although hydrophobia may occur in most domesticated animals, such as the horse, cow, sheep, goat, pig, &c., yet these animals are incapable of transmitting the disease to man or to any other animal, that disastrous privilege being limited to the cat and to the canine race, which includes the dog, wolf, fox, and jackal. Nor can the disease be communicated from man to man, though there is an ignorant or superstitious belief to the contrary; and I remember that, about five-and-twenty or thirty years ago, several persons were tried and convicted in Ireland for 'smothering' a man who laboured under hydrophobia; their excuse being that they did it to prevent his biting other persons, and communicating the disease to them. But, so far as I have observed, the sufferers have been especially anxious to avoid inflicting harm upon any one; and their efforts to prevent the froth and saliva which they are perpetually ejecting from their mouths from coming in contact with their friends or with bystanders would be especially ludicrous and diverting, were not their position associated with such sad fatality.

Although, as I have stated, most of the domesticated animals may be the subject of the disease, I shall confine my remarks to rabies in the dog, and to hydrophobia as it occurs in man. Though in some respects the symptoms are analogous, in others there is a marked distinction, and the mode of death is entirely different.

A 'mad dog' is not at the onset, or in the first stage of the disorder, by any means a furious or savage one; on the contrary, he is mopish, melancholy, and sullen. Sometimes he is agitated and restless, roams about as if seeking for something, and although his eyes have a strange look about them, yet that look is more expressive of sadness or of distrust than of fierceness or revenge. After a day or two he becomes rather more excited, and jumps about with open jaws, and snaps at anything which may be in his way, but more frequently at nothing at all, and appears as if he were snapping at some insect in the air, doing a little fly-catching on his own account; and occasionally he has hallucinations of sound, and is apparently listening to sounds which are not emitted, or, at any rate, which no human being near him can hear. Generally speaking, the bark is lost, the dog is dumb, his tongue hangs out from between his half-opened jaws, from which dribbles a frothy saliva. If there be any water within reach, he rushes towards it and laps it, or rather bites it with great rapidity. Although he can and does swallow some of it, he seems much more intent upon washing his mouth with it. In this, or what may be called the second stage or degree of the disease, he snaps and bites at anything which may be in his way, or which

he may come across. In the first stage of the disorder he will obey the call of his master, though he does so somewhat reluctantly; and, so far as my experience or reading goes, a dog in that stage of the disorder has never been known to snap at or bite his owner, or any one with whom he is on friendly terms; but he is not to be trusted in the second stage of the disorder. The third stage is marked by fatigue, wandering about, and prostration, his limbs ultimately give way under him, he cannot swallow food or drink, and he dies palsied. There is not at any period of the disease a dread of water, and therefore it is improper to designate it 'hydrophobia.' In the human subject it is seldom that the disease is accompanied by any desire to inflict injury upon others, or by any madness: it is therefore improper to call it 'rabies' when it affects man.

In the human subject the period of incubation (or, in other words, the time which elapses from the infliction of the bite to the first symptoms of the disease) varies from a few days to eighteen months; but the average period is about sixty days. During the incubation stage there is no disturbance of health, and no symptom to excite suspicion. When the disease sets in, which it usually does suddenly, the person becomes unusually sad all at once, shuns his friends, seeks solitude, sighs deeply, feels fidgetty, is disturbed in his sleep, and often starts up suddenly. In a day or two these symptoms become aggravated, and others of a more formidable nature appear, the chief one being disturbance of the respiration and circulation, the dread of water, and the inability to swallow. Even the sight or sound of water will bring on a shudder; and if the sufferer carries the water up to his lips, he is seized with tonic convulsions of the muscles of the face and of the greater part of the body, and with all the characteristic terrors of the disease, and which make so deep an impression upon his friends and the bystanders. He is rational; he is thirsty, and tries to drink, but cannot. In some cases the sight of bright objects, as looking-glasses or polished fire-irons, brings on a terrific spasm. The skin is morbidly sensitive, and the patient is unable to wash himself or to comb his hair, without being at once threatened with convulsions; the mouth is full of a whitish froth, which is being constantly spat out. The voice becomes hoarse, and the last stage, which is that of death from asphyxia, approaches. The disorder never lasts more than four days in man, and he dies, as I have said, of tonic convulsion of the respiratory muscles. The dog, on the contrary, dies of sheer exhaustion and paralysis. In short, the same poison produces effects which are to a certain extent different, according as the subject is a man or a dog. In the human subject the danger to life arises from difficulty of breathing; and as Romberg, in his book on 'Diseases of the Nervous System,' has so well put it:—'The individual, on attempting to drink, is seized with 'a peculiar difficulty of swallowing, which consists less in an inca-'pacity of swallowing than in an impediment to this function by a 'difficulty of breathing. The patients uniformly describe their sen-'sation as one of suffocation and strangulation when they swallow,

'accompanied by great anxiety, which is increased at every repetition 'of the experiment.'

Is there, then, no remedy for this dire disease? my readers will ask. I say, emphatically, 'No.' No remedy has yet been discovered, or, in my opinion, is ever likely to be discovered, for a malady which, fortunately, is as rare as it is terrible.

There are hundreds of so-called specifics, but they are all impostures and utterly worthless. It is not a little sickening to read in the journals, day after day and week after week, letters from enthusiasts who profess to stop the incursion of the disease by the application of lunar or other caustics. If any one of my readers wishes to convince himself of the inertness of caustic as an antidote to a poison much less potent than the virus of a rabid dog, let him make a strong solution of caustic, then catch a wasp or a bee by its wings, dip its latter end into the caustic, and apply the wasp to his arm. The wasp will of course sting him, but the antidote will go along with the poison; indeed, as the antidote will be on the outside, it will be protruded into the arm before the poison, which must come from within the insect. Then let him take another wasp which has not been medicated with the caustic, and apply it to the other arm, and see whether there is any difference at all, either in the pain or tumefaction arising from the two stings. I have tried the experiment myself over and over again, and I have cauterized the wound after it has been inflicted, without the slightest benefit. Indeed caustic is no antidote at all, and is utterly useless. Some years ago a friend of mine and myself made some experiments. We collected upon a sponge a quantity of the saliva of a mad dog. We cut that sponge into pieces, and one piece we soaked for twenty-four hours in a strong solution of lunar caustic. We then rubbed that sponge over some slight cuts we had inflicted upon five healthy puppies. Two of those puppies were seized with rabies, and died, one at the end of twelve, and the other on the nineteenth day after the application of the poison accompanied by its 'antidote.' The other three puppies escaped, as indeed do many dogs who are bitten by mad dogs, and as do the majority of the human race who are similarly bitten; for I ought previously to have mentioned that the number of those who take the disease bears a very infinitesimal proportion to the number bitten. But there are no remedies either preventive or curative, and caustics and cauteries are worse than useless. Even if a surgeon happened to be on the spot when a poor victim was bitten by a mad dog, the poison would have been taken up into the system and carried all over the body before he could apply his caustic to the wound. To suppose the poison remains at the punctured part till a doctor is fetched, or till caustic or a hot iron can be applied, or until the part can be cut out or the limb lopped off, argues sheer imbecility on the part of the believers in such remedies. That the great majority of persons who are bitten by dogs escape hydrophobia, though very gratifying, is not surprising. It is not every person who is susceptible of the influence of the virus of a mad dog, any more

than they are of other animal or insect poisons. These poisons act with different potency on different individuals. I have a little girl who, if bitten by a flea, suffers very considerably, and there is tumefaction raised up round the bite quite as large as a muffin. A few years ago I was sent for to see a young woman who had just been stung on the eyelid by a wasp. In a few minutes her whole body swelled up to three times its usual size, and not one single feature of her face was discernible. Nose, eyes, and ears had all temporarily disappeared; indeed her head looked like a gigantic tomato with a bunch of hair growing out of it. She was very ill for several days afterwards. Happily wasp stings do not affect everybody in the same manner. The sensitiveness of the skin of many persons is proverbial; some cannot eat shellfish; but I know a gentleman who, if he uses a silk handkerchief to blow his nose, is immediately affected with erysipelas of the face; accordingly he has to make use of blotting-paper for the purpose. Vaccination, even when efficiently performed with potent lymph, does not always succeed in producing its outward and visible effects on the child's arm, and still more frequently fails to act as a prophylactic against small-pox. It is, therefore, not surprising that if twenty persons are bitten by a mad dog only one or two may be in a state to be susceptible of the poison and the rest escape entirely. But to those who are susceptible remedies are useless, and therefore the application of lunar or other caustics, nitric acid, liquid ammonia, the actual cautery, or excision of the affected part, are all futile or worse. Many years ago the late Mr. Youatt, a veterinary surgeon, who compiled books for the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, published an account of upwards of four hundred cases of persons who had been bitten by dogs distinctly rabid, and to whom he had applied lunar caustic with entire and complete success, and without the loss of a case. Mr. Youatt further stated that he had himself been bitten by mad dogs seven times, and that he had operated with the caustic with complete success. Now I do not hesitate to brand that statement, as I have branded it some years ago, as an unmitigated falsehood. It bore the stamp of a lie upon the face of it. That any man, in however extensive a practice he may be, and to whatever advanced age he may live, can have known and treated four hundred persons who have been bitten by mad dogs, is improbable; but that so large a number of persons should have applied to a young veterinary surgeon—for he was a young man at that time—for relief, is so preposterous and incredible as to be quite beyond the bounds of belief. But only in its extent is it more absurd and untrustworthy than the numerous cock-and-bull stories we are continually having thrust upon us in the columns of contemporaries. If Mr. Youatt had said that he had caused four hundred healthy dogs to be bitten by a few mad ones, in order to try the efficacy of caustic directly after the bites were inflicted, and that they had all escaped rabies, we should have had almost as much difficulty in swallowing that as a hydrophobic patient in swallowing water; but still, after a

few efforts, we might perhaps have gulped it down, even if we had vomited afterwards. But that four hundred human beings would quietly submit to be experimented upon by mad dogs, in order to try the efficacy of Mr. Youatt's caustic, or that, in the ordinary course of events, they could have been accidentally bitten, and all found their way, within a few months' time, to one man, is rather too much of a crammer. Hydrophobia itself is nothing to that. But veterinarians are generally loose fish; their books are fallacious, and their facts will not bear the test of truth or the light of day.

It may be asked, 'Are there any signs or symptoms after a person 'has been bitten by a mad dog by which we may judge whether he is 'likely to become the subject of hydrophobia or not?' My own experience in the matter is not worth a straw. The first three cases I saw occurred before I was much acquainted with medical literature, and before I had read anything on the subject of hydrophobia. The subjects of the last eight cases were perfect strangers to me, and I never saw them until the disease had set in, and they were actually suffering from hydrophobia. But Dr. Marochetti, a Russian physician of eminence, sixty years ago, wrote a memoir on hydrophobia, in which he called attention to the presence of vesicles, or pustules, of a special character on the under surface of the tongue during the stage of incubation of rabies; and he further stated that if these pustules were laid open or cauterized in time, all manifestations of rabies were prevented. Dr. Xanthos, of Siphnos, a Greek physician of considerable learning and repute, corroborated Dr. Marochetti as to the existence of these vesicles or pustules, which he said (and Dr. M. admitted) had long been known in Greece under the name of 'lyssi.' These statements were afterwards confirmed in 1824 by Dr. Magistel in his 'Mémoire sur l'Hydrophobie, ou Journal de 'l'Hôpital de Burley,' in which he stated that he had himself observed the 'lyssi' in different individuals from the sixth to the twenty-second day after the inoculation of the virus, but he had not succeeded in finding them at a later date. There is nothing very extraordinary that the virus of rabies should be localised or stored up, so to speak, in a particular region, but that opening or cauterising the 'lyssi' should eradicate the disease is very extraordinary indeed, though the statements are made by men of acknowledged repute, and whose scientific honesty I by no means wish to suspect. But blisters or vesicles under the tongue cannot be rare, nor are they rare, in persons who have never been bitten by dogs mad or sane. M. Trousseau, a French physician, and a man of even greater repute than the three names I have mentioned, has allowed his judgment to be carried away by the 'lyssi,' and says that the 'localisation is a perfectly natural phenomenon which might 'have been foreseen.' He proceeds to illustrate the 'storing up' theory by referring to small-pox causing a pain in the back, eruptive fevers affecting the skin primarily, measles the bronchial and laryngeal mucous membranes; and further, that some substances, such as iodine and the iodides, are more rapidly eliminated by the salivary

glands than by any other organs. But really this argument won't hold water for one moment. When an injury is inflicted on any part of the body, and poison gets into the wound, the first glands to which the poison can be conveyed are those which suffer; thus if a man wounds his foot with a rusty nail, the lymphatic vessels all up the leg become inflamed, and the glands below Poupart's ligament—the first glands the poison can reach—become swollen and painful; if the hand is punctured and poisoned by any matter, animal or vegetable, the axillary glands become swollen. In like manner the liver suffers after cases of dysentery, because it is the gland in which the absorbents deposit the poison from the ulcerated intestine. If any disciple of M. Trousseau chooses to try an experiment or two and inoculate himself with any animal virus on the hand, he won't find the poison 'limit itself in the first instance to the lymphatic glands in the 'groin,' but it will take hold of the axillary glands. If he chooses to inoculate his scalp with the same or any other poison, the 'kernels of 'his ear' will suffer; in other words, the cervical glands will become swollen. Indeed the lymphatic vessels will convey the poison to the first chain of glands on their way into the general system; and I confess it is somewhat difficult to understand why when a man's hand, for instance, had been bitten by a dog, the under surface of his tongue should be the first to reveal evidence of the fact. If he had been bitten on the lip the case would be different, and we should look for the manifestations under the tongue. But Drs. Marochetti, Xanthos, and Magistel did not specify the parts bitten in the cases observed by them. Granting the 'lyssi' to exist, we cannot understand how it is that opening them prevents an attack of hydrophobia.

The object of this paper has been to show that rabies is not hydrophobia, and that the latter disease does not necessarily, indeed but very rarely, follow after the bite of a dog; that the great majority of persons bitten by dogs actually suffering from rabies entirely escape any evil consequences; and that the 'remedies,' or so-called remedies, are of no service whatever, either in preventing the disease or in inspiring confidence in the victim.

There is a disease which ought not to be, though it sometimes is, confounded with rabies. I allude to an endemic disease which occurs occasionally amongst hounds. It bears no relationship to rabies, but is a specific kind of fever, and is known as 'kennel madness.' But this disease is totally different from rabies, and human beings bitten by dogs in this state run no risk of hydrophobia. When attacked with this disease the hounds are in a frenzied state, bite and savage each other, and are perpetually quarrelling. Mr. Heathcote's stag-hounds suffered from this malady during the present spring and had to be destroyed. I have shown that a dog afflicted with rabies is not by any means a quarrelsome customer.

A BLANK DAY.

BY B. T. C.

If the most brilliant scenes of the hunting field may legitimately claim to be expounded in a medium of cheerful verse—if it is good to hear a well-written, well-sung ditty or to join in one of those tantivy choruses that are often the most enjoyable, certainly the most appropriate part of a thoroughly harmonious hunt dinner, when men's minds and throats are attuned for vocal entertainment of a somewhat less conventional order than mere speechifying—what metre, what doleful dirge, can adequately represent the most dreary and disappointing of all contingencies of the chase, that bugbear of masters, that nightmare of huntsmen, the abhorrence of the field, the ruin of the hounds, a genuine, veritable blank day?

Doubtless the wags of the covert side will suggest the obvious joke which we beg to assure them we have no wish to appropriate; and it is, perhaps, just possible that in its heaviest and most melancholy form, blank verse would not improperly meet the solemnities of the occasion.

Such an effort of poetic art is, however, happily not in keeping with the spirit of the times—and if the Poet Laureate would bring himself to write a song for the Tarporley Club dinner, or, for the matter of that, for the Isle of Wight Hunt, of which by-the-way he is doubtless a member, we have every confidence that he would do the subject full justice in a lovely Pindar-like Ode, with a go and rhythm to which *Lucretius* would be a joke. In the meanwhile—and let us hope it will not be long—let us see if in humbler and more prosaic lines this dreaded misfortune may be dealt with so as to account for some of its causes, and to expose the fallacy which exists in our estimation of the evil.

What a blank day consists of depends more upon the view we are disposed to take of it than upon any definite state of things to which the obnoxious word can be applied. To most—and these, it must be confessed, include the keenest and most determined sportsmen—it is associated with nothing less than drawing all the livelong day without an actual find. Their ears listen for a challenge from the first covert to the last—they grow restless and impatient as the hapless day goes on—and even up to dark persuade the huntsman to try just one more place, where if they happened to find they would not have light to get over more than a couple of fences. These are the men who love hunting for hunting's sake—whose nerves thrill, whether late or early, at the first note of a hound, and at the chorus that confirms the find—who are in a very agony of fear whenever there is a chance of sport being spoiled by the fox being headed from a good line of country, or, worse still, of his coming to a premature and ignoble end by being chopped. To such the last hour of a blank day is an unmixed and tremendous evil—their chat has expired—their lunch is eaten—there is not a vestige of a drag—they are getting further

from home, things look hopeless,—yet they have not the resolution, even if they wish to do so, to turn away while there is the faintest possibility of a change of luck, and they meet the end with long faces and almost ready to cry. A certain hunting sailor used to draw himself an imaginary line across the county, and when he had reached what he supposed was about the assigned limit, whatever was going on, whether hounds were finding, running, or doing nothing, would bring his old mare's head round and say, 'Now you young men, I 'go no further to the east'ard.' How much discomfort, vacillation, and self-reproach would be avoided if we could follow out some such rule as this, and either 'go no further to the east'ard,' or fix an hour and stick to it, for leaving the field.

Few people, however, who care for their reputation as Nimrods have the moral courage to do this while hounds are drawing, and there is of course always the chance in the 'glorious uncertainty' of the chase that the most brilliant thing of the season may take place when least expected, and with hardly any one to see it. Yet for one such haphazard run—and there is, after all, little enjoyment in them—taking place in the dark of a short winter's afternoon, there are twenty occasions on which the blank is saved, it is true, but at the expense of disturbing country that ought to be left quiet for a succeeding day, at an hour when foxes are on the move, most fit to run, most difficult if not impossible to kill, when hounds are nearly tired out, and something more than the best edge taken off the nags, —'One more covert' is the cruellest thing to whisper in the master's ear, who if he be keen himself will generally go on quite long enough without any extra stimulus to try and prevent what he must dislike at least as much as any one else.

It is, we say, a conventional and false idea that in merely not finding is the greatest evil and disappointment of a hunting day, and that this should be looked upon as the worst if not indeed the only species of a blank. What can be more heartbreaking than with a good scent, in a fine country, with everything favourable, to be brought up in two minutes after a cheery find that has sent every proper person's heart bumping up into his mouth, by an ominous dead silence, and then the fatal words 'gone in.' Heaven for ever preserve us from descending to the depths of digging for a fox; and so with this momentary taste of Elysium, we must content ourselves for the remainder of a tiresome day, and yet, forsooth, it is not a blank. Perhaps not—let the huntsman hug himself with the thought. But it is ten times more mortifying—ten times more disappointing to the true sportsman. Take, again, the case of careless or hurried drawing, often the result of an eagerness to push on to some favourite covert, some 'certain find,'—just running through some 'little 'places' on the way, downwind, anyhow, nohow, hounds at your heels, and hearing half an hour after, when the great gorse has also proved faithless, from some one who has stopped behind to look for a shoe, or from a breathless and excited runner—those nuisances of a covert-side—that a great dogfox, as big as a donkey, has slipped back,

and all your efforts to get on his line, or when you do touch it, to do anything with it, are worse than useless—the confused scramble which this produces, but which the ignoramuses of the field mistake for a real and very good run, is with its attendant disappointment, greater vexation than if nothing had occurred to interrupt the so-called blank.

Hunting men, who have the happiness to live where there is an abundance of foxes, 'fed, bred, and born' in the country, will perhaps smile sarcastically at the idea of drawing a fine line between what is a blank and what is not. Yet when we read of the difficulty now and then found in some of the tip-top shires in inducing hounds to speak, we shall appeal even to their sympathies and believe that they will be inclined to agree with us.

The fact is, people appreciate a plentiful supply of foxes, or bewail their deficiency, according to the way in which they look at hunting and take their pleasure therein. It is to be supposed that every one not wholly imbecile, who joins himself to hounds, must find more or less diversion in so doing; though what amusement there can be in it to hundreds of the folk who would fain be registered in the list of gallant Nimrods it is difficult to imagine. A fair analysis of an average field, whether taken in high Leicestershire or in an humble province, would be no uninteresting nor unedifying thing. Alas! now-a-days it is but to very few that '*fox* et præterea nihil' is the whole and sole object and aim of going out to hunt. To most the hounds are but a medium of a gallop across country, or along the hard high road, according to their courage or their screws: they do not care twopence for many of the most beautiful parts of a day, such, for instance, as the drawing of hounds, the drag, the find—the latter frequently the best and most cheery thing in the whole performance, particularly when, from a variety of causes, it may chance that a run is not to be obtained. These and other note-worthy points are all lost upon men who are utterly indifferent as to what they are riding after, so long as they can cram along as hard as possible, and over everything that comes in their way, and a good deal that does not. Also are they lost upon that section of sports-men who do not care, or perhaps do not wish to ride hard at all, and who are more than content to jog about with an occasional spurt all day, in a harmless and happy manner, and tell everybody as they go home that they have had 'capital sport, and killed the fox.' For these, *et iis similibus*, we have no sort of sympathy in a blank; the first would do as well, or better, to devote their energies to steeple-chasing, or a drag, and as for the second, they are rather subjects for congratulation, as they get all the fun they expect, and are not dis-appointed by any of the *contretemps* of the chase which upset and dishearten their more sensitive and keener brethren. These same keen brethren! What would the hunt be without them? How would lazy, slack huntsmen shirk and shuffle their work if they were not occasionally kept up to the mark by the knowledge that 'Vigilans' had his eye upon them? Yet what sad jealous dogs

they are, and how apt to think that no one knows half as much about hounds as they do themselves! Much is said, much has been written about the generous impulses induced by hunting: but it always seems, in our humble judgment, that in its very best and most enthusiastic moments it makes men sadly selfish. Every one for himself, and the run for us all, is certainly the motto ready to all our hearts, and there is not a good sportsman in England who will not confess that to get away from covert with a select few, to put the right side of an endless and impenetrable fence between himself and the field by a nick taken at a lucky time and place, to see even his best friend jump into a horsepond, or lose his place by knocking off his hat against a tree, to look back at a check and observe, like John White, in the great Ashby Pasture run, that only four more of the field are up,—confess, we say, that each and all of these things and of a hundred more, come with a certain irresistible sweetness, and add not a little to the zest of the whole affair. Excuse, however, there is none for the ungenerous churl who, when he has missed a day, and afterwards hears the hounds had no sport, ejaculates from his selfish soul a thanksgiving that he lost nothing by his absence, instead of expressing regret for the want of luck to those who were there.

It is amusing to see the various ways in which a field of horsemen takes the ordeal of a blank. Two o'clock or half-past gone, and an unlikely country before the hounds, people who have hitherto followed the draw in a mechanical way begin to develop themselves according to their characteristics.

A patient master, particularly if he hunts his own hounds, becomes more patient and thoughtful than ever—he tries his likely coverts carefully, but he doesn't neglect his unlikely ones—he takes counsel in a quiet way of one or two of the wisest heads—and not unfrequently by a bold stroke of a two-mile trot, retrieves his fortune, and finds his fox.

An impatient master or huntsman will lose his temper and his head—abuse his horse—his field—even his hounds—ask everybody where he thinks they will find, and after taking advice all round, conclude perhaps by the peevish remark, that if people will not show him foxes he cannot be expected to show them sport.

The field begins to break up—some go home—a few immediately—others lingeringly, sitting on the top of a cold hill while the slow process is moving further and further away from them, and rendering it more utterly impossible every moment, that if a find was to take place, they could bear a part in the run, except that worst of all the trials of Tantalus, a bird's-eye view. Here and there larking flourishes, and the rear guard suddenly comes clattering up pell-mell, breaking hurdles, letting out sheep, shouting, laughing, and when rebuked by the stern countenances of the sober ones in front, answering with good-humoured effrontery, 'Oh, we thought 'you had found!'

A hound opens in covert—the huntsman tries to look wise, and

begs gentlemen to hold hard—some one calls out, 'It's a find!' another, 'Let somebody *look back!*' in accordance with which latter suggestion, off gallop four or five wild equestrians, and the next moment, a voice comes up from the further end, '*Hare!*'

At this critical period a gentleman believes but cannot swear that he has just seen a fox cross yonder turnip-field, supposed fox being a farmer's greyhound on the loose, or a sheep-dog, or even a sheep. Thus are the perplexities of the officials increased, and puss steals away, and pug never comes to light at all, being either underground, or having been overdrawn in a corner of a covert, or lying out quietly in a thick hedgerow or as they call them in some countries, shambles. What a life these gallant fellows must lead, by-the-way, in a good scenting season, in a crack country, where hounds are out nearly every day, to the tune of perhaps two or three brace of foxes a week? Some of them must have to run for it pretty smartly several times a year, to say nothing of spurts and alarms of a minor kind. No wonder, if now and then a long-winded one twists up the best pack, till, in self-defence, the master swears he has changed his fox at least three times, instead of congratulating himself on having found so glorious a specimen of the most perfect animal in creation.

One such customer as this would be recompense enough for many an indifferent day, and if one could be sure of finding him 'nows and agains' in the course of the season it would not be a hard thing to accept, with patience and resignation, a fair proportion of blank days.

THE PLEASURES OF CUB-HUNTING.

Do you like cub hunting? You must have strange taste if you do, unless, indeed, you are that unfortunate individual, a Master of Fox-Hounds, with a large constituency of subscribers to please, and a numerous entry of young hounds to reduce to order, or as near the semblance of it as you can get them by the commencement of the regular season.

'What!' exclaims young Quickstart, who has just taken the Halloo-awayshire country, 'not like cub-hunting! D——n it, 'man, we have better fun then than ever we do! Have no field, no '"muffs;" just give a dozen good fellows "the office," get out 'about ten o'clock, find an old fox if we can, and have a rattler, ride 'and halloo like fun, and none of the old slow coaches there to 'grumble if they are driven over the scent. No matter losing one 'fox—gallop on and find another. Curse the young hounds! What 'is the good of wasting time tinkering about big woods for hours with 'them? Let them learn to hunt at once; they must come to it. Very true, my friend, but this is not cub-hunting. It is merely fox-hunting, or a burlesque on fox-hunting before the season.

'Not like cub-hunting!' exclaims the orthodox old Squire. 'Why, it is the only time we have left to see hounds work in these

'days of fast riding and big fields;' and down he comes on me with a quotation from Vyner at once, to bear out his opinion. True again, sir. I quite agree with you; but as I have no hounds of my own to care about the work of, and am pretty much of a vagrant in these matters, travelling from one country to another, perhaps all this does not interest me quite so much as it does you.

Well, I daresay you will laugh, and declare I am but a poor sportsman, if I relate a cub-hunting adventure of my own. Nevertheless, you shall have it, and may then perhaps see that I am not quite prejudiced when I dislike the very name.

Let me first premise that in my hot youth I could take as good a place with hounds as any man, and, better than that, keep it. Moreover, I had a decided partiality for riding young horses, and could with very little tuition make them do pretty nearly what I wished, and was never happier than when mounted on the back of a raw four-year old, and sending him along in front over a difficult country, to the surprise of my more careful and discreet friends. 'Time changes all things,' and from being the single, careless fellow in the country, with half a dozen hunters, and no fear, except that they would not get purls enough to make them handy, I became a Benedict with a young and prolific wife, a family which increased yearly (sometimes I fancied oftener), and plenty to do by hard city work to keep things going. Hunting was, of course, given up for a time. Its loss told on me, and the threads of silver became but too apparent.

'I tell you what it is, William,' said an old country friend. 'This 'won't do; you must come down and stay a fortnight with me, 'have some shooting, and then, although the year is yet young, 'there is cub-hunting. I can mount you capitally, and a man at 'your time of life (he is twenty years my senior) really must 'not work so hard. You require relaxation.'

Just the thing, thought I. Grantham has always some good made horses; and though it is five years since I was in the pigskin, I can manage an hour or two on one of his patent safeties without inconvenience. Besides, I should like to see a hound again. By Jove, I'll go!

Nothing could be better. Wife and family not yet returned from the seaside, leave me no one but myself to move, and arrangements are soon made for ten days' absence 'from business.' It was with high hopes that I overhauled the long-disused hunting togs, and not without some straining, and a little gentle compulsion, that the leathers once more graced my person. At length everything was settled, and I found myself at Dingwell beneath the hospitable roof of Grantham.

'Well, my boy,' said he, as we drew our chairs comfortably round the fire; 'to-morrow we will take a walk amongst the birds, 'and the next day the fox-hounds will be close, and we can see them 'kill a cub.'

'What do you intend to put me on?' inquired I. 'Nothing very

'rough, I hope, for I am heavier than I used to be, and have had 'little practice lately.'

'Oh, I have a capital mount,' rejoined he; 'one that will just 'suit you. There is my four-year old thoroughbred, by Damascus 'out of Velveteen, has not seen a hound this season yet. He is just 'your sort.'

'I hope he is quiet! I don't so much care about riding young 'ones as I did ten years ago.'

'Quiet as a sheep, my dear fellow. Never saw one take things 'so easily with hounds as he does.'

'But where is old Slowcoach? Can't you let me have him?'

'Why, no; his near sinew behind is a little filled, and we don't 'want to work him for a day or two.'

'Well then, Careful. What of him?'

'Why, Bennett thinks he had better not go out while the ground 'is so hard. No, no, you ride the young one; he's just the nag 'for you, as quiet as a sheep, and Bennett wants to give him some 'work now. I shall ride my pony.'

Pleasant this, certainly, to come out for relaxation, and ride a young one that you know nothing about, thought I. But never mind, I must not run back, and perhaps things are better than I anticipate; but Master Grantham, though his old horses are always steady, used not to get his young ones very handy when I was in the country.

We got over the day's shooting well enough, I, of course, being dreadfully tired from the unusual exercise. So tired, in fact, that I could not sleep, and lay tossing, restless and feverish, the greater part of the night. Then, just as I got well settled in a sound sleep, there was Grantham rapping at the door.

'Come on, Hardy; time to get up; it's a little past four now, and 'they meet at five.'

'All right,' replied I, turning round; and once more settling myself comfortably on the pillow, I was soon asleep again, dreamt the day was over, that we had a nice little run, and the young one carried me beautifully. Glad to get to bed after it, though.

'Come on old boy, are you stirring yet? Let me give you a 'light.' And in stalks that fiend Grantham with a candle.

'Oh, ah, yes; thanks. I was just getting up,' was the rejoinder, as I made a desperate effort to sit up in bed and rub my eyes.

'Look alive then; we shall be late as it is. Breakfast is ready.'

There was clearly no help for it now. So out of bed I jumped, tubbed, and dressed as quickly as possible; and descending, found Grantham taking his breakfast by the light of a lamp. I detest breakfasting by lamp or candle light; it always makes me feel ill and uncomfortable the whole day afterwards. But we are going cub-hunting, and one must submit.

'Tea or coffee?' asks Grantham, his mouth full of ham and toast. 'By Jove, there are the horses!'

Yes, I hear them, too, walking outside, and answer tea in my hurry, though I always take coffee in the morning.

'Help yourself to sugar. There is the mustard,' said he, getting up to look for his spurs and flask. I find I am very late. And Grantham, getting anxious, looks at his watch, and whistles as he puts it in.

I never could stand being hurried at my breakfast; but one must not mind on an occasion of this sort. I hastily dispatched my ham, and swallowed a cup of tea, which was weak and scalding—little more than boiling water, in fact, and took all the skin from my mouth and throat.

'Won't take any more, will you?' says my host, making a move towards the door.

'No; thanks,' I gasp.

'Come on then. That is your nag,' pointing to a huge, lanky-looking, big-headed, sixteen-two brown, that may be of use in six years' time perhaps, but is at present like the world in its early stages, 'without form and void.'

A snaffle bridle and martingale is the tackle by which I am to steer him; and when I get at length fairly bundled into the saddle, I find one stirrup three holes longer than the other.

'What saddle have you put on the young one, Bennett?' inquires my friend.

'The old one, sir. Nothing else will fit him.'

It is decidedly hard, and the buckles have been so long rusting in the leathers, that our united endeavours fail to alter them, and I am forced to start with one knee up to my chin, and the other stirrup so long I can scarcely reach it.

'Beautiful morning,' remarks my companion, as we set forth in a cold, drizzling rain, that makes it darker than night itself.

'Yes; but don't you think we shall have rain?'

'I hope we shall,' replies he. 'Just what we want in this country. 'The ground is as hard as brickbats.'

So I perceive, as the young one catches a large clod with his toe, in the field track we are following, and comes nearly on his nose.

'You must be careful with him,' says his sanguine owner; 'he 'is a little weak yet from want of condition,' totally ignoring his lack of knee action, and short straight shoulders.

So we trot along, the cold damp air penetrating to our very marrow; and as a thick fog succeeds the rain, it apparently becomes darker every minute. Then we come to four cross roads, and three dim, huge-looking objects are seen preceding us, which, on a nearer inspection, turn out to be the huntsman and whips, with their pack. 'Better not bring that young one amongst the hounds,' says my friend; 'I don't know if he is quiet with them.' And on he trots to speak to the huntsman, leaving me to meditate on the pleasures of my situation alone. As there is but little chance of a field, no time is lost by waiting about, but the hounds are at once thrown into a large wood. The whips canter away in opposite directions,

and are lost to view in the grey mist, and the huntsman's cheer is soon heard from the depths of the wood's recesses. Meanwhile we sit cold and silent in the ridings, or wander listlessly on, at some turn coming unexpectedly on a jolly-looking yeoman, with his rough underbred nag and rusty snaffle bridle. By the way, how is it these men, who never think of riding a mile to hounds, and whose horses could not carry them if they did, are always so keen at this sort of thing? Go when or where you will during cub-hunting, one of them is sure to greet you. Apparently there is no sacrifice they would not make to be present on such occasions. You never see them at a regular fixture, but still come on them posted in the woodlands during the whole season. Do they sit there as perpetual sentinels from autumn to spring, or what is the reason of always stumbling on them in this manner?

'No cubs here, Mr. Giles?' says Grantham, to one we meet; 'that is strange. Buckfoot seldom fails to hold a litter or two.'

'Na, here be cubs right enough, because I seed um playen about 'all summer; and bad work they made in moi wheat up yonder at 'the corner; well nigh half a acre twirled down and spoilt there 'was.'

Crack goes a match as the farmer lights his pipe, and relapsing into silence, steams away like a miniature volcano. So we walk on through the ridings, occasionally picking a nut or two, which operation being taken advantage of by the horses, they seize a bough, and in their endeavours to tear it off, give us a perfect shower-bath from the leaves. Then we meet a sour, hangdog-looking keeper, with a gun under his arm and black retriever at his heels, who eyes us suspiciously. I am still pretty comfortable, however, as the young one walks about very quietly with his companion.

'Hark! halloo, Jack has seen him!' exclaims Grantham, as a view halloo is borne down on the breeze. What a row, every one shouts, apparently a whole legion of foxes are disturbed at once. Jack shouts, Will shouts, the keeper shouts, so do half a dozen woodmen who are just come to their work. So does Grantham, though heaven only knows what for, as he has seen neither old fox nor cub, I can swear. As he adds 'Hark, halloo!' it is probably to tell others that some one else is shouting also, which is evident enough. Then the hounds, Melody, Rochester, and Madcap, are running hard on our right. Tremulus, finding herself unnoticed, is taking a turn at a hare behind us, and Buxom, Bonny Lass, and Blue Bell are engaged with a cub on the left. Jack rattles along the ride one way as hard as he can go, then Will gallops past us in another, as though they had nothing to do but keep changing ends like batsmen running at cricket.

'Take care, sir, take care!' exclaims the huntsman, as he comes out of the high wood, just by me, with six couple of puppies at his horse's heels, and the colt swerves right round in front of him.

'Had we not better be moving?' I inquire, as my nag whirls

round, paws the ground, and tossing his head with impatience, covers me with foam.

'Can't be better placed than we are here,' rejoins Grantham. 'Ha! ha! ha! how curiously he does that,' as the colt rams down his head, and then with his back arched, bucks five or six times in succession. Yes, it is very funny, certainly, especially with your stirrups different lengths. But the hounds are going away from us. 'Come along,' says Grantham, at last, and trots off down a steep riding, which, from having been made the road for carting timber and faggots when the ground was soft, is now all holes and horse-tracks, and of the consistency of granite. His pony trots along like a cat, on one edge or the other; but my mount, far too excited to trot, sends all the weight of his sledge-hammer head into the snaffle, and goes bumping down the hill at a short pitching gallop, blundering and stumbling at every ten yards. Pulling is no use, so I drop my hand and let him have his way, which lands me slap against the Master at an unexpected corner.

'Good God, sir! be careful! where are you coming to?' he wrathfully ejaculates, as he catches his breath, after being nearly knocked out of the saddle.

'Let us come away by ourselves till he settles down a little,' says Grantham; so we get into the narrower tracks, which have not been trimmed. With his handy pony, he can avoid the overhanging boughs, but I am forced to brush through them as they come, and soon get not only wet through, but half torn to pieces.

'Beg pardon, sir,' says the second whip, pushing past ere I can pull out of his way, nearly dislocating my knee.

Now the pack get settled to a cub, and rattle him merrily round the cover, then across a piece of open to another wood, where my nag pulls and bores worse than ever. My knees are sore, my legs cramped, and fingers nearly raw from the reins.

'How does he carry you?' asks Grantham.

'Oh, beautifully! He is a rare mover; just get on him half an 'hour, I am sure you would like him. You have never ridden him, 'you say?'

'No, no. I am not much of a hand with young ones. I like to see 'you ride him. I always said you were the neatest man I ever saw 'on an awkward horse. Bennett has not hand enough for that colt. 'T—— means to let them have a little fun in the open this morn-'ing. That is lucky for you.'

Away we go for a cover about half a mile distant, the ground as hard as brickbats under, and just a little greasy on the top, from the morning's rain. Fences as blind as night, and each with a deep but narrow ditch. Oh yes, it's great fun as we slip and slide about, and blunder over and into them. Then there is a succession of bridle-gates, so hung that they fall to with violence the moment you leave go of them, and the latch placed so low you can't reach it from a high horse except with your hunting crop. The young horse is

afraid of a hunting crop, and jumps away as soon as I put it out towards the gates, so I have to dismount at each, and regain my saddle as I best can, while he, all excitement, is twisting about, or disburse sixpence to some rustic who improves the occasion by holding it open for me. Heavens! how he pulls down the hard lay ground covered with rolling stones.

'He does seem a little heavy in hand, down hill,' says my friend; 'that bridle is not quite strong enough for him. You shall 'have a hard and sharp next time you ride him.'

Next time, thought I; you may put on what you like next time you catch me on him. But there, thank goodness, they have killed at last, and my troubles are over! How the people come up in every direction. I had no idea so many were out; but they have been dropping in all the morning. How the pack are struggling and tearing over him; he's a rare tough cub. Smack! what's that?

'D——n you, sir; your horse has kicked that hound and 'killed him,' exclaims the Master, as a young one who has left the pack lies sprawling behind me.

'*Blank! blank! blank!*' joins in the huntsman. 'What the *blank* 'do you bring such a brute out cub-hunting for? Can't you do your 'horsebreaking at home?'

The rest I don't stay to hear; but getting back as quickly as possible, inquire the first train for town, leave by it, and keep my bed a week, after reaching home, from cold and stiffness. Do you wonder I dislike cub-hunting?

N.

WHO IS TO RIDE HIM?

BY OLD CALABAR.

CHAPTER II.

The morning of the Grand Silverpool broke bright and beautiful, though there had been a good deal of rain during the night, it had cleared off, and the day promised to be all that could be desired.

Bradon and Lord Plunger sat at breakfast in a quiet little country hotel some ten miles from the course.

'Well, George,' said his lordship, 'so far, I think we have 'managed things admirably, not a soul knows of your being in 'England. They fondly imagine you are roaming about the Con-'tinent, and, to crown all, a rumour has got about that your horses 'will not start, and will be scratched at the last minute; it was 'a capital idea our coming down here last night.'

'Yes,' replied Bradon, 'it was a famous dodge; so they think 'the horses will be scratched, do they? Well, it strikes me they 'will be slightly deceived about three o'clock to-day. Nothing can 'be in more beautiful fettle than the nags are, and if man ever had a 'certainty I have one in Guardsman; although I have had no trial 'with him against anything else, he is, I know, a flyer, and a sticker;

'it will be heavy to-day, and no horse I ever rode goes better through 'dirt than he does; bar accidents, I look on the Silverpool as 'landed.'

'Bravo, bravo, George!' said his friend; 'your heart is in the 'right place, and if we should pull it off, it will be one of the 'grandest *coups* that has been made on the Turf for many a day. 'We will go in half an hour, if you like, to look at your nags; they 'are only three miles from this, at a quiet farmhouse; then we will 'return here, dress, and start at twelve in the drag.'

The horses were inspected, and nothing could look more beautiful. Tim was in his glory.

'Yes, my lord,' said he, in answer to a question put to him by that gentleman; 'I am glad to be back in the old land, not but what 'the Moosscos was very jolly and haffable. Still, France ain't up to 'my notions of a sporting country; but we was in quiet there,—'no touts, no interlopers, or anything. Now, if I'd a brought the 'horses down here by rail, every one would have knowed it; so 'they came in a van. It's a little more expensive, but by far the 'best and safest way. Not a soul knows they are here, and no 'one will be aware of it till I takes them to the saddling-post. I'm 'just going to start with them now. I've got a couple of boxes 'close by the course, so you must excuse me, my lord.' And, touching his hat, the old man disappeared.

* * * * *

'Whose yellow drag and greys is that coming up the course?' said one of the occupants of the lawn in front of the Grand Stand. 'I do not know it.' A dozen glasses were at once levelled at the object.

'Whose drag?' said the sly-looking little man we have alluded to before. 'Why, Lord Plunger's. George Bradon is sitting on the 'box seat with him, and the rest are officers of his old regiment,—I know their faces.'

'By Jingo!' burst out a score of voices; 'then he is in England, 'and come to see his horses run, or scratch them; now we shall 'know something.'

'I wonder if he will be flattered when he hears the price his nags 'are at now?' said another.

'He will not care a rap,' said the sly-looking little man. 'Look 'out, my boys, there's something up, you may depend. Bradon, if 'his horses do go, has something pretty good, you may rely. I 'warned you all before. Now, I have not laid a penny against his 'nags; I have let them alone,—till the last minute. But here they 'come.'

'Hallo, Bradon!' burst out fifty voices. 'What, in England! 'come to see the nags beaten?'

'Well, I do not know,' said George, shaking hands with some of them. 'I hope they will be there, or thereabouts; pretty heavy 'the ground to-day; my horses can stand it, which a good many of 'the others cannot.'

'Are your horses here?' said the sly-looking little man.

'Not yet,' returned Bradon, 'but they will be, by-and-by; old 'Mason has got them stowed away somewhere; but upon my soul 'I don't know where they are myself at present.'

'Which shall you declare to win with?' asked the sly-looking little man, continuing his interrogations.

'Oh, with Guardsman,' said George.

'And your jocks?' put in another; 'all the talent is engaged; a 'pity you are so heavy,—why, you've grown immense; you will 'want a dray-horse to carry you soon.'

'Think I have?' said George; 'it's my coats, man; every 'fellow looks large with a couple of top-coats on, and a huge wrapper 'round his throat. I know all the talent is engaged; one of my lads 'will ride the grey.'

'I say, Bradon,' put in another, 'I heard you weighed twelve 'stone five; is that a fact?'

'Yes,' said George; 'I put on sixteen pounds in less than two 'years,—an idle life at home did for me.'

'But, Bradon,' persisted the sly-looking little man, 'you say one 'of your lads is going to ride the grey. But, Guardsman,—*who is 'to ride him?*'

'Oh,' said George, 'who is to ride him?—why, I will tell you in 'one word, it's a fellow you all know pretty well,—MYSELF.'

Had a thunderbolt fallen amongst them they could not have been more astonished.

'What!' they one and all exclaimed, 'you? why you told us not 'an instant ago that you weighed twelve stone five.'

'No, my friends, I did not; I said, in answer to a question, that 'I *had* weighed twelve stone five. I told you I had put sixteen 'pounds on, but I did not tell you I had not taken it off. I walk 'ten stone ten now,—Banting, my boys, Banting. And, listen to 'me, I shall win if I can, and I have a good chance; but, win 'or lose, this is my last appearance in public. I've grown im-'mense, have I not, old fellow?' addressing himself to the one who had made the remark. 'I shall want a dray-horse soon, shall I 'not?'

'By G—,' said the sly-looking little man, 'I thought there was 'something up. The very best hand in England going to ride his 'own horse. I'll be off to back him.'

The tall pale youth, before alluded to, turned deadly pale, but not a word did he utter as he walked away.

In less than five minutes it became known in the ring and stands that George Bradon was to ride his own horse; the utmost consternation ensued, and many tried to hedge off at long shots—but little or nothing could be done.

In the meantime our friend was quietly getting himself ready in the dressing-room.

The time at last came, the horses were saddled, and cantered.

'Here comes Guardsman,' cried the crowd, as the gallant horse

came sweeping up the course in magnificent style, with the grey beside him.

'By heaven!' muttered a well-known betting-man, and one of the best judges in Europe, 'a truly splendid horse,—far better in 'appearance and style to anything here; bar accidents, he will win in 'a canter, and if he does, I'm ruined.'

The betting and other men were positively paralyzed as Bradon and his horse came sweeping by, and it was allowed on all hands that no such animal as Guardsman had been seen for years.

'There, my boys,' said Lord Plunger, dashing into the ring, 'there's a man and horse for you; if he does not do the trick to-day 'I shall be very much astonished; and if he does, we shall both land 'a handsome sum, which you will drop.'

The anxious moment is at last come, the horses are in line,—the old stud-groom, Tim Mason, stands close by, with wipers, sponge, and bottle in hand; there is a curious nervous twitching at the corners of his mouth, the lips are dry and parched, and two small red spots adorn each cheek.

Not so with our friend: he sits his noble animal with confidence, ease, and grace, and as cool as a cucumber. Spying out his faithful old servant, he said, 'What do you think of him, Tim?'

'Why, sir,' he called out, 'he's the best horse as was ever foaled; 'and if he don't beat that lot'—pointing with extreme contempt towards the line of horses—'Tim Mason knows nothing about it, 'and is jolly well d——d.'

The word is at last given, and at the first attempt the lot are off.

'They're off!' shouted the hoarse voice of thousands, and streaming along were some thirty gallant animals striving for the pride of place,—thousands, nay hundreds and hundreds of thousands, depending on the lucky animal that first caught the judge's eye.

The conspicuous colours of George Bradon—scarlet and white hoops—were in the extreme rear, but suddenly as they got into the grass land his grey took first place and made the pace a cracker.

'The grey in to pump the field,' muttered the sly-looking little man, to his neighbour.

'The fastest thing I have ever seen,' said another; 'by jingo, 'one, two, three down, and look, Bradon is taking quite a line of 'his own; by George, how well his horse jumps; it's a dead 'certainty.'

'So I think,' returned the other.

There is an awful tailing off now, the pace has told its tale; only eighteen or twenty are really in it; the dangerous brook and the double bank are passed, and the gallant grey who has set the field has shot his bolt.

'Well done, Harry,' cried George, as he passed him, 'well done, 'pull him.'

The great water jump in front of the Grand Stand is approached again. 'Here they come!' roared the multitude. 'Who's first?—

'Scarlet and white hoops,' cried the excited thousands,—'scarlet and 'white over the water first for money!'

George knowing the danger of a lot of horses, which he thought would be down at this, resolved to lead over it; dropping his hands a bit the gallant animal rushed to the front, a length or so, and there he was kept.

The water is approached, the excitement of the multitude is something fearful as they sway to and fro to catch a glimpse.

'Magnificent!' burst from thousands of throats, as Guardsman hopped over the formidable eighteen feet like a bird.

George turned slightly in his saddle to take stock. 'All safe but 'three,' he uttered; 'well that is more than I thought would get 'over. Now, old man, I must take a pull at you; you have only 'done part of the journey: I can't afford to pump you yet.'

'Guardsman has cut it,' shouted a hundred voices as the gallant horse was pulled back.

'The cowardly brute!' bawled another.

'Don't you believe it,' cried the sly-looking little man, in a shrill voice that was heard all over the place. 'I'll take three to one in 'thous, and do it twice, that Guardsman wins, or is placed.'

'Done,' said the pale, delicate youth; 'I'm on for twice;' and the pencils went to work.

There was but one opinion amongst the countless thousands that Guardsman was the best horse in the race, and that, bar accidents, he must win.

The field has become very select now; still what do remain in the chase go well.

The excitement is intense; men are gnawing their lips and nails; ladies are quivering with emotion and biting the tips of their delicate-coloured gloves.

Wild and staring eyes are everywhere; men eagerly grasp each other by the arm with a wild convulsive clutch as the horses clear each obstacle. Some stand stony and immovable, without the slightest appearance of interest; little is known of the fearful beatings of their hearts under that cold, calm exterior.

'Here they come!' said the crowd, as some eight or ten horses make the turn for home.

'Guardsman baked!' shouts the ring, as the horse is seen nearly last.

'The Irish horse wins for a thousand,' shouts out an over-excited speculator.

'Done,' says the sly-looking little man, and again the metallics are at work.

Lord Plunger looks on with a calm indifferent demeanour.

'By G—, Plunger,' said one of George's old messmates, with a scared countenance, 'Bradon is done; we shall all drop finely.'

'Wait!' was the quiet answer.

The last hurdle but one is taken, which the Irish horse jumps first; but what a change has taken place in the field! scarlet and

white hoops, instead of being nearly last, is hanging on the leading horse's quarters, and it is very patent to all those skilled in racing matters that from the manner Guardsman skimmed over the hurdle that the other horse was only permitted to lead on sufferance.

Turn where you will the same look of intense excitement is discernible on every countenance; the vast mass surges to and fro, the hoarse murmur of the frenzied multitude has something unearthly in it.

'The Irish horse wins,—Guardsman wins!' is shouted on all sides. The horses come up closely locked together: never moving on his horse Bradon sits as quiet as a statue, but the heels of the other horseman are at work; the whip arm is raised, but just as it is the strain on Guardsman's jaws is relaxed, and the noble horse without the slightest effort quits the other and is landed an easy winner by some half-dozen lengths.

'There,' said Lord Plunger, heaving a vast sigh, which seemed to relieve him immensely; 'did you ever see such a horse and such a 'bit of riding?'

His lordship is not calm now; there is a wild feverish light in his eyes; he trembles, too, slightly; a bright hectic spot is on either cheek, and the veins in his temples are swollen, and seem ready to burst as he takes off his hat to draw his hand across his clammy brow.

'Thank God!' he muttered, as he turned to meet his friend, who was returning to the weighing-stand, amidst such shouts as are seldom heard. Cheer after cheer rent the air.

'God bless you, old fellow!' said his lordship, as his friend passed him in the enclosure; 'there never was and never will be such a 'Silverpool again. I never bet another farthing; I'm square again.'

George is now dismounted. Taking the saddle off his noble favourite, as he has it on one arm he fondly and proudly pats his neck. Tim is standing at the horse's head, with a rein in each hand; tears are coursing down the old man's cheek. 'God spare you many years, 'sir!' said he to his master, who looked kindly at him; 'but never 'ride another race whilst I am alive; I can't bear it; one more day 'such as this would be my last.'

George entered the weighing-room. 'Guardsman, ten twelve,' said he, seating himself in the chair.

The clerk of the scales approached with book in hand and pencil in mouth, looking up to the dial for an instant said 'Right!'

Cheer after cheer rent the air again as he came out in his top-coat.

'For God's sake, George, come to the drag and have some 'champagne; I'm ready to faint,' said Lord Plunger, as he seized his arm.

'Come on, then,' returned Bradon; 'I'm thirsty, too; but just let 'me look to the horse and Tim first.'

But Tim had clothed the horses up, as he said the boxes were only a few paces off, and they would be better dressed there. As he

turned to follow Lord Plunger he was seized by a host of his old companions in arms, hoisted up, and carried to the drag on their shoulders.

'Bradon,' said Lord Plunger, after he had drained off a silver goblet of the sparkling wine, 'we have pulled out of this well, right 'well; for myself I have now done with betting and the Turf. I 'have been hit, and hard hit, but this *coup* more than squares me. 'I'll tempt the fickle goddess no more.'

'My decision you knew long ago,' returned his friend. 'This is 'my last appearance in public; I shall only hunt, and I think with 'such a horse as Guardsman I may be a first-flight man.'

His lordship and Bradon were ever afterwards only lookers-on at the few race meetings they attended, and here we must take leave of them.

In a snug little cottage close by Bradon Hall lives Tim Mason, now rather an infirm old man; still he looks after the stud as usual.

In his pretty little parlour, on a side table, stands two glass cases. Under one is a saddle, bridle, &c., in the other a satin racing jacket and cap—scarlet and white hoops,—it may easily be divined whose they were.

'They were only used once,' he would say, pointing them out to some friend who had dropped in to see him, 'only once; but they 'won a pot of money for my boy. Lord, you should have seen 'him ride and win that Silverpool—it was a sight for sore eyes, I can 'tell you. Never were two better horses than Guardsman and my 'grey. It's rather the ticket to see them in the field now; they're 'the best hunters as ever was foaled. The jolly set of muffs! I 'never see chaps took in as they was by us at the Silverpool. I 'don't think I ever laughed more than when I heard the duffers 'going about mad like. Come and look at the horse—he's a grand 'one. "But who is to ride him?" my noble jokers to their cost 'very soon found out "who did ride him."'

REVIEWS.*

William Dick occupied for a great number of years so important a position—that of Professor to the Edinburgh Veterinary College—and fulfilled the numerous and onerous duties of that position with such conspicuous success, and such commendable integrity, that when at a ripe old age he was gathered to his fathers, it was only natural his pupils and his numerous friends should ask for some lasting memorial of his public deeds and of his private worth. Hence the present volume, which consists of five hundred pages, made up for the most part of papers contributed to the veterinary journals by the Professor during his life-time. The writings are marked by sound knowledge of his subjects, and by sound sense in his treatment of them, and the charlatanism and claptrap by which many of the productions from the pens of

* 'Occasional Papers on Veterinary Surgery.' By Professor Dick, of Edinburgh. Blackwood and Sons: 1869. Pp. 501.

'Horses, how they ought to be Shod.' By William Haycock, veterinary surgeon. London: John Churchill and Sons. Pp. 52, with numerous plates and illustrations.

veterinary 'professors' are disfigured, are remarkably conspicuous by their absence. Of course there is an essay on the Foot of the Horse, with the inevitable illustration of the anatomy of the 'frog' and 'navicular' bone, for who ever took up a veterinary book or magazine without finding the familiar subject treated of in every variety of style? Though a subject on which we should have thought there was so little to be said in the way of novelty, every writer has his own particular notions of the nature of the various injuries to which the foot of the horse is liable, of their various causes, and has always an infallible panacea of his own by which alone their cure can be effected. But Mr. Dick's treatise was written many years ago, and was so exhaustive, that little was left for future commentators, though, to do them justice, they have tried their best to alter, improve, or 'tinker' up his notions, and in not a few cases have appropriated the Professor's views without acknowledgment. There is an essay 'On the Disease termed Navicular,' and another on 'Injuries of the Foot of the Horse.' Those of our readers who wish to become acquainted with Mr. Dick's views must refer to the original work, as it is impossible to condense those views within the limits of the present notice. There is also an important paper 'On the Influence of the Mind on Diseases of the Body,' the Professor chiefly illustrating his views by reference to that deplorably distressing disease, hydrophobia. We have only space to give one short extract, and we do so because it is very characteristic of the Professor's mode of practice, and contains a very ludicrous blunder. Mr. Stevenson, in a short sketch of the Professor, written just after his death, says:—'It is important to owners of horses and 'veterinary practitioners to know that Professor Dick usually prescribed small 'doses of medicine, and discountenanced the use of coloured lotions, draughts, '&c., which are to many veterinarians a source of considerable profit. Altera-'tive medicine to horses in good health he treated with scorn—sometimes 'remarking that when a horse is in good condition and health the administer-'ing of alterative bulls (*sic*) is wholly unnecessary, and is calculated to do harm!' We are of one opinion with the Professor, and we would fain hope—though we are hardly sanguine enough to believe—that his pupils pursued the same disinterested practice; and we would also further hope that the lofty principles which Mr. Dick inculcated in his discourses and lectures sank deep into the minds of his pupils, and become those on which they will hereafter be guided in their professional calling.

The second book on our list is a handsome little brochure, and if not very original—for we think we have read most of the suggestions before—it is eminently practical; and let us also say the suggestions are practicable and desirable, which most of the innovations in the art of shoeing horses are not. But we fear the author is casting pearls before swine; the farriers, to whom such large powers and privileges are entrusted, are too pig-headed and too self-opinionated to learn anything of their own art, which they are stolid enough to believe is, in *their* hands, almost perfect; but the result is that they lame, maim, and weaken tens of thousands of horses every year. We have seen so much earnestness, so much enthusiasm, so much good advice wasted upon them, that we now utterly despair of their being taught anything. But owners of horses are made of different material; their fault chiefly consists of supineness in allowing the farriers to do as they like. If owners would only possess themselves of this little treatise, or one of Major Fitz-Wygram's, of which we have previously spoken, some time ago, and master its contents, they would be convinced that they are now on the wrong track, and they would insist upon having their horses shod upon a system which must commend itself to the understanding of any one who will take the pains to investigate it. Nor is it more expensive or difficult of adoption than the bungling barbarism at present in vogue. But smiths and farriers will never learn it unless pressure be put upon them.

OXFORD AND HARVARD.

Oxford won by four lengths—was the verdict of the Judge on Friday last, and looking back at the conditions of the challenge originally sent by the gallant Collegians of Harvard, and remembering also their recent doings on the Thames, we cannot be surprised at the result, though sentiment naturally impels us to a blind confidence in the prowess of our visitors, whom fortune would surely not permit to return unrewarded. To insure the fulfilment of the match, Harvard had, in fact, yielded the one vital point in which she had an advantage—that of steering; and in doing so showed herself a worthy school of what we may call, if not British, at least Saxon pluck. Our present object, however, is less to recall the origin of the match than briefly to review its progress from the arrival of the Americans at Putney, to the final spin to Mortlake on Friday, the 27th August. From first to last the Americans were at a disadvantage. *Imprimis*, they had yielded the point of self-steering, in which they had, it may be reasonably presumed, superior skill from constant practice; then, on their arrival at Putney, they soon learnt that their boat was vastly inferior to English models, and wisely they gave Salter, Jewitt, and Clasper, the best known builders of the country, a trial, as well as setting their American builder, Elliot, who accompanied them, to work at a boat which, though, as stated by their spokesman, Mr. W. Blaikie, built upon lines identical with others previously used in America, is certainly far more like our ideas of a racing four than the boat originally used by them at Putney. Continuous change from one craft to another must have been most prejudicial; and the uncertainty which existed up to the day of the race, whether Jewitt's or Elliot's handiwork should be used, served to unsettle the men, who had no time to get accustomed to one particular boat—an item generally considered of some importance. All this was, under the circumstances, inevitable, but it helped to weigh the balance against the Harvard chance. As for the style of rowing, in which many judges consider no small change has been made since their arrival, while Harvard itself disdains the imputation, our vote is for the plaintiff, and we fancy Harvard, though imperceptibly to themselves, has, from conversation with and observation of London men, with whom they have been in constant intercourse, caught something of the English style, though they may not have been successful in adopting the most salient and vital features. During their practice, whatever their faults to an English eye, they have shown themselves gluttons at work, and we had ample opportunities for observing the magnificent *physique* of all the six who in turn represented Harvard on the Thames. It puzzled us much when Bass was removed, but the authorities, we trust, knew more than we did, and certainly had better opportunities of judging.

Of the Oxford crew we have less to say, as their collective merits

are sufficiently well known, and individual failings are not a pleasant subject. Every one had confidence in their strength, courage, and practice; and though we dispute the assertion that they form *the* finest crew ever seen, we are still the last to deny them to be *a* very fine one. If there was less interest felt in them than in the Harvard men, it was because they offered fewer opportunities for conjecture. No one could doubt that, whether Willan or Woodhouse rowed bow, they would be a tough lot to 'wire,' and excepting the mild joys of a dispute on the relative merits of those two oars, and the possibility of the cox. not turning out a second Tottenham, there was nothing to think about in connection with the affair. Mr. T. Hughes, M.P., was chosen referee, and Sir Aubrey Paul, judge, while, in the manner now exploded even in professional races, each side had an umpire, Mr. J. W. Chitty, representing Oxford, and Mr. F. S. Gulston, captain of the London Rowing Club, doing duty for Harvard. Fortunately for the interests of sport and the character of the Thames, their duties were a sinecure.

As the critical time arrived, and the two crews paddled to the starting-post, the crowds on the banks surged to and fro to catch a glimpse of the men. The weather was fine, and everything favourable for a satisfactory race. Oxford aroused much premature excitement by taking a preliminary spin soon after four o'clock, and again they were first afloat. Harvard won the toss, and on going to station were loudly cheered by the spectators. Mr. Lord, of the Thames Conservancy, was up and down in a screw, and, aided by the river police, the course was well cleared as the crews got into position. Mr. Blaikie, secretary of the Harvard University Boat Club, who was starter, gave the word at a quarter past five, and Harvard showed in front at once, leading by half a length at the Duke's Head, and a length at the London Boat House, rowing a much faster stroke than Oxford, who by comparison seemed half asleep. Dark Blue, however, held their men, and a little higher, by the top of the cricket-field, drew nearly level; but Harvard was away again, and getting the turn at the point led by a length at the Grass Wharf. This was increased at the Crab Tree, and Oxford seemed likely to be tailed as they were by Cambridge in '65, when the race was much of the same character as the present one. Nearing the Soap Works Oxford crept up, and the Yankees, steering wide through the bridge, were overlapped as they passed under. Harvard was not done yet, however, and, close pressed by the Blues, kept in front to past the Oil Mills. Chiswick Eyot was again the critical point for Oxford, who here got on terms with their men, and, though slowly, surely went away, drawing well clear at the Church, until rounding towards Barnes they increased the lead at every stroke. The race was now over, Harvard, though manifestly distressed and somewhat unsteady, sticking to their work with thorough gameness, but with no prospect of changing the fortunes of the day. At Barnes Bridge Oxford led by four lengths, which would have been more at the finish but for the antics of the eternal

'duffer in a gig,' who, on this occasion accompanied by, let us hope, the future dufferess, got in their way near the Ship, and again reduced their lead to four lengths. Time 22 min. 21 sec. on a poor tide.

OXFORD.

	st.	lb.
F. Willan, *Exeter*	11	10
A. C. Yarborough, *Lincoln*	12	2
J. C. Tinné, *University*	13	8
D. Darbishire, *Balliol* (stroke)	11	6
J. H. Hall, *Corpus* (cox.)	7	2

HARVARD.

J. S. Fay, *Boston*	11	1
F. O. Lyman, *Hawaian Islands*	11	1
W. H. Simmons, *Concord*	12	2
A. P. Loring, *Boston* (stroke)	11	0
A. Burnham, *Chicago* (cox.)	7	10

YACHTING AND ROWING.

The Isle of Wight Meeting was this season more brilliant than ever, and assuredly the faces and costumes were, some of them, enough to inspire eloquence in a very Chadband. We must, however, leave such details to better qualified scribes, and content ourselves with a superficial glance at the month's Sport, which has been almost incessant, so decided is the increase in the popularity of yachting. The Cowes week opened auspiciously with a great entry for the Queen's Cup, amongst others the Guinevere, Aline, Egeria, Arrow, Vanguard, Psyche, and Pantomime. It was scarcely Queen's weather, though her Majesty was present during the day, as a good deal of rain fell, and about three P.M. a violent squall came on. During the race there was a fresh S.W. breeze, and the race, which lay between the Guinevere, Aline, and Egeria, was a very pretty one, as the Guinevere, though she led almost from the start, had to give all the fleet time, so that speculation was rife as to who would take the trophy. Mr. Mulholland proved the lucky man, and the Egeria has thus won the great prize twice, besides several seconds. The Vanguard, which made excellent weather alongside the larger craft, was second counting allowances, and only missed the Cup by something under a minute. The next day's cutter race had over a dozen entries, and nine started, the Condor, Seabird (Comte de Monceau), Julia, Arrow, Oimara, Christabel, Vanguard, Volante, and Hirondelle. The last carried away her topmast during the race, just as the breeze, S.W., was freshening a trifle. Condor, Seabird, and Oimara led the way, but neither had gained their allowance on the Arrow, which getting her pet wind as they neared home, kept within her time, and took the prize by something under a minute. The Town Cup secured an enormous entry, of whom over a dozen came to the start, including the Arrow, Alarm, Aline, Condor, Cambria, Flying Cloud, Egeria, Julia, Pantomime, Volante, and Vanguard. They started in a light chopping N.W. wind, which, however, freshened as the day drew on. Arrow and Julia had at one time a long lead, but the latter fell away, and there was some pretty sailing between the big schooners, Cambria and

Aline, and the cutters Oimara and Condor. Aline gained tremendously in the running, but Mr. Chamberlayne's clipper held her own at the last, and won again, giving away heaps of time, and showing the way nearly all through. The squadron prizes for schooners and yawls brought out the Aline, Alarm, Egeria, Cambria, Guinevere, and Pantomime, in a light breeze from the northward, which afterwards shifted easterly. Those old rivals, Aline and Cambria, made a pretty race, and the Alarm at one time led the squadron, but something going wrong fell third again, and Aline and Cambria took the prizes. This was the last of the squadron matches, and the annual regatta ball brought the Cowes week to a satisfactory conclusion, the usual list of matches re-sailed being fortunately missing.

The R. V. Y. C.'s programme commenced with the Vice-Commodore's prize, for which twenty-five vessels of various rigs were entered, but owing to the stupidity of some of Mr. Brett's men on board the Clutha, Condor and Guinevere came into collision, and sustained considerable damage, both being of course obliged to withdraw from the race. The starters included the offending Clutha, the Condor, Cambria, Aline, Julia, Marina, Ferida (Marquis of Drogheda), Pantomime, and Psyche. There was a strong N.W. wind, and the big cutters, Oimara and Condor, showed their sterns to the Cambria, Aline, and the rest of the fleet, several of whom, however, were too far astern to have a good view. Later in the day Cambria overhauled Condor, and getting within her time of the leader, took the first prize, Oimara the second. A third, given by Mr. Schneider, for schooners that had never won a fifty pound prize, went to the Marquis of Drogheda. The Town Cup secured another enormous entry, most of the well-known vessels engaged in the Vice-Commodore's Plate, and many others, putting in an appearance. Fiona had a southerly station and the best of the start, but, with her usual luck, something smashed—in this instance it was a topsail yard—and later in the day repeated the identical performance. After an infinity of changes, Oimara, Aline, and Egeria were first home, the latter winning by time allowance. For the Commodore's Cup, the Aline, Cambria, Condor, Egeria, Marina, Pantomime, and several other famous vessels were entered; but the Cambria was *hors de combat*, and others declined the contest for various reasons, so the race lay between the Aline, Condor, Egeria, Pantomime, and Volante. There was a light N.W. breeze, which freshened later on. Condor led the way at first, but a westerly shift of wind let up Aline and Egeria, and afterwards a gust splitting her big jib, she was quite out of it, as she gave time to all her companions. Aline led for the rest of the day, but never got beyond her allowance to Egeria, and Mr. Mulholland's beauty accordingly scored another win. This concluded the Royal Victoria's list, which was well supported from first to last. A terrible accident occurred during the week to Mr. Cornelius Grinnell, of New York, a gentleman well known to numerous English yachtsmen, and especially to those who have visited New York, where his frank hospitality will be long remembered by them. Mr. Grinnell's room had windows to the floor, and doubtless forgetting there was no balcony, he opened the window and stepped out to call back a friend who had just left the house, and falling to the ground, was killed on the spot.

The Royal Albert, who hoist their flag at Southsea, commenced with a Corinthian match for small craft, which fell to Captain Hamond's Dudu. The Albert Cup for cutters was competed for by Arrow, Volante, Fiona, Vanguard, and Muriel; wind light until towards evening, S.E., which died away to nothing. The Arrow led until the breeze collapsed, when the

others came up, and after a tedious day the match ended by the whole fleet getting home within eight minutes of each other, Muriel, though last in, taking the prize through her allowance. There were sundry protests, but all were dismissed. A similar race for schooners had three entries, but only the Flying Cloud started, and Count Batthyany scored a bloodless victory. The Town Cup, for which there was a capital entry, had to be resailed, being overtimed on the first day, and after nearly eight hours' sailing, Fiona beat Arrow by an hour, and won easily.

We are rather full against the word *International*, but suppose it must be used in speaking of the race for the Emperor's prize, from Cherbourg to the Isle of Wight and back, as American, French, and English yachts were engaged in it. France was represented by Comte de Sesmaisons's Mystère, and the Diane (M. Benoit-Champy), America by the Dauntless (Commodore Bennett, N. Y. Y. C.), while the English contingent consisted of the Guinevere, Egeria, and Shark (Duke of Rutland), all schooners. There was a fair northerly breeze as they got away to a flying start. Guinevere and Egeria held the lead throughout, the Yankee, with an enormous spread of canvas, taking third place, in spite of a delay caused by her foretopmast coming down with a run. On rounding the Nab Light, Diane was fourth, Mystère next, and Stork gave up and made for Cowes. The run back made no change in the order, Guinevere winning by nearly three hours, Egeria, Dauntless, and the French vessels following.

The rowing community has been hard at work, and there seems every prospect of renewed vitality, as, apart from the Harvard-Oxford race, which is discussed in 'another place,' there will probably be a trial of skill between the professional talent of the two countries. Walter Brown and J. Tyler have just arrived from America with the intention of rowing a pair-oared race against any men in England, and Brown is matched to scull the Champion on the London course—a meeting which will produce vast excitement.

Regattas have been numerous enough all over the country. Many of them secured excellent sport. At Staines the chief excitement resulted from the fours, when Eton met London, who had two of their crack four in the boat, while the so-called 'boys,' about eleven stone apiece, had the pick of their fine Henley eight. Nevertheless, London were most fancied, but Eton went grandly, and though outpaced at the start collared their men, and after a ding-dong race, won by a length. Tewkesbury keeps up its name, and had a very strong card. The chief race was for fours, and fell to the John-o'-Gaunt crew from Lancaster, who, it may be remembered, did so respectably at the Metropolitan Regatta. Chillingworth of the Twickenham Club won the sculls, and Nadin and Lathbury, who have some provincial fame, the pairs. Some minor affairs filled up the programme, and altogether there was a capital day's sport. Windsor and Eton Regatta was again a mere local affair, and it seems a pity that the authorities do not take example by Staines, and inaugurate a nice little meeting, barring, if they like, the crack men of the year, without confining their offers to such very local talent. Doggett's Coat, the time-honoured farce of the beginning of August, was as usual, the customary proportion of the aspirants getting all but swamped, and G. Wright, of Bermondsey, led throughout, and proved the winner.

Barnes Regatta, which, from its prestige and the general excellence of the arrangements, may be reckoned the chief feature on the tidal part of the Thames, fully maintained its character; and though London was not opposed by their ancient opponents of Kingston, for the Challenge Cup, the Thames and North London Clubs had a good struggle in the trial heat, which the

former won. The final was less satisfactory, as Thames from the best station bored London all the way down, and a trifling foul occurred; at the bridge London, who held a slight advantage, made for the Middlesex arch, and the others giving them barely room to pass, the result was another foul, and appeals to the referee, who told them to row again, which, under the circumstances, was a very reasonable decision, as, granting that London were out of their water at the bridge, the others were equally so nearly all the way down, so that on the principle that the first foul is the decisive one, the Thames rather than the London would be put out of it by a strict adherence to the oft-quoted, and little-understood 'laws of boat-racing.' The Thames stroke announced their refusal to start, and after a short delay London rowed over. There was a most unseemly exhibition of feeling on the part of sundry outsiders at this conclusion, and loud, contradictory, and idiotic were the arguments (?) adduced to prove the blackness of white, and of the umpire. With the exception of this episode, the sport passed off satisfactorily. Senior Sculls went to J. G. Chambers, who, having disposed of Gulston and Chillingworth in his trial, won the final easily from Gibbons, whose heat with Lowe was a very tight fit, Lowe giving way several times in the most liberal manner. Juniors showed a promising man in F. Ommanney, who rowed down all his opponents with comparative ease. Junior Fours fell to the West London, whose crew was well together, and had good pace; and a new race for Junior Pairs showed some neat watermanship on the part of Catty and A. Mares, who won solely from that fact, the Ino pair, as at Staines, keeping a most eccentric course, which culminated in a visit to the bank. Senior Pairs were a walk-over for Ryan and Gulston, and scratch races, in which the Harvard men took part, finished the day's amusements.

The Regatta at Burton-on-Trent secured fair entries, including several Cambridge men; but the management require new lights as to the meaning of gentleman amateur, or they would scarcely have taken all the entries they did for the Senior Sculls, or, having inadvertently done so, would have returned the entrance fee to doubtfully qualified persons. It is, we submit, not necessary for other competitors to protest; a Committee should consider it an important feature in their duties to ascertain, where possible, that all persons entering are duly qualified. These remarks apply to many provincial meetings, where the Committee are in a sweet state of fog as to who is or is not qualified as a gentleman amateur. At a recent regatta at Bala Lake, a Worcester crew, whose claims to rank as gentlemen amateurs were of the feeblest, entered for the fours, but in consequence of a protest they declined to start. In the Canoe Race, too, something similar occurred, and the individual being disqualified for accidentally passing his buoy on the wrong side a collection was made for him, which he received with due acknowledgment. This is the *reductio ad absurdum* of rowing qualification, and probably the first instance known of silver salve being applied with success to the wounded feelings of an amateur oarsman, though we are used to the hat going round after a professional race. Barring these eccentricities, the Bala Lake Regatta was a great success. Crofts had but one opponent for the sculls, two for pairs, three for fours, and landing all three events, his party had a tolerably good time of it. A coracle race was a novelty for south-country visitors, who had no cause to complain of a lack of hospitality.

The Thames Regatta, though shorn of some of its ancient glories, secured the best entries seen for years, as well as the best men in the country, Renforth, Kelley, Sadler, Hammerton, J. Taylor, Cook, and other minor lights

being among the competitors. The policy of choosing Saturday and Monday as the two days appears questionable, but we suppose the Committee had some good reason for the selection. The sums offered are very handsome, but we think the scullers have too much the best of it, to the prejudice of pairs and fours. It is of course necessary and desirable to attract the Champion, and best scullers to enter, but the pairs are generally, and notably were last year, a most exciting race—far more so than the sculls, where, bar violent accidents, it is only level money against placing the three winners in order. The pairs, however, are well treated compared with fours, though in both these cases the second and third money seems inadequate, and might be judiciously increased by taking a trifle from the scullers' prizes. In the sculls, Sadler and Kelley had each easy work in their heats, though the beginning of Sadler's caused a little excitement, Boyd of Newcastle, a powerful but clumsy sculler, dashing away at the start, and leading for nearly a mile. In the final there was a splendid race for a mile, Kelley leading at Simmons's, Sadler catching him at the Point, and finally Renforth taking command at the Grass Wharf. The affair was now over, Sadler saving himself for the fours, and merely paddling over for third money. The pairs displayed some wretched watermanship, for which we could find no excuse, as there was no side-wind to send the boat's head round, as often occurs on the Putney water. Durham (Newby and Marshall), spoilt their chance by fouling Chambers and Thompson (Newcastle), and in the next heat the Matfins were disqualified for running right across Kilsby and Coombes, whom they could manifestly beat easily. The third heat, between Taylor and Winship, and Kelley and Cook, also produced a foul, but the north countrymen were declared to be in the right, as well as first past the post. The final caused another collision between Kilsby and Thompson, giving Taylor a commanding lead, which he kept, the Londoners, though finishing last, getting second money. The Fours, with six crews, were of course divided into heats. The first fell to the Clyde men, who rowed clumsily, and with a short quick stroke, which gave them immense pace, though how they maintained it was a mystery. Durham spoiled their chance by bad steering, and the Putney lads were hopelessly out of it. The second trial, between Sadler's and the two Newcastle crews, was a close affair (as were the others) down from Chiswick. At Hammersmith Sadler was more than clear, and went away, but Renforth, in spite of awful steering, drew up, and below Craven Point led by half a length. Here, however, the river was crowded with boats, and some duffers got in the way. The Thames men, cleverly steered, again got level, and went ahead. Renforth came again, with a splendid rush on the post, but the others did as good, and won by less than a length. The final was a hollow affair; the Calderheads went away with a rush, but were soon collared, and Sadler won easily. Renforth was so disgusted with the result of the fours that he challenged the Londoners to row again for 100*l.* a-side or more; but we do not hear that anything has come of it. Young Griffiths, of Wandsworth, won the Coat and Badge race, which concluded a most excellent Regatta, the most noticeable points of which lay in the bad steering. The routes chosen in the pairs were in most cases vile, and scarcely what we should have expected from first class north-countrymen, most of whom were not *débutants* on the London water. As for the fours, it is sheer idiocy to sacrifice their chance of 100*l.* for the sake of a few pounds in the coxswain's weight; and we hope that next year the crews will have profited by experience, and that the obstructive duffers aforesaid may be undergoing penal servitude, or, at any rate, absent.

'OUR VAN.'

The Invoice.—August Annotations.

AUGUST is without exception the most Sporting Month in the Calendar, for it is Sacred to The Grouse, to Regattas, to the Canterbury Week, to Horse and Archery Shows, Pigeon shooting, Scientific gatherings, as well as Provincial Racing. So that constant employment has been found for all classes of persons who wish to tear themselves away from the cares of business, and mingle in the pleasures of the outer world, and who may be described as knowing so well what to eat, drink, and avoid. Seldom has a month passed away so free from sensational events as August, and if it had not been for the trip made by the Dowager Lady Ailesbury at Cowes, the Sporting Papers one week would have been absolutely barren of incident. The establishment of Foreign Agencies has at length been established, and henceforth Boulogne, of which Albert Smith has sung—

> 'Beautiful Boulogne! we laud thee in song,
> Home of the stranger, who has done something wrong,'

is to be the central point for the receipt of Financial operations respecting the English Turf. And it is said that the Ministry had some knowledge of the existence of such a plan when they purchased the Electric Wires of the various companies, because they foresaw the vast accession of business they would have by the commissions of the backers of horses for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire. Glasgow, with its Free Kirk and its Sabbath-schools, and which is so celebrated for its commercial morality, has also been fixed upon as a rallying-point for backers to fall back upon, without having the fear of Sir Thomas Henry or Mr. Poland before their eyes. So there is hope yet for the supporters of horses, and those who wish to get on 'dead uns,' for the means of doing so are afforded them at a very small extra expense. And the names of the Firms who put forth these advantages are ample guarantees for the proper execution of all orders entrusted to them. It is somewhat fortunate for intending investors that Paris and Boulogne, to which place the Agencies have hitherto been confined, are as healthy as London or Manchester, and the same security for both life and property exists in both places. But we confess we should not care to invest our capital in Sierra Leone, where it is said an Enterprising Firm are about to establish an office, because we could not reckon on the existence of the Members of the Society from mail to mail, for 'Yellow 'Jack' might sweep off every one of them, and leave their books to the tender mercies of their executors, administrators, and assigns. Therefore we would recommend our readers to have nothing to do with agents beyond a reasonable distance, or with parties whose position is not a guarantee for the performance of duties they have undertaken to perform. Mr. William Wright, who has been styled the Reuter of the English Press, and whose telegrams have brought joy as well as sorrow into many a household, has sailed for the United States to study its Institutions, and try and discover whether Free Trade in speculation on horse-racing is permitted by the New York legislature. And if he were to initiate our Transatlantic brethren into the mysteries of the List business, the New World will owe him a debt of gratitude it will be almost impossible to repay.

The exigencies of the Printing Interest, which are as potent as the laws of the Medes and Persians, compelled us to omit all notice of Goodwood last month, and therefore, at the risk of being considered a day after the fair, we

will reproduce some of its principal features, in order to render our Racing Calendar complete. 'The Sussex Fortnight,' which commences at Brighton, Chichester, Worthing, and Bognor simultaneously, and ends at Lewes, is remarkable for bringing into that county the whole of the Sporting Element in England. And during that time the racing education of the natives is sedulously attended to, while their rents and taxes are paid by the Members of the Ring, who especially favour Brighton with their patronage, and make it first favourite of all the Watering Places on the coast. But we must plead guilty to entertaining the idea, that Goodwood has seen its best day as a Race Meeting, although it still retains its pre-eminence over all other meetings as a fashionable gathering. But the Stakes are all so antique and obsolete that no subscribers can be found for them, and the fields consequently scarcely exceeded those of the primitive days of Egham, and the favourites carried all before them. Still the prices of the Ring were so short, that the backers may be said to have licked their honey off thorns. The first event on the card, the Craven, was invested with more than the usual interest attached to Weight for Age Races, as it brought together those old opponents Blue Gown and Vespasian, who had a score to rub off. The Derby winner was in receipt of three pounds for the couple of years Vespasian was giving him. The partisans of each horse stood up bravely for their pet, and the betting was heavy and animated, the cherry being if anything the favourite colour. The race was worthy of the distinguished pair, for at the finish, the barest of heads divided them, that of Blue Gown having the advantage, solely through the physical power of Wells in bringing his horse up at the last moment. And as old John Day was wont to exclaim in his emphatic manner *Both jockeys rode well!* It was the opinion of many, that Blue Gown had gone off, but he ran with as much gameness and determination as he had done in all his races; but he certainly looked stones lighter than he did in October, and the subsequent running of Vespasian in the course of the week greatly enhances the merits of his victory. The Lavant which came next, was as interesting to racing men, as regards the future, as the Craven had been illustrative of the past, for it brought before us Sunshine, one of the crack two-year olds and Derby favourites, the Basquine filly, on whom the Prior division were as sweet as sugar-candy, and the Eglantine filly, on whom the disciples of Sir Joseph Hawley pinned their faith, so it seems there were three great stables represented in the Ring. Again the issue was in favour of the favourite, who came, what they call 'a hopper all the way,' and was finally magnificently squeezed in a head in front of her very disagreeable neighbour the Basquine filly, but if the distance had been three-quarters of a mile, instead of half a mile, we should have seen more of Sunshine, as she evidently requires a distance of ground to extend herself. Although she ran in bandages, Mr. Merry's mare looked very well in her coat, and as staying is plainly her forte, she will prove in all probability a useful mare to Mr. Merry, and make up to him for the Belladrum failure. Although it was the end of July, one would have imagined it to have been Midsummer Day, from the style in which backers supported the Hermione colt, who, to the great satisfaction of the Ring, just got done a neck by Siderolite, whom Sir Joseph backed quietly to win a good stake. The Stewards' Cup, which is in the nature of a Consolation Scramble, was next placed on the telegraph, giving the amateur handicappers a rare opportunity of displaying their talents. As usual there were as many 'pots' as are to be seen in a mess kitchen, the majority of which boiled over. The favourites were Bramridge, who was reported to have cleaned out all Cliffe's lot, Amaranthe, erroneously said to be better than

Perfume, Adelaide, the best of Mr. Payne's lot, and Fichu, who was said to be the same animal as Martinique at seven stone. This idea was scouted the instant it was promulgated, nor was it believed to be true until he was seen cantering in at half speed in front of the whole field, when the truth of his statement, which he promulgated far and wide, was made. Of course people then regretted their incredulity, particularly as poor Charles Peck, not having a large balance to his credit at his Bankers, could not go on backing him for ever, so he declined to the very remunerative price of 100 to 8, which was continually bawled in our ears in the Ring, like the last dying speech and confession of a malefactor. The Cup, which was a handsome ornament for the Dinner Table, was disposed of by Peck immediately afterwards to the manufacturers, Messrs. Hancock, of Bond Street, for the full value, which made the Stake a pretty good one, and worth standing at Weatherby's to anybody's credit. The reason assigned by Peck for this line of conduct was very creditable. As he said, that as dinners *à la Ruste* were not the style of entertainment he was in the habit of indulging his friends with, and that as his cook's *forte* was only roasting and boiling, and he was not accustomed to have flowers on his dining-table, or sideboard, the money would be more useful to him than the Cup, which accordingly went back to the place from whence it came. Fordham, by his fine riding, got the ancient Salliet, who is always an annual favourite for this event, into the second place, and Belphegor was third. Hermit looked as handsome as a picture, and galloped as strong as a lion, but in the race he broke a blood-vessel, and Custance very properly pulled him instantly; and in all human probability the pair will never be seen in public again. The Annesley Stakes was one of the most amusing burlesques ever seen on a racecourse, as Blueskin by his antics reduced the distance to St. Ronan's length, and just got done a head by him, to the entire satisfaction of Messrs. J. B. Morris, Steel, and Co., who took the odds of 5 to 1 that were laid on Blueskin with avidity. The Ham showed us a lamentable falling-off in the fields compared to those which it produced in the original days of its grandeur, as only a couple could be mustered for it; but as one of these consisted of Kingcraft, and the other of Sunlight, we were told that quality must make amends for quantity. Of the race, we will only say that the issue justified the betting, which of course was in favour of Lord Falmouth's horse, who if he does not run again this season will have left off with an unimpaired reputation. The Rous Stakes, it was generally expected, would have been walked over for by Rupert, but when Cracovienne was pulled out to oppose him, on the strength of having beaten Scottish Queen in a trial, a slight fraction of interest was infused into their coming together. But Rupert had it all his own way like the famous bull in the china shop, and won easily by a length and a half. And so ended the first day's sport. The second, or Stakes day, produced a rather larger show of company, but the fields were still of the limited liability order, and barring the Goodwood Stakes, there was not a single item of interest in the card, which so far from being preserved, was thrown away in disgust, as the afternoon begun and ended in a walk over. The Goodwood Stakes brought out a rather moderate field, both as regards numbers and quality, and although Starter had not been regularly tried, owing to the hardness of the ground, he had been roughed up sufficiently to give William Day a taste of his quality. Adolphus, with the *prestige* of Lord Frederick, carried all the money in Kent on his back, and there would indeed have been a Kentish Fire of cheers had he pulled through. Although he had to give way at last to the demonstrations in favour of War and Robespierre, he was as firm as the late

Duke of Wellington in his place. Storm King, who had been whispered about as the coming horse, again disappointed the hopes of Wantage, and instead of being the mountain he was represented to be, he turned out to be a regular molehill, running like a hack, and regarded as such by the public. And we fear that the Squire of that village, which has been immortalized by the doings of a Clothworker, a Weathergage, and a Blondin, has lost the reputation for cunning, which his right hand at one time had acquired, and he must live on the reputation of the past instead of the future. Alpenstock's friends stuck to him till the last, and although the weight was a crusher, they calculated the Rataplan blood in his veins would pull him through. Robespierre looked as fit as a fiddle, while War was turned out as John Scott alone can turn out a racehorse when business is meant with him. Judge looked like a racing pony, and The Starter had evidently the Dulcibella polish put on him in abundance, and the money put on him at the break up of the Ring would have filled a baggage waggon. At starting, Judge took the lead, and rattled the whole squadron along like the old Hero used to do in the days of his glorious Cup career, and led them along until they had got into the straight, where the War was ended, and Judge's jockey, finding he had done his duty to his leader, The Starter, resigned at once in his favour, and the race was never in doubt afterwards, the favourite walking in, and he evidently could have done so with another stone on his back. Miss Gratwicke struggled up into the second place, which is a favourite position with that lady, while the Member for Kent got the third place that was at the disposal of Mr. Clark. A hollower affair was never seen, and it must have cheered Lord Zetland to have heard how two of Voltigeur's stock distinguished themselves so much as Starter and Judge. The latter of whom was, before the termination of the Meeting, purchased by Sir Frederick Johnstone and Mr. Gerard Sturt for 'a monkey,' for the sake of amusement. And so ended the Goodwood Stakes, which has never before been won by an animal that had not previously won a Plate of any value, but of whom the public, for some unexplained reason, had entertained the most extraordinary views, which no Stable Management coul induce them to change. The Drawing Room Stakes, which is one of the standard Stakes of the Meeting, went to Rupert, whose owner is almost as old as the race itself; and after Ryshworth had been good-natured enough to win a Three Hundred Sovereign Stake from a trio of very bad animals the correct card of the day was finished, and the dissatisfied spectators had permission to return to their respective quarters. The Cup Day was like what Cup Days usually are, brilliant in the extreme, and the *modistes* of Paris and London had a fine opportunity for the display of their toilettes, which were in marvellous good taste, and in the opinion of first-rate judges, they would have beaten those of Longchamps and the Prater at Vienna in a canter. Some disgust was expressed at the bad taste exhibited by a few of the sterner sex having introduced certain members of the demi-monde into the Lawn Inclosure, which has hitherto been held sacred to the Duke of Richmond's private party, and the more respectable portion of the community. Their appearance, which was strongly condemned, excited great curiosity, and their inventories were taken like those of a new Singer in the Haymarket, for it is not often that Belgravia and Mayfair have the chance given them of scrutinising the heroines of the minor drama, and the Belles of Cremorne and the Alhambra, who if they could have heard the remarks that were made upon their admission into the magic circle, they would have confined their presence to the box of the Cavalry Drags below the railings, and not have ventured where honest

women feared almost to tread. It has been contended, we observe, that the Duke of Richmond should exclude such persons who have made themselves notorious by warring against Society from his Park. But as the racecourse is to all intents and purposes a public one, such a power would be a dangerous one to exercise, and might lead to serious consequences; for Capt. Valentine would not like the responsibility to rest on his shoulders, and it would never do to place the veto of admission in the hands of the checktakers, who are, without exception, the most wooden-headed mortals created by Providence from China to Peru, so we must leave the remedy to Society, which should work its own cure, and which we trust it will do ere the next Anniversary sets in. But if the Duke winked at the presence of the fair and frail, he was determined that the Park should not be a place of resort for Defaulters of the worst class, and he accordingly revived a very salutary rule of Lord George Bentinck's, for the special purpose of convincing the Little Plunger that honesty in all transactions of life is the best policy. It seems that about a twelvemonth back there arose in the Sporting World a young man whose aim seemed to be the extremely amiable one of breaking the Ring. He betted in nothing but hundreds hardly, and turned up his nose at a pony or tenner as utterly beneath his notice and not worth writing in his betting-book. In appearance he was little better than a dwarf, and scarcely stood higher than sixpennyworth of halfpence. But large as were his wagers, the Ring had their suspicions of him, for they blackballed him at the Victoria Club, under the impression that he would go up like a rocket and come down like a stick. Nor were they wrong in their conclusions, for in a short time it began to be whispered that the party in question was short. However, such occurrences are not uncommon, as men cannot raise money in an instant, as Bankers are cautious in making advances to customers engaged in racing speculations; so little was thought of what was then deemed a temporary default. However, he never 'parted,' and his terms were refused by his creditors, who looked to the chance of his winning a stake for the settlement of his account. Still time wore on, and nothing was done in the matter, until Mr. George Angell strolling down the course for a glass of claret cup, came across our hero, and asked him when he meant to pull out what he owed him—a not very unnatural inquiry considering how long the debt had been due. To which he replied by requesting Mr. Angell would immediately take a ticket for a place, which we can only describe as being of a singularly warm temperature, but paved with good intentions, and he added that if Mr. Angell had only run his 'sanguinary Platers' straight, he the Little Plunger would have broken the 'sanguinary Ring.' Now we all know that Mr. Angell is one of the most respectable owners of horses on the Turf, both in manners, dress, and demeanour—that his waistcoats are as white as the mainsail of a yacht, and his neckties as faultless as if he came into the world with them on—and that his horses are not in the habit of dropping their anchors, even when the weather is misty as at Brighton and Lewes. Therefore this taunt was more than he could bear, and searching out Capt. Valentine, he requested him instantly to put in force Lord George Bentinck's almost defunct law against defaulters, which he immediately did, by ordering a couple of policemen to escort this Little Plunger off the Duke's property, with a hint that if he was found there again he would in all probability remain in Sussex until after the decision of the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire. So the Tittlebat Titmouse took the hint, and retired into that obscurity from which he ought never to have emerged. And Mr. Angell having seen his Notice of Ejectment served, returned to the Ring, and backed Cornet for a monkey,

which partially had the effect of restoring his tranquillity of mind. Anything more deplorable than the racing could not be imagined, most of the events were merely matches, and no one talked about anything but the Cup, which was deemed to be as great a certainty for Brigantine, as the Stakes had been beforehand for Starter. Although there were rumours of a big joint, the Stakes men laid 9 to 4 on the Ascot Cup winner, to ride which, Cannon had reduced himself to a threadpaper, while Baron Rothschild, who aims at Cups, had Restitution specially prepared for it, and he certainly looked fit to run for the great House which rules the Finance of the World. Robespierre and Rupert went for the offchance, and although the Ring were very anxious to write their names, we never heard of an opportunity being given them of doing so. Strange to say, however, Fortune did not smile upon Woodyates, for Brigantine suffered the others to get such a lead of her, that it was evident she could never overtake them; and Restitution and Blueskin, persevering in their struggle to the end, the Baron's horse won, to his intense delight, by a length and a half, Brigantine coming in so cripply, that it was evident she had sustained some injury, and Cannon subsequently stated, he had laid out of his ground, solely because he could not help it, as the mare could not move with him; and on his leading her back to the stable, she was found to be broken down so badly, that the Goodwood Cup must be termed her last cruise. The Lavant had made the Molecomb a certainty for the Basquine filly, and there were not a few who took advantage of the opportunity afforded them of repairing their Brigantine losses. Then Formosa led Blueskin a canter round the Queen's Plate Course; but neither in that nor the subsequent race was anybody able to do anything for themselves, and the majority of the Bookmakers closed their volumes earlier than they had ever been known to do before on a Goodwood Cup Day. However, when things have seen their worst, they generally mend, and John Kent, the Duke's late training groom, accordingly canvassed for a new race, the Visitors' Plate, to which he obtained a few names, but the absurd mystery he made about it, marred in a great measure its success. However, enough transpired to indicate that it was intended to take the shape of a Handicap, and that its feature, where not thought desirable, should not be known to any but the Subscribers, or before they were published in the Racing Calendar, and whether this policy will be successful time alone will show. The closing day was by no means the worst of the four, and it will be some time before Vespasian's 'Blaze of Triumph' will be forgotten in winning the Chesterfield Cup, with the gentleman rider's weight of 10st. 4lb. on him. It was an unprecedented performance, and will raise still higher the character of Newminster as a sire. Sir Charles Legard backed him, coupled with Islam, for some money, and several thousands were the result of the investment, which was hardly ever in doubt from the commencement of the race, which he won just as easily as he had done the Duke of Richmond's Plate an hour previously. And as the Fates had been rather unpropitious of late to Sir Charles Legard, 'the change in the weather' was doubly welcomed. The Northern stables kept up their *prestige* in the Nursery, both Soucar and Morphia having a tribe of followers, but in the end the latter won very easily, Fordham getting, by extremely fine riding, Gertrude into the second place, and furnishing another example what a Triton he is among the Minnows. And now the interest of the Meeting was over, and a universal feeling was expressed, that the next Anniversary may exhibit something like the racing we have been accustomed to witness in the Goodwood Park. The Cups, which were exhibited to public view previous to being run for,

were of a very handsome description; but the Goodwood Cup itself was too much approaching a bath-filler to please the *dilettanti* in such matters, and decided preference was given to the elegant and unique design for the table, supplied by London and Ryder, with which Sir Charles Legard, who had never won a Cup before, was much pleased, as it constituted either a flower-stand or a fruit epergne.

Brighton was the next fixture, where the Upper Ten Thousand, and the Ring, were invited to assist, the entertainment advertised being of a very superior description, and which was only spoiled by the elements, which may be said to have had a real good day to themselves; for on the first day rain, wind, and fog entered on a sort of competitive examination of their respective powers, and the advantage may be said to have been on the side of fog, which was in immense force, completely destroying the effects of Admiral Rous's race-glasses. Yet, strange to state, this weather was not distasteful to some jockeys, because it enabled them to 'lay down an anchor' without calling forth observation. Some of the events, decided on days on which a man would not turn his enemy's dog out of doors, were by no means without interest, and they showed that Goodwood had left its mark behind upon many of the animals.

The sensations, which came quick enough even to meet the imagination of Mr. Dion Boucicault, the dramatist, commenced with the Champagne Stakes, for which the Baron Rothschild and Sir Joseph Hawley contended, each using their best endeavours to give six dozen of champagne to the Brighton Race Dinner. Of course, after Blue Gown had beaten Vespasian, and the latter had won two handicaps in succession in one day, people thought it to be worth their while laying 7 to 2 on Blue Gown, although he went as short as a carrot in his preliminary canter, and Suffolk was in the field. The result was never in doubt, and showed either that Blue Gown was foot-sore from his severe race at Goodwood, or that he had turned rogue, for he never seemed able to gallop; and Suffolk, who, like all the King Toms, climbed the hill like a cat does the roof of a house, cantered in by himself, some half a dozen lengths in front of the Derby winner of last year. It was difficult to say which was the most surprised, the Baron or Sir Joseph. The former was overjoyed, and the latter, disgusted, started off shortly afterwards for Scotland, that on the banks of the Tweed, in the playing of a salmon, he might forget the treacherous conduct of his favourite racehorse. The Brighton Stakes showed that Robespierre was a real good horse, for he gave upwards of two stone to Winifred and Vanichta, and was only beaten a very short distance from them. Old Reindeer, who is about as ancient as Mr. Collins's well-known gelding Isaac, seemed to care nothing for Anno Domini, as he polished off Vulcan in the Abingdon Plate in fine style. And Sir Charles Legard soon made Braemar pay himself by winning the Two-year-old Selling Stake in such a style that he was only too glad to give upwards of 320 guineas to get him back. The Brighton Cup, which to be appreciated must be seen, for it was decidedly the handsomest racing prize ever given in this country, was secured by Baron Rothschild, as it was generally imagined would be the case, through the instrumentality of Restitution, who gave a load of weight to Morna, and beat her in a canter. And so pleased with his victory was the Baron, that he could not bear the piece of plate to be out of his sight for an instant; and having backed himself to win it, and place it on his dinner-table in Piccadilly the same evening, he pounced upon it the moment the race was over, and by a reserved 'insect' which he had in waiting, and a special train with fires lighted

up at the terminus, which was also in reserve, he succeeded in winning his wager. Mr. Brayley had a good day afterwards with Out and Outer, and he kept his name in a rather disagreeable manner in the volumes of the bookmakers, for he did not hesitate to improve the occasion. The Club day was a very agreeable one, and Mr. Edwards had all the good things to himself. Lewes is making great strides in popularity, and is about the most successful of all Mr. Verrall's undertakings, the Grand Handicap taking almost precedence of the Goodwood Stakes in the estimation of the owners of horses. It was won by Mr. Brayley with Arlington, who not only did good to his owner, but also to his sire, Voltigeur, whose stock have not run so well since the days of Vidette, and to whom Starter, Judge, and this horse have given a most unlooked-for lift. The other races, which we have not room to discuss, were of a highly creditable character both to Lewes and Mr. Verrall, who is now taking a very prominent position among the race managers of the day. And thus the Sussex Fortnight may be said to have passed off very well; and it is very questionable if the racing of the second week was not superior to that of the first. Royal Windsor was the next place to which the Ring adjourned, where they found Mr. Frail had made everything pleasant for their accommodation, gave them an abundance of racing, and, strange to say, not a single objection was preferred during the Meeting, whilst the lessee was all sugar and smiles to his patrons, which were both numerous and select, including nearly all the Houses of Lords and Commons that voted against the destruction of the Irish Church, who sought relief in the Windsor Handicaps from the debates which characterised that Bill. Wolverhampton is looking up, and afforded two grand field-days for Wadlow's Stable, while no newspaper report could make us believe in the improvement in Egham; and until we read the official return in the Calendar, we were incredulous as to what we had perused elsewhere about the Meeting, of which Mr. Thomas Marshall may well be proud. Radcliffe is also looking up from the days when it was farmed by Mr. Parr, Mr. I'Anson, and old John Osborne, the monopoly of whose stable on this course appears at length to be disturbed. From Stockton we have only time to say that the sport was first-rate, and the appearance of Pretender a great benefit to the card and the meeting, for he drew immensely. Through the pace being not much better than in a gentleman rider's race, he only just pulled through, and Dawson will have to send him along the next three weeks; and to have a good pace in the St. Leger, if Mr. Johnstone is to win the three great events, viz., the Two Thousand, the Derby, and the St. Leger with the same horse, as Mr. Bowes did with West Australian. And we imagine we cannot bring our notice of the Stockton gathering to a conclusion better than by stating the whole of the race mornings were spent in eating and drinking, and the afternoons in racing, and that Mr. Craggs has rarely been seen to more advantage. Thus we have shown the Turf to have been in a flourishing condition despite the secession of the Plungers, who it is to be hoped will never spring up again to bring such discredit on the first of our National Sports. But at the same time we state the Turf to be far from destroyed or ruined from the practices of some of its recent Patrons, we can by no means congratulate its friends on the state of the horses of the present day, which strongly indicates that quality is sacrificed to quantity; and we are inclined to think that it will take Admiral Rous all his logic and time to prove that the horses of the present day are equal to those that have gone before them. And no stronger argument could be afforded of the truth of Sir Joseph Hawley's and Mr. Chaplin's argument, that we have no 'stayers' now, than the fact

that the York Cup, one of the oldest prizes on the Turf, has been withdrawn from the Race Card, solely because, in the opinion of the Race Committee, there were no horses in training to run for it; and this actually takes place in the most sporting district in England in the nineteenth century. Surely the northern and southern breeders will not suffer this reproach to be levelled on the English Turf much longer, but will earnestly strive to wipe it away.

In the Hunting World, the Kilkenny Dispute has taken precedence of all other matters, and although it interests more the natives of the Sister Isle, yet it has caused some little sensation in this country, where one of the parties to it is well known and appreciated in Racing Circles. Of course as in all Irish matters, politics and religion have been introduced into the quarrel, which has materially inflamed the passions of all parties concerned in it by adding fuel to fire, which is much to be deplored, especially in a country so celebrated for its sporting propensities as Kilkenny. And it will require, in our opinion, considerable tact and discretion to heal the differences that have sprung up between the dissentient parties. In the correspondence which has been published between Sir John Power and Mr. George Bryan, the advantage appears to rest decidedly in favour of the last-named gentleman, who seems to have had nothing in view but improving the character of the sport in Kilkenny, in which, as the Representative for that Borough, as well as a Hunting Man, he was naturally interested. Nothing could exceed the bad taste of Sir John Power in raking up an affair in which Mr. Bryan was unfortunately mixed up some years ago at Newmarket, which everybody had forgotten and forgiven. But Mr. Bryan, so far from trying to gloss over the circumstance, as many would have done, takes the opportunity of boldly avowing it; stating he shall never forget, and always regret having been concerned in it; and that it arose solely in being treated in a most unjustifiable manner by other persons who had no control over his horses. He stated also that Admiral Rous had fully acquitted him of any intention to act dishonourably; therefore to rake up, we say, an error of judgment, committed on the impulse of the moment, but instantly bitterly repented of, indicates a mind, the possessor of which may not be envied. Therefore we may say with Oliver Goldsmith in 'She Stoops to 'Conquer,' 'That praise from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed.' And it clearly shows to what an extent party feeling in Ireland will go, when religion and politics are mixed up in a sporting dispute. And in our opinion, the constituents of Mr. Bryan have every reason to be proud of the spirited manner in which their representative has taken up the cudgels of war in behalf of himself, and fox-hunting generally. As to Mr. Meredith's remaining in office after the severe strictures which have been passed on his management, appears to us to be out of the question. But at all events we suppose he only holds office until his successor is appointed, or people will say of him, as they did of the late Lord Melbourne, when he remained in power with a hostile majority in the House of Commons, that he had more patience than resignation about him. Under these circumstances, we can only express an opinion that the Kilkenny Country had better be placed in the hands of a Committee of the County as soon as convenient, so that peace may be restored at once to the hunting community, and Kilkenny again be as famous for its Sport as it was in days of yore, when foxes were plentiful, and good runs a matter of every-day occurrence. In making these observations, we must observe, we are only recording the impressions that an attentive and impartial consideration of the published correspondence has left upon our mind, and being almost a stranger to the locality, we have taken no notice of any of the petty quarrels in the neighbourhood, which have done so much to magnify this hunting feud.

From Scotland we have received the most favourable accounts, and the prospects of sport which were indulged in have been fully realised, as the reports published in the Northern papers will at once disclose. And among the sportsmen who have highly distinguished themselves, may be mentioned Lord Stamford and the Marquis of Huntley, both of whom have taken first-class honours. In 1867, grouse disease devastated the great majority of the Scotch and English moors, consequently last year grouse shooting in the Highlands of Scotland was an almost unknown sport. Coveys were necessarily very scarce, and those who had any forethought, spared them, confining their bags to what may be termed an occasional roast at dinner. Those who acted thus prudently were this year rewarded for their forbearance. For the grouse this year bred well, and there are a good many well-grown birds in each covey. But we confess the stock of grouse is not yet equal to what it was in 1866; but the recovery from the losses of 1867 is most satisfactory. A fall of snow in May has damaged many very high moors, but with that exception, the Scottish mountains have yielded a very fair amount of birds. Red deer are in excellent condition, for the season of the year, but their herds are not quite equal to those we have come across before. Fishing, except in 'lochs,' at present is quite at an end, as the rivers are dry, and look like roughly-paved streets. An unusual number of shooting quarters are now to let, which, in our opinion, is to be attributed to the exorbitant rents now demanded, and to the facts that the Manufacturing Interest is not so flourishing as it was some few years back.

There have been frequent Hound Shows during the month, and Mr. Chaplin, M.P. for part of Lincolnshire, was this year President of the Lincolnshire Agricultural Society, and in consequence of his activity and popularity, the Show was the best ever seen at Lincoln. There was a good display of all kinds of implements and stock; but the great feature was the Foxhound Show. Within the splendid piece of ground, arranged for the Showyard, was an enclosure with a square piece of ground flagged, and an awning over it to shade the Judges from the sun. The Brocklesby, the Grove, the Cottesmore, the North Cotswold, the South Wold, the Quorn, the Badminton, the Fitzhardinge, the Milton, the York and Ainsty, the Wynnstay and the Burton Kennels sent hounds; and a lot of hounds, amounting to about sixty couples, picked samples from these crack kennels, was a sight worth travelling to see. The Judges were Lord Doneraile, Mr. Lane Fox, and Mr. Williamson; the latter did not put in an appearance, having entirely forgotten his engagement. The fact is 'Old Billy' was passing his time with Lord Zetland's thoroughbred stock, lost in 'happy thoughts' of days gone by—Bill Bean and Beanstalk, Gully and the Chicken, Ralph Lambton, Jack Healey and Hookey Walker, &c.—and wondering how he could manage to have a day's cub-hunting with George Fitzwilliam's hounds, and see George Carter throw them into Barnwell Wold at early dawn. But on the flags at Lincoln the two Judges had a difficult task. 'The first prize for two couples of entered 'hounds, dogs, &c.' Eight couples came to the post. Mr. Chaplin's Saladin, Sampson, Damper, Warrior—two couples of level, clean-made, active, handsome foxhounds—much admired—were placed first. Lord Yarborough's Falstaff, Villager, Rector, and Bluecap—also a very good lot—second. Sir W. Wynn's were a useful lot, but not the quality of the others. For the Prize for Two couples of entered hounds, bitches, &c., Lord Galway's Damsel, Gadfly, Glory and Bridesmaid were much superior to any of the other lots, and were a treat to behold. The second prize, Mr. Chaplin's two couple of

particularly elegant little bitches—the most sorty lot in the yard—Prosody, Sportive, Gladsome, and Gaudy. Lord Yarborough's Royal gained the first prize for the best unentered dog, a smart even-made dog, beating nothing very grand. Lord Coventry's Rufus, a useful dog, second. Lord Yarborough's Falstaff gained the first prize for stallion hounds. This class was very good and created great interest. Bluecap from the same kennel, Lord Kesteven's Primate, Mr. Chaplin's Saladin, Lord Fitzhardinge's Pomfret, were all much admired; in our opinion—not worth much perhaps—Lord Coventry's Ronan placed second, was the finest-shaped dog of the lot. We need not trouble our readers with the whole story, lest we are accused of dwelling on the line. The Judges finished their work in four hours, and then instead of being treated to a cool, refreshing pick-me-up, they were roused by an 'unsuccessful com-'petitor,'—known to be as enthusiastic about fox-hunting as the original 'Jorrocks'—publicly finding fault with their decisions. This set the sportsmen in a blaze, and the amount of chaff in the showyard, and at the dinner in the tent, where Mr. Chaplin took the chair, supported by Lord Yarborough and all the large landowners, was very exciting, and made everything pass off very cheerily, particularly when it was proposed to run so many couples from each pack in the hunting season, that the Lincolnshire men might ride to the hounds and see whether the Judges had spotted the best.

At Beverley the Hound Show was not so good as at Lincoln. But in horses Yorkshire was very great. The Judges of foxhounds were Lord Galway, Mr. Scratton, and 'John Walker.' Again Mr. Chaplin carried off the first prize for two couples of unentered dogs; and Lord Yarborough second as at Lincoln. For the best two couples of entered hounds—bitches, Sir George Wombwell, Bart., gained the first prize. Poor Sir Charles! how proud he would have been had he lived to see his favourites, Novelty and Nosegay, win again; and how he would have stared, and then laughed, when his pet Racer was pronounced the best stallion hound in the showyard. Lord Yarborough's clever ladies ran second. For unentered hounds Lord Yarborough's Royal again was first; Mr. Hall's Leader second. Royal also winning the Holderness Cup. Many good hound men thought Mr. Hall's young dog the best. He had more power, and looked, though full of quality, more useful. For unentered bitches, the Bramham Moor Syren was first, and Lord Middleton's Safety second—neither of them quite clever. In the Horse Classes, the number of animals was beyond anything we ever saw, and the only thing to prevent any 'gent in search of a horse' from helping himself was the large prices the Yorkshireman asked. The excitement during the judging of the Hunt Cup was intense.

The Holderness Hunt Cup, a piece of Plate, value one hundred guineas, given by the Gentlemen of Beverley and vicinity, for the best hunter, mare or gelding, from four to eight years old, and in the opinion of the Judges best calculated to carry fourteen stone over Holderness.

The pedigree, if known, of every horse entered for this Cup must be given at the time of entry, and certified by the owner to be correct; and in all cases the sire, dam's sire, and sire of grandam must be stated, if known; and the Judges, in awarding the Prize, will be instructed to pay particular attention to the breeding and quality of the animals exhibited.

This Cup will be awarded by the three Hunting Judges appointed by the Society, assisted by Lord Macclesfield, Sir G. Wombwell, and George Lane Fox, Masters of Foxhounds, also appointed by the Society.

Sixty-one horses were entered for this Prize, and more than fifty came to

the post. The Judges had these horses mounted and ridden round the ring, drafting a few at a time, until they thought they had selected the plums. Some of the Judges were determined to satisfy themselves, and mounted and rode round the ring. It was two hours before they made up their minds, when the well-known Lady Derwent was pronounced the winner. Mr. Hall showed some fine hunters, and some of his flying column thought that his magnificent horse, Doctor, ought to have had the prize. He is a real good sort and up to sixteen stone, and from all accounts, when in condition, and his master up, bad to beat; but he was very fat, and would not move—perhaps he hated the showyard. Lady Derwent is a well-formed mare, nearly sixteen hands high, good hunting action, and in a Showyard bad to beat—plenty of quality, no weak point. If she does not get over the country she must be an impostor, or her rider a muff. She would not perhaps carry Christopher Sykes, Esq., M.P., over Holderness; but we will wager that if his guest, the Bishop of Oxford—who was on the Show ground—got on her back, and chose to have a grind with Mr. Hall's hounds, few would live with him. We all have our opinions luckily. Let Messrs. Boulton, Bennet, and Nainby decide which is the best hunter in summer. Let Lord Kesteven in the summer swagger about powerful foxhounds; Lord Galway about ribs and appetite; Lord Yarborough and Nimrod Long be as particular as dancing-masters about legs and feet; Lane Fox about necks and shoulders. But we should like to go to Lincoln, have some good mounts, see a rattling good day's sport with Mr. Chaplin's 'light-boned,' well-bred pack, and dine with him afterwards, or with Lord Henry, or the Bishop—nothing comes amiss to Baily and staff.

In reference to the sketch of the late George Beers's career in the last number of 'The Van,' a friend has forwarded to us some lines written upon a famous run of the Oakley hounds, on the 19th of January, 1843, from Wandon Wood to Ampthill, during the mastership of Mr. Magniac. George Beers fell at the Salford Brook, as also did his second whip, Charles Payne, of Pytchley fame, whilst Tom Wells, the first whip, got safely over. The tale is told in the following stanza:—

> 'Of strange things at brooks we all constantly hear,
> Of *Salford's hydraulics* the sense is not plain,
> With *Wells over dry*, and the *brook full of Beer*,
> A strange intermixture of pleasure with *Pain*.'

In the course of the month an opportunity was afforded us of seeing the Mamhead Stud Paddocks and some of the Sundeelah yearlings, which promise to rival their sire, as far as make and shape go; and a filly by him out of Retrousse's dam, if she goes on improving, as she is bound to do, will take a great deal of beating at the next Yearling Sales.

The rage for Amateur Coaching still continues, and certainly the way the Windsor, the Brighton, and the Tunbridge Wells coaches have been done this season fully entitles them to the patronage they have received. The first-named drag was as good as a timepiece to the inhabitants of Piccadilly, who, it is said, were in the habit of setting their clocks by it, so punctual was it in its departure and arrival. The teams were neat and well-appointed, the changes were pantomimic in rapidity, the guard was as active as a lamplighter, and when the journey of twenty-one miles was accomplished in an hour and fifty minutes, no fault can be found with the coachman, which was either Lord Carrington or Mr. Alcibiade Angell, who were most attentive to their customers. The latter gentleman wears on his watch-chain a half-sovereign, the gift of a gallant colonel, who was so pleased with his working of the coach

that he would insist on his accepting it, and accordingly he sports it on special occasions, like the Knights of the Garter do their collars. On the coach's arrival in Windsor the passenger finds himself surrounded by a crowd of persons, who look at him as if he was Grenville Murray himself, until they recollect that that traducer of the Nobility of England has escaped something like two years 'on the steppes' by putting the English Channel between him and Mr. Knox. So the passenger, having assured the impatient mob that he has not a 'Queen's Messenger' about him, proceeds either to have some 'toothpowder' in the shape of some cold meat and salad at the Castle, where the coach goes into dock, or to see the improvements in St. George's Chapel. In two hours the sound of a bugle tells him that Lord Carrington or Mr. Angell is on the box, and the return journey on the eve of being commenced.

Boulogne has lately been quite the Cowes of France, from the number of yachts that are stationed in the harbour. Among the most distinguished vessels are those of Prince Napoleon, Mr. Salt, Mr. Villebois, Colonel Wheatley, Lord Alfred Paget, Mr. John Morice, and many other well-known yachtsmen. This has caused the public promenade to strongly resemble the Pier of Ryde, or the Terrace in front of the Squadron House at Cowes. Then there have been Races for the lovers of the Turf, so that altogether Boulogne has been one universal holiday for the greater part of the month. And our readers can imagine how the Boulognese entered into the spirit of the festivities when we state that even the self-exiled Railway Director and Life Insurance Manager were seen to wear a smile upon their countenances. The Hôtel Christol has served for a Club House to the yachtsmen, and certainly nothing could have been better calculated to meet their views than the attention they seem to have met with. The hotel is always full, and the table-d'hôte well appointed; nor is it possible to find more comfortable quarters or a more amusing locale than the Hôtel Christol affords at this season of the year. The papers at present are full of the hotel charges in all parts of the Continent and England, and not unfrequently as full of vituperation and abuse. It is one advantage that the Hôtel Christol gives no exercise to these liberal effusions of censure on the part of the traveller, but that he leaves with a happy consciousness of having been well treated and very moderately charged.

Mr. Boucicault's 'Formosa' bids fair to become even more celebrated than Mr. Graham's celebrated mare, after whom she is called; and in our next we hope to present our readers with our impressions of it, which being a Sporting Drama we flatter ourselves are more likely to be correct than those who only know the character of its principal scenes through the medium of the sporting newspapers. And this reminds us that the press of this Great Metropolis is about to receive an important addition to its ranks next month by the coming out of a new newspaper called 'The Man about Town,' and will embrace everything that 'A Man about Town' ought to know, conveyed in the language in which 'The Man about Town' is most conversant. It is also intended, we hear, to effect a complete revolution in newspaper language. For instance, a policeman will not be described as 'an active and intelligent officer,' or the magistrate always stated to be 'a worthy' one. When so many racehorses start they will not be described as 'sporting silk,' nor will every lessee be assumed to be both 'active and enterprising,' and as having no regard for his own self-interest. The idea is a novel one, and if carried out according to the terms of the prospectus is sure to succeed.

Our readers may have been as much astonished as ourselves to see Australian

wines advertised in London, for we, in our ignorance, imagined that country produced only wool and rich emigrants, who returned to their native land with colonial thousands and diamonds weighing ever so many carats. However, being asked to try them, we summoned up the same resolution we should do if we were going to have a double molar tooth extracted, and we asked the Australian wine to do a great thing, and all we can do is to vouch for its having won its trial; and if there is any doubt of the wine being pure and answering our description of it, a visit to the Australian Vineyards Office in Walbrook will at once remove it.

The old adage 'Whatever keeps out the cold keeps out the heat,' has been fully exemplified by Messrs. Silver & Co., of Cornhill, in their Norwegian Self-acting Cooking Apparatus and Refrigerator, which invention is well worthy the yachtsman, sportsman, and traveller *qui sait vivre*, and who prefers a hot dinner and iced wines to cold food and tepid liquor.

Like all practical inventions, the principle is extremely simple, and the *modus operandi* may be described in a few words. The apparatus consists of a closely-shutting wooden box stuffed and lined with felt, into which one or more tin cooking vessels fit exactly. The felt padding being a non-conductor, retains the isolation of temperature, so that the contents of one kettle may be kept in a boiling state for several hours, whilst a block of ice will remain unmelted in the other, from which it is only separated by a few inches of felt. Again, a piece of meat may be put into one of these kettles with cold water, placed on the fire, and boiled sharply for ten minutes, then packed away in the stuffed aperture of the isolating box, which is immediately shut down and secured with lock and key, and twelve hours afterwards the contents will be found *perfectly cooked* and smoking hot. By this system there is great economy of fuel, and no danger of the meat being over-boiled.

In the Crimean campaign, when snow lay thickly on the ground, and our fellows were half their time in the trenches, what would a hot dinner or supper have fetched? By this invention every soldier, even when on duty in the advanced trenches, might have had one hot meal in the twenty-four hours. For picnics, boating parties, and luncheons by the covert side, this invention will soon become in general use, and it is to be hoped that the eyes of the authorities may become opened, and that they may see the value of it.

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BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

THE DUKE OF ROXBURGH.

DEVOTED as our Magazine is to all kinds of Sports and Pastimes, and illustrated as it has been with Portraits of their Patrons, we feel that Angling has been, up to our present number, totally neglected, although pursued with tenacity by thousands of our fellow-countrymen. We therefore present our readers with a likeness of the Champion Fisherman of the United Kingdom, the Duke of Roxburgh, for whose portrait we need not bespeak a welcome from the lovers of the 'gentle art,' as he is the greatest foe to the salmon that has ever handled a rod and line. The Duke of Roxburgh, who was born after his father had attained his eightieth year, first saw the light the 12th July, 1816, and realized the old proverb in the family, that no Kerr should ever marry an ill wife; that the family estates should never go to a woman; and that none of their friends should ever suffer for their debts. The Duke of Roxburgh succeeded to the Scottish honours as sixth Duke, on the decease of his father, the 19th of July, 1823. The son of a famous Sportsman, he naturally inherited his taste, which soon discovered itself in favour of that River which has ever been famous in song and in prose, for the salmon that are to be found in its waters. And from the early age of eight, at which he killed his first salmon, he has pursued his favourite recreation in all parts of the world that the salmon is known to be found in, and Izaak Walton may be said to have no more devoted follower. As a proof of his skill as a fisherman, we may state that when eighteen years of age he had caught in the Tweed ten salmon, by wading, before breakfast, and ere the day was over he had killed twenty-five grilse and salmon. And as a further instance of his attachment to the sport, we may add that nine years ago he purchased the river Alten, in Norway, which he has fished every year with the most remarkable success. In legislation on the Salmon Preservation system, the Duke of Roxburgh has always taken a conspicuous and active part, having,

at his own expense, brought into Parliament, and passed, a bill for the abolition of staked nets, and killing unfair fish in enclosed water, for which the Scottish anglers owe him a debt of gratitude which they can hardly repay. And that the taste for fishing is hereditary, may be inferred, by the Marquis of Beaumont being as devoted to it as his father. Although the Duke of Roxburgh is not a hunting man, he is a strict preserver of foxes, while his liberal patronage of Kelso Races displays an earnest desire to promote the sports and amusements of his friends, and a resolution that he will not make his own pastime take precedence of that of his friends. As a kind and considerate landlord he has always ranked high among the Scottish Nobility, and in every relation of life, whether as a Sportsman, an extensive Landed Proprietor, or an Agriculturist, the Duke of Roxburgh is an ornament to the order to which he belongs, and admirably fulfils the duties appertaining to his high station in society. We should add, that the Duke of Roxburgh married, in 1836, Susannah Stephenia, daughter of General Dalbiac, by whom he has four children, two sons and two daughters.

LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF OUR LIFE AT DONCASTER.

'T' FAV'RITE be coomb, and 's looking *splen*did—Lady Zetland 'll 'win t' handicap—Drummer he be bad on his fore legs—and Royal 'Oak be scratched for t' Leger.' Such were the items of news communicated to us immediately on our arrival at Doncaster by the enthusiastic individual who, in default of the useful but uncertain 'insect,' escorted us and our baggage to the regulation Doncaster lodging-house—a domicile which seems peculiar to the town of butterscotch and 'mellow peers,' and of which whole streets in the neighbourhood of the time-honoured 'Dust-bin' seem to be composed; the abode neither of shattered gentility, nor the respectability of retired tradesmanship, but which can only be safely designated as the home of those 'of a certain class in life.' These denizens of a Sleepy Hollow look to the September race week as a resource for securing their yearly rent, albeit comfort and cleanliness do mostly abide in their dwellings, in return for the somewhat exorbitant terms imposed on the sojourner in Doncaster. Tuesday morning broke gloriously, and the sun was just making his start 'Red House in' as the Town Moor once again disclosed its well-known features to our longing eyes. The 'casual Tyke' who had volunteered his services on the way, and seemed an excellent type of the horse-loving Yorkshireman, entertained us right well with Turf gossip and weatherwise predictions, remarking, as clouds began to gather eastwards, ''twould 'no be a fine day; he didna like to see the sun go abed agin after 'he'd gotten up.'

The irrepressible 'steam-engine' was the first handicap crack to

show, and many who remembered his Leger running had a good word to say for his chance in the Great Yorkshire. Tom Dawson's lot then came slowly down from the turn, and many stood at the distance post, expecting that the crack who, with one lad up and another leading, was walking in the middle of the Tupgill string, would gratify his legion of admirers by a gallop, but they were fated to disappointment, though Tom on his cob took up a position behind the rails, like a general at a review. But nothing came of this manœuvre beyond a somewhat protracted confab between the veteran and Mr. Payne, and so the 'white cockaders' were sent empty away. The crowd which had collected at this point was rapidly dispersed by a 'faugh-a-ballagh' shout which announced the progress of the Southron crack in a strong gallop, in which 'Lictor 'cleared the way' for Pero Gomez and the half sisters from Madame Eglantine, one a Champagne winner *in esse* and the other *in posse* (according to the man in the street). All seemed satisfied with the looks and action of the Derby second, though many took exception to the pace, and evidently pinned their faith on nothing less than an old-fashioned Yorkshire gallop. Count Batthyany's string would remind us at a distance of 'Lord Glasger's,' excepting as regards its length, with the lads in livery-coats and 'toppers,' which last must be remarkably awkward in a gallop, however well they may suit a 'walking gentleman.' Nevertheless, spite of 'chimneypots' Nine Elms led Typhon, the best gallop of the morning; and George Osbaldeston finished an exceedingly smart spin just in the wake of the green jackets. No better-looking Leger candidate set foot on the Moor that morning than the hope of Malton, and his excellent condition was supplemented by action such as few could fail to be delighted with. The 'Old Drummer,' as his owner loves to call him, did not go down with the watchers, who denounced his action as fighting, and the horse himself as a 'bit of a commoner,' and people have long since ceased to believe in Derby 'thirds.' The neat little Duke of Beaufort followed Cock of the Walk twice, but, as a bystander observed, 'he'd want a deal of moock took off him to 'ha' a chance wi' 'em to-morrow,' and the hypercritical found fault with the grey-tailed trumpeter for the peculiar style in which he twisted out his near hind leg in galloping; and an excellent judge of racing who saw him when pulled up after his second spin asseverated that had he been allowed to stand where he was 'he'd have left his 'mark, for the sweat ran off him in buckets-full.' The Bedford Lodge team next wound their long array in single file from the Red House, with the big hunter roan towering above the sturdy little De Vere, and the three graces in the shape of Mantilla, Hester, and Frivolity, and scarcely noticed that 'ship of the desert,' whose name was destined to be in many a mouth ere long, with his rather plain 'top,' fiery eye, and well-shaped steely legs. Martyrdom, as he pulled up after a slow canter, looked a trifle overdone, but a gentleman all over, and though it be treason to affirm our conviction, yet we do not hesitate to say that St. Albans has imparted to all his stock as a

slight counterpoise to the 'fatal gift of beauty' a portion of that unamiable temper which, whether it shows itself in fiery vice or sullen cowardice, is equally a bar to the highest success. The everlasting Blueskin, who has fairly earned a rest after his labours of the year, looked as fresh as ever in the front of Mr. Savile's team, and Maidment looked as grave as if presiding at a vestry meeting. Lord Rosebery's neat clothing seemed almost out of place on the string which Dover brought out, with no Lord Lyon or Achievement prestige; and mortifying as it must be to have commenced with so shady a team, it is to be hoped that reverses, which are far more wholesome to tyros than unbroken good fortune at the commencement of their career, may only be the forerunners of successes, such as the Ilsley trainer knows so well how to accomplish with the proper materials at hand. White Slave would have gladdened the heart of Mrs. Beecher Stowe by her quick elastic action, who would have referred the 'true story' of her success to her incomparable breeding. Zeno is an improvement in looks upon Ladas, but is not nearly so quick, and will hardly run into four figures either in stakes or purchase money.

Four yellow sheets walked leisurely from the Leger starting-post to the bottom of the hill where the white-legged Symmetry colt led the grand-looking Sunshine, the lurching, sprawling Sunlight, and Crocus a slow canter to the top; then they walked round the course to where owner and trainer were leaning against the rails; and the Russley queen with that 'argent blaze' conspicuous below her hood, walked lazily away, while her companions were set their allotted tasks. By this time the early birds had taken wing, and the last stragglers had reached the obelisk before they encountered Jem Perren esquiring War, Silverband, and Toison d'Or on to the Town Moor. It was a sad reflection to think that 'John Scott's lot,' once so famous for number as well as quality, so anxiously watched for, so assiduously touted, should in these latter days walk unnoticed and unknown towards the scene of many a Whitewall triumph; and that out of that long list of illustrious patrons whose colours once were loadstars on every course, the 'black and gold' of Bowes should alone remain faithful to the last, to the stable whose glory culminated in the exploits of the unequalled 'West.'

A meagre attendance greeted Mr. Tattersall's appearance in the sale field, and the voice of the charmer fell unheeded on the ears of those who came to see but not to buy. The Letty Long colt went a bargain to Mr. Nunn, and the Seamstress colt sewed up all but Mr. Merry, who took him, we presume, for his half-sister's sake. Captain Machell is bound to enter Carbonell in the Claret Stakes, but we hear that the purchaser of Ten Broeck is deaf to the entreaties of 'Augur' to bestow upon him his correct appellation according to the etiquette of the Heralds' College and the usages of American society.

The time-honoured FitzWilliam, after the semblance of a race, fell to White Slave, and the beautiful Frivolity and useful Hester, by

their victorious performances put the followers of Mantilla for the Champagne Stakes on better terms with themselves than ever. We did not hear those rounds of cheering which we were assured would greet the triumph of the 'spots' in the Great Yorkshire Handicap; but upon public form, and according to Mr. Boucicault, 'Formosa' and 'Argyle' were bound to be close together. The mare we thought looking far lighter than when she won t' Leger last year, and the Græme's stable seem to be out of all form. In the Champagne Stakes as soon as the 'merry Sunshine' came out people naturally discarded their Mantillas, and had not the winner galloped half-way to the hill after her race, she would have had time to turn and meet Madame Eglantine & Co. at about the distance-post. Vespasian, excellent performer as he is, could not be expected to present Xi (*vulgariter* heg'seye) with two stone; and Morna seems to run more jadily as she grows lighter every time she runs. In the Glasgow Stakes the 'race was to the Swift,' as Jarnac might just as well have been at home, or on 'Kennington' Oval, and so the curtain fell upon an uneventful day. Those who thought that something might be done by making an early move to the Moor on t' Leger morning took nothing by their motion, but the pond corner was moderately crowded with sightseers to attend the *levée* of Mr. Cookson's and the Sheffield Lane yearlings, who were walking in a ring on either side the road. Conspicuous among the Neasham Hall string walked Clanronald, on whom, save in shade of colour, Kettledrum had 'stamped an image of himself;' but why, except in point of blood, he should have been designated the 'crack' among the youngsters it was difficult to discover, for at present he is a narrow and rather leggy colt, and without promise of muscle. A livelier ring closed round Mr. Tattersall's magic circle to-day; but for quality, substance, and breeding there was nothing like the Lord Clifden colt, out of Blue Riband's dam, which Tom Dawson would not be stalled off, and the half-sister to Hawthornden, which every one had booked to Ilsley, joined the Lord Clifden—Vanilla colt for another destination. Lord Scarborough's yearlings made fair prices, but we did not note anything of especial promise amongst them; and of the rest Gondokoro, out of the famous Margaret of Anjou, attracted most attention. Long before the sale was concluded the great crowd began to move off towards the race-course, whence many had made their way from the station down that avenue of elms, which will remind us somewhat of the boulevard of a French town and the background of Rosa Bonheur's 'Horse Fair.' All the morning from many an outlying village had vehicles of fearful and wonderful construction brought in household upon household of 'excited Yorkshire;' and burghers of Danum could spy in the crowds, which endless lengths of trains had kept pouring in from early dawn, those who were to furnish their sinews of war for another campaign—to be conducted, let us hope, on more liberal principles than it has hitherto been deemed their policy to adopt. The flying Queen of Hearts was utterly 'o'erwhelmed with perfume,' in the

Bradgate Park Stakes; and the long delay at the post for the Corporation Stakes was rendered still more irksome by the rattling shower which pelted in the jockeys' faces at the start. The favourite, Camel, declined to carry the treasure of his masters through the blinding rain, which made the going so different to the 'sand of morning land' to which he is accustomed, and the winner was the only 'barrier' to the success of Normanby, who ran remarkably well. The features of the great race have received such accurate treatment from more sources than one, that its leading incidents alone require to be noticed. How Pero Gomez won is known to all: how Pretender lost it was left to the Doncaster Stakes race partially to decide; but inquiring minds will look further than this, and ask how a horse which showed such mighty speed in the Guineas and Derby could so far have deteriorated as never for one moment to have been able to hold his own with the leaders in the St. Leger. This Culloden of racing has sadly marred the prestige of Pretender, and the 'bonnet of blue,' which has been our beacon-star throughout the year, must henceforth shine with diminished lustre. With the ground as hard on the day as it was to within a week of the race, it is doubtful whether the first or second in the St. Leger would have shown so prominently as a grateful change from the drought permitted them to do; but such speculations are but cold comfort to those who must confess to have seen their pet beaten without excuse. The Duke of Beaufort had indeed thickened since Ascot, but the lusty fat of idleness but ill supplied the place of the hard muscle of real condition. Martyrdom on his Derby and Two Thousand form alone was bound to be where he was found at last, for The Drummer has ever performed better over a more undulating course, and, moreover, was amiss, like The Duke, while Ryshworth and Rupert were absentees. The winner is by no means a grand-looking horse, but he held his own in appearance among as moderate a looking lot as ever contested a St. Leger. The Kingsclere victory was well received, for Pretender has never been such an idol in the North, nor indeed generally among the public, as to cause his defeat to be looked upon with any overwhelming feeling of regret. The name of Sir Joseph's followers is legion, and the triumvirate of owner, trainer, and jockey is regarded with unbounded confidence by those who prefer old friends to new, and straightforward dealing to attempted mystification, sly market movements, and the coming of 'lame'uns' at the eleventh hour. In the Rufford Abbey Stakes Castle Hill, as he was bound to do, looked down upon Kingley Vale, and Ironmaster showed all his old waywardness. The Queen's Plate, which many thought was held by the 'Churchwarden,' fell to 'another Blacklock;' and Camel redeemed his character, if not his stable's losses, by beating a good field for the Eglinton, which Perfume found too far for her.

Thursday was quite a red-letter day in the annals of yearling sales, and Mr. Sadler's lot made an average of 200*l.* a-piece, which, considering the present tightness of the Turf market, and the disheartening defeat of Pretender (whose success in the Leger would

certainly have given his breeder's young things an additional lift) must be considered 'good business.' The Saint Alban's—Allegra colt was secured by Mr. Stirling Craufurd for 530 guineas; and as this gentleman is such a spirited buyer we hope that the son of the old Fyfield hero will turn out a more remunerative purchase than many of his owner's recent acquisitions. Old Snarry followed Sir Tatton's yearlings into the ring, and stood Widdicombe-fashion in the centre until his charges had been disposed of. Though a smaller lot than the veteran has brought up in former years, they were all animals of character, and the Marigold filly had something of the Regalia cut about her. Mr. Crowther Harrison only parted with two clever-looking Gladiateurs out of his lot, and then the first of Mr. Cookson's ran up to 500 guineas, and the ring was glad of her departure, for they were afraid of her legs, which she used right spitefully. Pontine was our fancy of the lot, and Mr. Heene never gave any one else a chance either for him or Mendip. There was no delay or shilly-shallying, but the heavy bids came like straight ones from the shoulder and other sponges soon went up. Fisherman, 'the property of a lady,' was the premier yearling of the week, and Tom Dawson bid for him as gaily as if the Leger had gone to Tupgill. Shape and make, we suppose, did it all, for the blood was nothing extraordinary. The Sheffield Laners did not compare favourably with the pets of Neasham either as regards size or condition, but Lord Derby's were voted small, and few imagined how soon Cape Flyaway was to be hailed as the sire of a Doncaster Cup winner.

Argyle was all abroad in the finish for the Badminton, and no one for a moment doubted that Vagabond would eventually 'cop.' Sunlight, that lumbering Titan of two year olds, was made favourite for the Sweepstakes; and though they sent Symmetry colt to keep him company at the post, he resolutely declined for some time to face the flag, and could not hold his own when it came to racing. The 'blue and silver braid' came out just as it did last year on Thorwaldsen, as soon as Hudson called 'on Stanley,' who immediately took a prominent position in the Derby betting. The Portland Plate race was characterised by the same number of breaks away, and resulted in the same upset of favourites as on former occasions; but although Minnie Warren was well meant, well managed, and well ridden, Argyle, determined to make up for past misdeeds, would not be denied, and last year's winner was again well up. Rupert of the Rhone lay so far off in the Scarborough Stakes that many thought he would never weather 'the Cape,' but he won cleverly enough at last, and he and Stanley must bring their sire Knowsley into more prominent notice. Friday was the most enjoyable day of all, but the sale catalogue, comprising so many miscellaneous lots, did not attract many sightseers. Underhand, once beloved of the coaly Tynesiders, and the memory of whose triple victory has been revived by his gallant sons Fervacques and The Spy, was the cynosure of all eyes, and we cared to look at little else. For neatness, action, and colour he is as perfect a model as can be

imagined, and his legs are as clean and hard as ever, though his hours of idleness were few during his racing career, and he carries his head in the same defiant corky style as of old. Winteringham bought him ridiculously cheap, as he will always have plenty of mares (and some of the right sort) at his new quarters. Moreover, his stock have shown far more racing ability than many more fashionably and expensively bred, and he has always been a popular horse in the North. An early move was made for the course, and Fichu turned out the good thing he looked on paper for the Westmorland Stakes, and then a miniature Leger was contested in the Doncaster Stakes. Pretender was more than ever left out in the cold, and Martinique was in every one's mouth as the most dangerous opponent to Pero. The result of the race was a remarkable confirmation of the Leger running, and precisely the same tactics were adopted with Pretender, who lay off until entering the straight where 'Johnny's' arms were seen to be at work, and Pero won as he liked. In the Nursery, the Fyfield pot, as usual, was upset, but sustained defeat from a most unexpected quarter, for Camel, who got badly off, came through his horses at the finish full of running and scored another win for Thormanby. It seems certain that the distance on Tuesday was not far enough for him to show his real form. Queen of Hearts ran very prominently to within a short distance from home, but Green Riband looked faded, and did not move with his wonted freedom. It was refreshing to see Toison d'Or take a good stake to Whitewall for its stanchest supporter, and quite a little crowd pressed round Jem Perren as he put her to rights in the Corporation field after the race. She has grown into a useful muscular animal, though not a good mover until fairly extended. The Merry party did not fancy Crocus, who looked to our eye the same animal that carried off the Filly Stakes a year ago, so little has she grown, though her action is as true as ever. Never did a more ragged field contest a Doncaster Cup than when Good Hope achieved so unexpected a victory. Lord Hawthorn, nothing more than a good-looking handicap horse; Good Hope, whose form Rupert had proved to be so moderate; Blueskin, an overworked and uncertain gelding, with Vanichka, a devil worse than himself; and Acaster, a moderate second-class horse,—such as these met to contest a prize surrounded by so many eventful memories, and once held scarcely second to the Leger itself! The *contretemps* which befel the rider of the favourite was only in keeping with the general farce of the race, and there was more laughter than cheering when little Grey cantered home with occasional Parthian glances at his reeling foe, patting the neck of the black the while. Few waited for the end of all; and as we passed the sale field on the way to the station, rostrum and ring were alike levelled to the ground, and a solitary dog was pacing the enclosure, musing perchance on the reverses of fortune which should bring so many of these 'terribly 'high-bred cattle' to his relentless jaws. Excursionists are toiling homewards from that 'coop' which could not possibly cheer, to other

cups that probably will inebriate; and when the tongue is relaxed from its moody silence, they will recal the days of old, hallowed by names they can never forget, and appropriately in a double sense they may lament over that 'falling of' in the Cup which has so materially affected their pockets as well as their feelings. For us, as we are whirled on our way to the 'little village,' there is ample time for reflection and for moralizing, as losing men will moralize, over past mistakes. The day's racing may furnish conversation as far as Retford, and the revival of Leger topics may carry us on to Grantham; by the time Peterborough is reached the Autumn Handicaps are exhausted, and the Derby prospects of 1870 are dawning into discussion; then sleep—let us hope the sleep of the just—falls gently over us, not without mingled dreams of plunging yearlings, struggling racehorses, and the shout of those who rejoice over the skinned lamb, till our awakening eyes,

> 'Along the dusky railway near and nearer drawn,
> See in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn.'

AMPHION.

PUNTER'S-TOWN STEEPLE-CHASES.

THE annual race-meeting at this town, now by far the greatest steeple-chase contest on the Continent, has taken place since the September 'Baily' was given to the eager public. Punter's-town is situated on the Double Zero, which flows between green banks, and is about 800 miles from anywhere. It is a charming little town, with an old castle, a young castle, several churches, a Mansion House, with no doubt a Mayor and Corporation, and a market-place to which the merchants repair—confound them!—at 3 A.M., thereby terribly vexing the ear of the visitor, who, whether he has come here in the pursuit of health, pleasure, or play, seldom seeks the sleep of the just before 1 A.M. There are hot, cold, tepid, shower, mineral, iron, steel, bronze (very good for shamefacedness), and tin baths, which may perhaps account for the place being generally known as Baden-Baden.

Annually at the end of August, or the beginning of September, there is a 'race week,' and I believe—for I live as a hermit, in a grot, my food herbs, my drink the running brook—that all the racing world of Europe confesses that it is the pleasantest meeting of the twelve months, and the little villages of Paris, London, and Vienna have special trains for the week. In addition to the races, there are innocent games provided by a charitable resident—the good father Dupressoir,—so that time may not hang heavy on the hands of the visitors. The great advantage of these games is—to quote the old cry of the gambling-booths on race-courses—that 'twenty can 'play as well as one, and one as well as twenty;' and then again, they are so simple that a minor can join in them. What are they, do

you ask? You all know croquet? Yes!—well, they are not the least like that. Skittles, some of your readers may have seen, and the cheerful bowls? Yes! you have—but they are not the least like the drawing-room games in vogue here. You take a green table and make it into a multiplication-table, having 36 as its base, and 0—00 as its capital. There are two men with rakes on each side, and they have the other capital in a wire-cage. In the centre is a circular copy of the table, with wheels within wheels. You put a napoleon on a certain number; the gentleman in black says, 'Nothing goes more;' the fallacy of which assertion you presently prove practically, when he extends his fatal rake and exiles your napoleons to his St. Helena. You put your napoleons, I say, on one number, and another comes up. It is as simple as 'good day,' as they say in France. This is called 'Roulette.' Red and Black is also a nice children's game of the pitch-and-toss order, and goes on from 11 A.M. to 11 P.M. You back 'black,' and up comes 'red;' any fool can do that, and if you play long enough on a system—on a good system, mind you—you will be sure to win. Several centuries, however, have elapsed since the institution of this fine old continental pastime, and nobody has ever been found who could 'stay' quite long enough; they are usually drowned within sight of shore.

About a week before the races, Punter's-town becomes a very lively little city, and is peopled by a class of society which when at home rarely dines with bishops: it is no less amusing for that—not that, as a rule, bishops are dull dogs, or even bad fellows. It was calculated this year by a racing Babbage that there were present before the Kursaal, on the Friday before the race, six dozen 'cocottes,' who brought with them each one

'Vice-husband chiefly to protect her'

fine trunks on wheels, each big enough to bury the said vice-husband, 400 yards of silk, satin, and velvet, and from 5000*l.* to 10,000*l.* worth of jewels. Of course it is very wrong to look at them; and I, the writer of this paper, who when at home live at Ague-cum-shakes in the fens, ought, I admit, to have gone away and read a good book in the privacy of my own chamber—only I did not. I remained to look on; and, proper or improper, I confess that the game is worth the candle. Given a bright evening, a pretty garden, a perfectly splendid band, and people to walk with—well-dressed women and men. Pooh! who can see morals by moonlight, or detect flaws in character by the insufficient gas of Baden? Given these accessories, the scene in front of the play-house (which does not mean the theatre) of Punter's-town, any night of the race-week is worthy of being painted *en bloc* by Watteau; *en détail* by Greuze.

You would probably like a list of the people; and that, Mr. Baily, if only for your respectable soul's sake, I shall not give you. I don't mind a sketch or two. We will take them as we pass them,

the band pealing out the 'Huntsmen's Chorus,' which it does finely every night. I shall not take the pick of the basket, but dip my hand in and pull them out as I find them. Link your arm in mine, and let us stroll about. 'Charming scene, Charlie, is it not?' N.B., Charlie's names are Fitzroy Howard Plantagenet, and he is called either 'Charlie' or 'Mufflers,' like N. or M., as the case may be. Here the band—a very good one from the 1st Baden Grenadiers quartered at Rodstatt—plays a waltz which, coming as it does suddenly and unexpectedly from a bower of 'Vigne Vierge,' *i. e.*, Virginia creeper, which almost shrouds it from view, produces that effect on susceptible people—and none are so much so as 'horse-'jockeys and blacklegs'—that is supposed to be the result of some one walking over your grave. Ah! my friends, do you not remember that when Grisi in the old, old days, used to tell us 'Come 'bello' was Gennaro, and then in the last act announced how he was 'her son,' that you had the creeps in your stall? If you do not remember that, and the chill succeeded by a glow which followed the announcement, 'He's away!' you are not the good fellow I take you for; and if you are not a good fellow, I am sure you will never struggle through this weary paper, which

'I in distant lands to "Baily" dedicate.'

We will then placidly review the actors—the scenery and decorations are supplied by Nature—M. Dupressoir and the gentlemen riders. That is M. Weh, the manager—the 'everybody' of the meeting—as good a fellow as ever regulated a meeting. He is talking to a brother-in-arms, Mr. James Weatherby, 'Arcades ambo,' and it is to be wished that there were many more Arcadians like them: the allusion to the Burlington Arcade will not, I am sure, be lost on your classical subscribers, for some of the entries for Baden are made in the parish of St. George's, Hanover Square. Here comes the 'Kick-over-trace,' an Hungarian countess, very pretty, and dressed up within an inch of those eyes, which she repairs, as they say in leases, 'at certain periods with one coat of white paint 'and one pink or yellow, according to climate.' Five duels—that is to say, ten people—have poked at one another with pointed foils about her in six months. I need hardly say that she is a notoriety, and 'has mounted through rivers of blood' (about nine drops), to 'the dangerous pinnacle of a queen of the semi-demi monde.' The next person to whom I call your attention is a party from Putney—most respectable—a little dull and out of its 'elephants,' as was lately remarked by a gentleman's gentleman—his language is so fine that we usually know him as the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' which title being suddenly conferred on him, nearly caused him to give in his resignation. It was painful to see his master during this crisis. 'I'd wait 'on him myself,' said the unhappy vassal. 'Why on earth do you 'chaff him? All very well for you fellows, who have got no valets, 'but how am I to get home if he leaves me here?' But to get back

to my Putney party—'Ane â deux panniers,' says a Parisian; this, I regret means a man, with a lady on each arm.

'Quoi diable alloit-il faire dans cette galère?'

What did he there on such a day at Baden? Then comes La Signora de los Perlas; no amount of dress, colour, hair, boot-heels, can exceed that. Observe that priest, high in office, who is observing her. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*—all priests are dead as to the pleasures of the flesh except those who are mortified, by want of success in their spiritual designs. I would not trust our sporting priest with two sous. Here come a bevy of Bredons—the Sparrow, the Lady Bird, the Chief Justice, the Queen of No. 6, and—what then? Do they do anything to outrage public opinion?

Imagine outraging public opinion during the race week at Baden!

There was, a year or two ago, a row between an Englishman and an Italian at one of the places where they save their bodies by taking water in the morning and risk their banker's accounts at roulette after lunch. 'What do you think of the present lively little 'mill?' asked a Londoner. 'A mistake from beginning to end,' said Lord X. 'Why they had been inquiring into somebody's 'character at this place!'

Don't think we have not celebrities as well as notorieties. Is Offenbach a celebrity?

'J'aime moi les militaires.'

Eh bien! the Belle Hélène was here t'other day; and as for militaires they came not single squads, but in sections. That is a great celebrity: she has ruined three men in nine months. Next I have to present to you one who has been and gone, and done and suffered.

But I really believe that I must now say a word about the races. You will have read and forgotten the results weeks ago, and indeed they were of little consequence, and excepting the Steeple-chase the events were only of the moment. The Steeple-chase always attracts a great attendance, causes a fair amount of betting, and is talked about in at least four capitals. When you have such gentlemen riders as Messrs. Edwards, Thomas, Sartoris, and Tempest in the saddle there must be interest and excitement, and so it was this year. Lord Poulett and Mr. Edwards brought it off beautifully in spite of the masterly riding of Mr. Thomas; but every one agreed that it was Waterloo Place to a water melon on Benazet if only he could stay and stand up. When they were down that stupid bank, which is kept up here as a sensation fence, the old Baden horse came away and won nearly as he liked. Lord Poulett and the followers of the stable landed a remunerative little stake. Mr. George Hayne and his umbrella did good service on the top of the bank, pointing out to Mr. Edwards the way he should go; and I believe the umbrella has since been placed in a glass case, and is to be seen by ticket, application for which must be made any week-day between

10 and 4 to the trainer of Benazet. I fancy it is lucky that Prince Esterhazy had not another prince with a parasol to point out his path, for if Vulcan had got safely down the inclined plane he would have made the winner gallop. Anglo-Saxon fairly laid down to rest in the little grip which is set as a trap at the bottom of Charlie Thornhill's drop, but his rider was not hurt, and from facts which have since come to our notice we believe that he passed a very good night and was no worse in the morning.

Of course the French were in great force, and the noise they made during the six days of their stay at Punter's-town could not have been surpassed even if there had been a congress of steam engines testing their powers of noise against one another. They sang, danced, played, fenced, jumped, and were more noisy than boys of a private school on an unexpected holiday.

I have a lively remembrance yet of the dinner which succeeded the victory—winners and losers, layers and backers, partisans of Benazet and of the Drone, all met together; and if everybody had won the party could hardly have been pleasanter—'noblesse oblige,' you know after all. Still it is pleasant to see Mr. Edwards 'carrying 'a toast' to Mr. Thomas, and to feel that whatever may be the state of the Turf there are yet men on it like Lord Poulett, Mr. Elyot Bower, and their really gentlemen jockeys; I should say, too, that the other riders were defeated, certainly, but not disgraced.

A goodish cracker was lost over this race, but nothing to that which has just been parted with over the French Omnium, 8,000 or 10,000 out of private pockets, and 20,000 out of the Paris Ring have been extracted by Madame Henriette, who got home first—a trick which her sister failed to do (by a head) last year.

The racing over, we took to the more proper and legitimate sports —fished in the moors and shot over Iffezheim. The weather was against both undertakings; still we did kill birds on the racecourse, and grayling in the river.

Next year here we are to have a 'Grand International Pigeon 'Match.' M. Dupressoir, having kindly responded to a request made by the writer of these lines, has given for next year a Pigeon Handicap Cup, value 150*l*. Mr. Emmanuel Emmanuel has made the design, and I am enabled to tell the winner the description of ornament which he will have on his oak sideboard. Mr. Emmanuel has taken a new and bold line, and has adopted the fresco designs of the 'Trink-halle,' the history of Baden from the healing spring to the Mummel-See, as his illustrations; and he who kills eight birds will have a very nice cup.

We have music and dancing. We have society and the street of Baden. We have health-seekers and money-seekers. We have few English, thank goodness! for you do expect an odd lot of sundries. Yet we have had a charming season, and we hope all to meet again here—the lords and ladies, the bishops, the trainers, the people who play and those who do not. Let another year— Pooh! It can-

not pass from us thus! But it may. Still there is one year, and we may hope to meet yet once again before—

> 'Decay's effacing fingers
> May sweep the line where roulette lingers.'

Ah! can it be that a day will come to us when 'rien ne va plus?' Forbid it, Fortune!

THE GALWAY SALMON FISHERY.

BY OLD CALABAR.

In the west of Ireland, far away from the immediate stirring scenes and busy hum of active life, stands the old (I cannot say picturesque) town of Galway, formerly a Spanish settlement. In the black, flashing eyes and swarthy complexions of some of the inhabitants, the Moorish origin is plainly discernible; in fact, town and people give one the idea of a continental city on a small scale, and the dirtiness of the suburbs is certainly in keeping and play second fiddle to none in Europe.

Although situated in a wild, bleak, and savage country, it boasts of a splendid salmon fishery, the property of Mr. Ashworth, a Manchester gentleman, who purchased it some eleven or twelve years ago for five thousand five hundred pounds, but at the present time worth very much more. As I proceed I shall state how the fishery is worked, and the unfair practices that are resorted to.

From that desolate sheet of water, Lough Corrib, one of the largest and wildest in Ireland, flows a river into the sea. Till the weir was built, some years ago, it was properly all *Lough Corrib*, but now this part is designated as the *River Corrib*, which is a farce: it is *Lough Corrib;* this, however, suits the views of Mr. Ashworth, as he claims the right of this so-called river as far up as four miles, when you enter the lower lake. This right, or monopoly, as well as others connected with it, I am told counsel's opinion is being taken on, but I am certain, from what I have picked up, a lawsuit is inevitable, as it seems the titles to various parts of this river are very shaky.

The nets, in season, yield from four to seven or eight hundred salmon a day,—not bad for a fishery that only cost so small a sum, and so few years ago.

Were the fishing confined to fair netting without trying to injure the upper proprietors, who *breed* the fish, everything would go on quietly and well; but when paltry manœuvres are resorted to, to keep back the fish from passing up the ladder, then it is time some notice was taken.

Perhaps Mr. Ashworth is not aware of all that is going on; if not, he ought to be, for he was here for some weeks in the summer; he will, if he is not cautious, get into hot water again, for he has now

locked up the gate which leads to the paths overlooking the river from the bridge to the weir; this, it seems, the townspeople claim, and from what I understand Mr. Ashworth has no earthly right to it.

What happened on the locking up of the gate the first time, some weeks ago, was this: no sooner was it done than it was burst open, and Mr. Miller, Mr. Ashworth's agent, told by Mr. Hoar (the person who did it) that if it was closed again the gates would be thrown into the river; it has twice been burst open and now it is shut again.

Mr. Ashworth has built heavy stone pillars to hang the gate to, and the right of way is entirely closed. This I am certain the public will not submit to, and that a lawsuit will be the result.

'*Experientia docet*' is a wise saw, and experience ought to have taught Mr. Ashworth how expensive law is; he has, I am informed, already spent some two thousand pounds in proving his title to a part of the fishery, and it will considerably take the gilt off the gingerbread if he has to disburse another such sum.

The question as to this right will no doubt shortly be tried, and then we shall see what we shall see; at any rate, if Mr. Ashworth is not certain as to his position, he is unwise in closing the gate and shutting out the public.

I will say nothing here as to the glaring white fisherman's cottage which is built on 'Tom Tiddler's ground,' directly opposite the fish-pass and as close to the water as it is possible, but I may mention it was built seven years *after* the ladder, which ladder was erected some time *before* Mr. Ashworth purchased the fishery.

No one who understands the habits of salmon need be told why the cottage was placed there; but when, early on a Sunday morning long before daylight, a wood fire is burning close to the pass—as was the case a few weeks back—then I think I may say unfair means are taken to prevent the fish from going up the ladder, close to which, about the same time, I saw a huge mass of stones removed.

The question is, Who put them there? At any rate, such was the case, and the water-bailiff caused them to be removed; they were placed there again, but Mr. Roberts, in his turn, ordered them to be taken out. Since then the fish have been going up, but not freely, as the run is nearly over. Such a quantity of salmon has not been known for the last eighteen years.

The paltry manœuvres I object to are these: people looking over the Queen's Gap (no doubt placed there), which frighten the fish, and they drop back to the nets; the fisherman Brown's son poking a rod about the ladder; fires lighted before daylight, &c. Unless these unfair proceedings are put a stop to, Mr. Ashworth must not be surprised if counterplots are resorted to, for the rights of the upper proprietors must be observed. Mind, I do not tax him with being cognizant of all this, but so it is.

The fisherman, Brown, who lives in the forementioned cottage, is, I have no hesitation in saying, a man I would not, were I Mr. Ashworth, employ, for various reasons.

The water has during the latter part of the season been very low, so low that the Queen's Gap has been almost dry, no fish could come up or go down; the netting closed in August. There are now a great quantity of them between the bridge and the pass; such a sight is seldom seen; thousands of fish may be observed in a foot or eighteen inches of water, on looking over the bridge that crosses the river, and also a lot of white trout.

I shall later be able to tell you how badly the water is regulated, how the sluices are worked, and every dodge resorted to, to draw the fish away from the pass; and it will astonish the fishing public to know what mean things are done. Others have seen the same as myself, and can testify as to the accuracy of my statements. One thing is certain, that another ladder must be made, which I am told will be done the ensuing season.

Snatching is supposed not to be permitted now, but, nevertheless, I have observed many fish foully hooked and killed. You may see lots of the poor creatures maimed—eyes out, and scored along the back and sides. One told me it was from the quantity of fish, and could not be helped: of course it could not with a *leaded fly!*

This puts me in mind of a French fishing yarn I heard some years ago. A friend of mine went to a river in Normandy for a few days' fishing. He asked the *garçon* of the hotel if there were any salmon in the river. He answered, 'Saumon! mon Dieu, oui; tremblement de poissons!' leading you to believe the river was actually boiling with them. One salmon had been caught in it during a period of eleven years. Excuse this digression.

Some short time ago the bailiff had a little *fracas*. He observed four men snatching; he went up to one, who, though asked, would not show his fly; he seized the rod, and, in the scuffle, the line broke and was left in the water. I have observed this person at the same 'little game' several times.

I will now proceed to give you a few of the manœuvres which are going on here.

About three months ago a man by the name of Thomas Ward found fixed in the upper part of the ladder which leads into Lough Corrib (for, notwithstanding all that can be said, it is legally *Lough Corrib*, and not the *River Corrib*), that the fish-pass runs into, a wooden frame with a wire trellis-work; this was fixed to prevent the fish going up.

In each of the stones which form the sides of this upper portion of the pass there is a groove cut; these grooves are for the purpose of putting boards into, to dry the ladders, or for any alterations or repairs that may be needed; in these grooves this frame was fixed. A more disgraceful act than this I cannot imagine; it was evidently no poachers' work, for it would be of no use to them if they could have gaffed the fish in the pass, where they must have remained, from being prevented going up; the watcher, Fletcher (he has since been discharged), would have seen them; or the fisherman, of whom presently.

The frame was taken to Mr. Miller, Mr. Ashworth's agent, instead of being delivered to Mr. Read, the inspector. Quiet as all this was kept, it leaked out. Of course no one knew anything about it, and I am afraid it will ever be shrouded in mystery.

This obstruction could not have been fixed up in the day, for scores of people would have seen it. The man Fletcher came on at six in the evening till six in the morning; he must, therefore, not have been doing his duty—was fast asleep, or aware of the fact: this, I think, is pretty clear.

Now with regard to the fire which was lighted early one Sunday (I can give the date if required), the water-bailiff observed it burning on the morning in question about half-past one; he remained on the bridge looking at Fletcher (about a quarter of an hour), who was sitting in the upper path above the fire, the fire was lighted on the lower path and at the end of it near the pass. He (the bailiff) made a detour to take another view from a different point and then visited the mill sluices to examine if they were right.

On his return, about three o'clock or after (broad daylight), he observed Fletcher sitting beside the fire; passing over the bridge, he came along the upper path, the fire was then covered over with stones but still smoking away. After looking at the pass and weir, he saw Fletcher walking about reading, or pretending to read, a paper, but which he was flourishing about as a flag.

There is no doubt that the fire was to scare the fish by night, and the paper by day; for the instant the fish see anything—which they can from the lowness and brightness of the water—they run back. I should mention that Fletcher has been dismissed for neglect of duty three times; let us hope he will not be taken back again.

The fish here seldom run after seven or eight o'clock A.M.; night is the time for them, but I have once observed them going up as late as ten in the morning.

As I have mentioned, there are two paths from the bridge to Brown's cottage, an upper and a lower one; Fletcher invariably walked the lower one, and as close to the entrance of the pass as he could. Why did he do this? to scare the fish, of course. Why not promenade the upper one, or, better still, keep near the bridge, where he could have a good view of all that was going on, and allow the fish to have fair passage? and if a fire must be lighted, let it be done behind the cottage and out of sight.

If Mr. Ashworth is desirous that the upper proprietors should have a just proportion (which I am afraid from all I see he is not), and who, as I have said before, *breed the fish* for him, why not check all these paltry proceedings and 'do unto others,' &c.? The salmon, if fair play were given them, would go up much faster; but every dodge that can be resorted to is by Brown and his assistants to stop their ascent.

Let us in charity hope that it is without the knowledge or sanction of either Mr. Ashworth or Mr. Miller.

And let us also hope that the upper proprietors will for the future

be more alive to their own interests, or this Manchester gentleman will have such a grasp as will make the upper fisheries not worth a brass farthing. I am told they do not like parting with their money in trying their rights, but have at last resolved to do so. This will be far better than being penny wise and pound foolish.

Since the above was in type heavy rains have come on. The fish are going up to their old haunts. Sunday is a jubilee for them. The mills do not work, consequently the water is higher: this with the flood has let the poor creatures out of prison: they take advantage of it, and are making the best of their way upwards.

Mr. Francis Francis was here a short time back; and as he is giving an account of the Irish fisheries, he will no doubt touch on the Galway one, so we shall see what he says on the subject; but from his short stay he has of course not the opportunities of seeing what I see, or hearing what I hear. *Nous verrons.*

THE SIRES OF THE PERIOD.

THE history of the British Turf, if it is ever written, will record the rise, transient glory, and fall of many an illustrious house; it will also have to record the rise and collapse of many famous horses. 'Every dog' is said to 'have his day.' So has every blood sire, and ten years would seem to be a no inconsiderable period in his history. There are few stud horses whose fame survives so long, and still fewer who achieve any fame at all, except the frothy adulation of their owners. There are 'fashions' in horseflesh, as in every other commodity. I am old enough to remember when Selim was an 'institution,' and when, a short time later, nothing would 'go down' but Comus, Whalebone, Blacklock, Catton, Filho da Puta, and Emilius: each had their day; then, after an interval, came the great Touchstone era. For some time the Touchstones carried all before them, as did the Melbourne family a little later on. The glory of these families has been transient. It has become dimmed, and, after a generation or two, has burst out afresh. A 'new cross' has been discovered, or the sons and daughters of a renowned horse, who were themselves worthless as racers, have proved invaluable at the stud. I could adduce several illustrations from each of the several 'families' into which it is the custom to split up the English Stud. But I will content myself with one family. The best horse Birdcatcher ever got was the grey Chanticleer. He was a grand-looking horse, true in shape and perfect in action, and a good racehorse to boot. But as a stud horse he was an utter failure, *i.e.*, he did not beget racehorses; yet his daughters have proved themselves invaluable as brood mares and have produced some of the best horses of the present day. The Chanticleer mares, though few in number, are amongst the precious possessions of the English Stud. Stockwell, a scion of the same house, has proved far more valuable as a stud horse

than he ever did as a racehorse; for though he won the Guineas and St. Leger, he defeated no horse of character, and whenever he met a good field was beaten himself. Yet as a stallion he has achieved a very enviable reputation, and must have proved a mine of wealth to his owner. But he has had his day; and I shall presently show none of his sons seem likely to step into his shoes.

Melbourne was a greater success than Stockwell even at the stud, and his sons have been incapable of perpetuating his renown. Excellence would appear to slumber for a generation or two, and then burst out afresh. At the present time the only family strain which has had an impetus given to it is the Pantaloon blood, which, thanks to Sunshine, Hester, and Camel, seems to be looking up a bit. But I will discuss the several families seriatim. The Birdcatcher line, then, in default of a legitimate successor to Stockwell, who is now old and almost worn out, is at a great discount. Stockwell's winners this season are few in number and very moderate in pretensions. Not one of his stock has won an important weight-for-age race. Nor do his sons Asteroid, Blair Athol, Caterer, Exchequer, Knowsley, the Marquis, Thunderbolt, or Hubert sustain the family *prestige*; indeed, considering the chances they have had, they must be regarded as utter failures. I am of course speaking of the deeds accomplished by their progeny, and not of the prices which yearlings realize in the market. The market test is manifestly fallacious; for it is not a little singular that the high-priced yearlings, almost without an exception, have proved utterly worthless when tried in the balance and asked to repay some small portion of their expenses. And I shall be surprised if the high-priced yearling sold at Doncaster a fortnight ago proves any exception to the rule, for though he 'looked the animal,' and there was little or nothing to be found fault with in his shape, his manners and deportment were anything but what they ought to be. In short, he was an ill-mannered, fretful, and restless brute; and as on his mother's side he comes of an irritable and flashy race, I shall refuse to believe he will ever be worth one-fifth of the money he realized at the hammer.

The only sons of Stockwell who give anything like a promise of keeping his memory green are St. Albans and Camerino. The last-named is the better-looking of the two brothers, but the other the more 'fashionable,' and Julius and Martyrdom are two feathers in his thinly-plumed cap. George Osbaldeston has given a lift to Camerino.

The Marquis has been an entire failure; for surely even his best friends cannot regard his son The Viscount in the light of a race-horse, and would gladly stifle him to save his father's reputation from the reproach of having begotten such a faint-hearted wretch! Blair Athol's best foals are Scottish Queen, The Swift, Ethus, Consternation, Maid of Athol, and Duchess of Athol—a very poor return for the numerous fees of one hundred pounds each which found their way into the pockets of his owners, and, let me also say, from the numbers of really good mares who were wasted upon him. But

whilst at Fairfield the horse was made a fool of, fatted up like a stalled ox, and had little or no exercise, except the exercise he gave himself in 'the Palace,' which it was the boast of his owner had been provided for him, and surely no horse was ever so indulged as he was. His stock were, therefore, soft-hearted, according to the verdict of one of the best trainers in the North of England; they have also, for the most part, been the subjects of deformed feet. The latter drawback is the more serious of the two, for by different management—and the horse really has improved in appearance in the most marvellous manner since he has been located at Middle Park—the softness may probably be eradicated; but the deformity is akin to the curse which embittered the life of Byron. Asteroid's ill success is even more conspicuous, and his owner is not likely to reap any advantage from deposing Beadsman in favour of this common-looking son of Stockwell. The Madame Eglantine filly and King Cophetua are poor substitutes for Rosicrucian and Beadsman.

Exchequer has nothing to recommend him to favour, and Knowsley's fame chiefly depends on Rupert and Stanley. But Knowsley has never had half a chance. Thunderbolt's stock only win in fifth-rate company.

Probably some of Stockwell's daughters may follow in the steps of Bas Bleu and produce a few good foals, and some of his grandsons may revive his name and fame; for it is almost hoping against hope to expect his sons to keep his memory green after the several conspicuous failures we have witnessed.

When Alpenstock won the City and Suburban Stakes, and the Drummer carried off the Metropolitan Stakes, a great hubbub was made on behalf of their sire Rataplan; but time has proved them to be very moderate and not exactly the class of animals which make a name for a sire. King Tom—the other son of Pocahontas—can boast of Kingcraft and Mahonia, who have given a fillip to his dying reputation, otherwise it might have fared badly with him.

The Defence line is a dead letter until the young Gladiateurs make a name for themselves and revive the glory of one of the stoutest, gamest, and best' families at the Stud. The blood has not done badly, considering its scarcity, for it is all but extinct in England, the best portion of it having been transported to France some years ago.

The Blacklock line is dependent upon its most neglected scions for what little renown it can claim. Voltigeur, Vedette, and Skirmisher have done little or nothing to uphold its fame in producing winners of weight-for-age races; and if Lambton with Roma and My Lady, and King of Trumps with Mantilla and Queen of Hearts had not come to the rescue the Blacklock line would have been doomed with a vengeance. I am not unmindful of the fact, that some of Voltigeur's sons have won a few handicaps, but breeders go in for something better than Geant des Batailles, who has never been seen near the front in a field of good horses, and who met Martyrdom at a difference of 7 lb. only this year at Epsom and was disgracefully

beaten over the mile and a-half. The young hopefuls, Brennus and Falkland, of whom so much was expected, have turned out thorough wretches. Acaster, too, had his comb most effectually cut at Doncaster when such a cur as Good Hope beat him 'anyhow' in the Cup.

The Touchstone family would have fared badly but for Adventurer and Orest, the middle-aged scions of that line such as Marsyas, Trumpeter, Dundee, Atherstone, Chevalier d'Industrie, Joey Jones, Newcastle, and a few other bepraised sires having fallen short of the expectations indulged in on their behalf. The two sons of Touchstone, Newminster and Orlando, have done much better than any of the grandsons, taking into consideration their respective opportunities. Indeed, Orlando, considering his great age, has done surprisingly well, and Astolfo and Temple will bear testimony to the excellence of the graceful son of the old Eaton brown. His grandson Orest has also played a trump card in White Slave, but he had other if not better credentials previously; and when we take into account the meagre opportunity this maimed grandson of Orlando has possessed for distinguishing himself he must be voted a great success. In appearance he more resembles Orlando than any other descendant of the old horse at the Stud. There was always a family likeness about Orlando's stock, but the same could not be said of the foals begotten by Newminster. He usually contented himself with fertilisation, and left it to the mares to lick the youngsters into shape, consequently his best foals have been as little like him as possible; nor have they been like unto each other. Musjid, Lord Clifden, Victorious, Hermit, and Adventurer had no sort of family likeness, and, singularly enough, the best of their progeny are as unlike their progenitors as they well can be. They not only differ and vary in colour, but also in shape and proportions. I have seen them of every variety of colour, and their shapes are still more dissimilar; some are light, short-backed foals, others leggy and sprawling. Some of them have particularly strong hocks, with the thighs well let down; others, on the contrary, have small weak hocks and small shrivelled-looking gaskins. Adventurer played a trump card with Pretender, and as his owner knew his way about he got the subscription list filled for the next year before the Doncaster disgrace. Musjid is dead, and will want no more subscriptions. Lord Clifden's majestic looks will fill his list for some time to come, and for the term of his natural life, unless his stock should prove worthless. Victorious is going to Danebury, where there is an inexhaustible supply of tolerably good mares, so for the present there is little or no probability of the Newminster line falling into disrepute and neglect.

Beadsman has made a name for himself, and rendered any comments of mine unnecessary. Blue Gown, Rosicrucian, Green Sleeve, Pero Gomez, The Palmer, and Morna speak for themselves.

NORTH LINCOLN.

(To be concluded.)

OCTOBER SPORTS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the variable state of the weather during the spring months, the breeding season for cubs has not been altogether unfavourable, since when in their infancy although rude Boreas may be raging without, they are protected from his assaults by their snug lodging under ground, and the warm embraces of their solicitous mammas. Dry cold weather is not detrimental to their growth, and from the thick texture of their furry jackets they are enabled to resist a considerable amount of rain without experiencing any evil consequences. Stub-bred cubs as they are called—*i. e.*, those laid up in gorse bushes, the hollow stools of old trees, and in such-like places—have more of the colder elements to contend against, and more enemies, than those deposited in main earths or rabbit burrows; but I am inclined to think that these stub-bred foxes prove the stoutest and hardiest, when safe from the perils attendant upon their unprotected cubhood. Still, I consider it a hazardous experiment attempting to make all foxes have their dwellings above ground. *Naturam expellas furcâ tamen, usque recurret*; and foxes, which have been accustomed for generations to subterraneous cavities, will maintain a preference for such dens to shelter them from their enemies, and the pelting of the pitiless storms. It has been asserted that main earths, being well known to poachers, are the most insecure of homes to foxes. In this case, however, knowledge is not always power. A poacher may know that foxes always frequent certain earths, but he also knows from the extent and ramification of the pipes, particularly in sandy soils, his prospects of extracting cubs or foxes therefrom are exceedingly problematical.

These large or main earths so-called, have been in the first instance excavated by badgers, animals celebrated for their mining propensities, being well prepared by Nature with long and strong claws, to make quick progress through loose subsoil; and few would credit the immense amount of work performed by them unless eye-witnesses of the fact. Some years ago a favourite terrier of ours followed a fox into a head of earths, which, at first sight, did not appear very deep; but the dog not reaching his home, about two miles distant, on the second day, two strong young men were employed with pick-axe and shovel to exhume little Viper dead or alive. For five days they worked away incessantly against this sand bank (lying on the slope of a hill), and exposing to view the various ramifications and little tunnels made by badgers for centuries past, which resembled a honeycomb, and extended more than a hundred yards in width. No traces, however, of the missing terrier could be found, and deeming it hopeless to proceed further, our task was abandoned on the fifth evening, and, strange to say, the dog returned home the following day, showing marks about the head and face of a severe conflict with fox or badger, and reduced to a skeleton, having been buried in the bowels of the earth eight days. With great care and spare diet at first, the dog

recovered; and from his long sojourn underground may be surmised the difficulty of bolting foxes from main earths, and the consequent security to cubs laid up in such places.

From the middle of August to the first week in September complaints might have been made about the hard state of the ground, little rain having fallen during that period, and a cold easterly wind, with hot sun, generally prevailing. Since that time, however, rain has fallen sufficiently heavy for cub-hunting, which, by the middle of that month, commences pretty generally throughout the country. We should as soon expect to hear a tradesman complain of too many customers, or a man of too much money, as a fox hunter of too many foxes; yet it appears from reports which reach us that these wily animals were too plentiful last season in the Belvoir Hunt, and, from their numbers, often baffled Mr. Cooper's endeavours to scalp them. In fact, they seemed to have established a regular system of opposition to their enemies by having relays of second and third horses at certain short distances to take up the running, so that when No. 1 had his gallop of ten or fifteen minutes, and felt a little distressed by being bowled along by the Belvoir beauties at a killing pace, he called upon No. 2 to take his place, and so in like manner did No. 2 when he had *quantum suf.* turn out No. 3 to save his own precious carcase. Certain it is that this sort of thing is very annoying and perplexing to a huntsman, to see these sleek-coated little animals laughing at his disappointment, flirting and whisking their smart clean brushes in the face of the pack, reminding one of those two lines in a quaint old song—

> 'And little pigs were squeaking out,
> Why don't you come and eat me?'

We have never heard of poor Will Goodall being outwitted by foxcraft in this fashion, and have no doubt he knew a trick worth two of theirs.

When any man has more money than he can conveniently spend, the wisest course he can adopt is to dispense his loose cash amongst his poorer brethren, thereby laying up for himself a good foundation against the time to come, when he will be repaid double and treble interest for that so generously applied. Too many pheasants, too many hares, or too many rabbits, may be easily thinned off, by aid of powder and shot; but it would be a dangerous precedent to open fire upon foxes where too abundant, neither will any master or huntsman *si sapit* admit this to be the case, knowing that such admission would immediately be taken advantage of by the disaffected. But if such be the case really and truly, there are, unfortunately, several fox-hunting countries at the present time where there exists a great scarcity of the vulpine race, and where any donations would be most thankfully received. Agreeing with the old saying, 'The 'more the merrier, the fewer the better cheer,' we know full well that too many foxes are not conducive to sport, but quite the reverse —and hounds which are continually changing scents without blood

will become slack in finding their game, and careless in pursuing it. But there are many ways of reducing their number by less suicidal means than that once adopted by that renowned sportsman and Master of Foxhounds, the late John Ward, as Sam Nicholl said, 'by using the black bitch.' Afterwards Mr. Ward adopted a more prudent and satisfactory expedient, by inviting the late Sir John Cope, of Bramshill, to bring down his pack for a month at the close of the season to kill his superfluous stock of foxes, which proved a mutual benefit to all parties, save and except those most deeply concerned in running a muck with the Bramshill rattlers.

By leaving certain earths and drains open, the number of foxes above ground will of course be diminished by their seeking refuge beneath it, and from which they may be bolted like rabbits into a net, when required, by a good terrier, and transported to a neighbour's country if not wanted at home. We don't like the idea of digging out a fresh fox, which has only stood a few minutes before the hounds, and throwing him in among them, this being, in our opinion, a cold-blooded, unsportsmanlike act that cannot bear the light of day.

Another plan is, supposing you have too many foxes, to invite a brother Master and his pack to help you in disposing of them; but the best plan of all is to keep your hounds' noses down to the ground, making them stick to their work, and never *letting them go to a holloa.* If fresh foxes jump up out of hedgerows, stubble-fields, or turnips, a change of venue might be expected; although, even at such a crisis, a pack accustomed to mind their own business would be too intent upon following the line to notice anything passing beyond it, unless their heads were got up by a hullabaloo from some too-impetuous sportsman. To go a step further, we maintain that a clever huntsman, riding well to his hounds, with two able assistants as whippers-in in close attendance, ought to prevent such a *contretemps* occurring if he has a proper control over his pack. We have seen the late Assheton Smith, by one sharp rate stop his hounds instantly from running their fox in a small low patch of gorse, where he thought they would chop him. When, however, huntsman and whips cannot keep their places everything must, of course, be left to chance; and if hounds throw up at head and catch sight of a fresh fox, nothing can stop them then; but that this will be of continual occurrence throughout three days in the week out of the six, *Credat Judæus Apella!* That system of lifting hounds to holloas proves the ruin of more than half the packs of foxhounds in England; and how continually do we hear the remark, 'Capital 'day's sport—run of the season—only wanted the finishing touch of 'the brush to make it quite perfect—lost him by going to a holloa!' Yes, this is too often the *finale* to a really good day's chase, and from two causes the scent of the beaten animal becomes less strong, and he uses various stratagems to save his life, by short turnings, lying down in ditches, or seeking refuge amongst farm buildings; in fact, like a mariner making for any port, to escape the fury of the storm raging in his rear. It has been asserted, we think by Beckford,

that a huntsman should seldom rate and never flog his hounds. As a general rule, this is right enough, but as there are exceptions to nearly all general rules, there are times when the huntsman must maintain his authority by voice and lash also; and what rule did the Wise Man lay down with regard to human beings—'Spare the rod 'and spoil the child.' Hounds, like all other dogs, should fear their master much, but love him more. Times there are in the absence of the whipper-in when a huntsman must rate a hound, if running riot, and if instant obedience does not follow, the delinquent ought to feel the smart of the lash. There are some individuals in most packs almost incorrigible, no sooner escaping the whipper-in's castigation in the short wood where they can be overhauled, than they will begin running riot in the high, and the worst of these rioters are the silent ones—pursuing their unlawful game with sealed lips. When handling the horn, we have been obliged to handle the whip also, and inflict condign punishment upon wilfully disobedient offenders, particularly during the cub-hunting season, Jem and Jack being more intent upon nuts than cracking their whips; and on these occasions if our rate was disregarded, although sufficient of itself to stop the generality of malcontents, the *fortiter in re* was immediately adopted. Slipping from the saddle, we pounced upon the defiant hound, and, catching him by the hind leg, administered such a dose of pigeon's milk that he never required a second for the remainder of his natural life. We never would countenance insubordination in servant or hound, and, truth to tell, when our monkey was once fairly roused up, we could deal out our services with stinging effect. Yet, notwithstanding some occasional ebullitions of temper, our hounds were as fondly attached to their master and huntsman as he was to them. They knew perfectly well that his will must be their law, and after one trial the youngsters never presumed to dispute his commands.

The commonalty of huntsmen and whippers-in are not remarkable for angelic dispositions, their occupation being very trying to patience; but of the two, an irascible man is far better than a sulky one. We do not very often find in a huntsman that kindness of manner towards hounds, combined with decision of character, by which they become so attached to him as almost to anticipate his wishes. Foxhounds can and will become fondly attached to their master, if kindly treated, as any other species of the canine race, but they must feel at home with him sometimes, not always at school, which seems too generally the case in large kennels, where too much discipline exists. Willing, not forced, obedience is the surest proof of good management, and it is easily tested in this manner: if hounds when called do not answer with alacrity and cheerfulness to the summons of their huntsman: if a whipper-in is required whip in hand to compel this obedience—then you may draw a self-evident and just conclusion that their huntsman, either from bad temper or bad manner, is incapable of attaching them to himself. We have witnessed many exhibitions of this kind—the huntsman goes to the

door of the inner court or sleeping apartment, where the pack is reclining upon their benches, and opening it sufficient for the egress of one individual, calls out, 'Saracen! Saracen! Saracen!' three or half a dozen times in rapid succession, to which Saracen makes no reply or movement. 'Turn him out, Jack,' cries the enraged professional; and forthwith he is bundled off the bench in none of the best humours, with his bristles well up and snapping at every other hound which comes near him, and out he rushes with defiant looks and demeanour, implying, 'What does this fool want me for? I 'don't care a rap about him.' Now, see the reverse of this picture as we have seen it—not often, indeed. The cheerful, kindhearted huntsman is without a whip in his hand, or whipper-in to assist him, but the moment his glad face appears, every hound is off the bench to greet him. 'No, no, my darlings, not all at once; I only want 'Solomon yet,' and in a moment Solomon is outside the door jumping around him, and, raising himself upon his hind legs, stretches out his fore paws upon his huntsman's waistcoat—

'Oh, you are a jolly old dog, Solomon!' cries his master, patting his honest head.

'He is a true friend in need, sir,' added Will, addressing the gentleman who had come to see the pack.

'You appear to be very fond of each other,' was the dry rejoinder.

'Mutual confidence, sir, between huntsman and hound is the 'thing—the only thing to insure success in our line. What could 'I do in our large woodlands without it? If the young hounds are 'running riot with deer or hare, where a whipper-in can't get at 'them, he may rate and be hanged for all they care, but one rate 'from my voice stops them in a moment—and even if the young 'ones don't attend to it directly, the old will, and come away. A 'pack of foxhounds, sir, to be thoroughly steady, must not be so 'much in dread of the whip as of their huntsman's displeasure. 'They must obey from a disinclination to offend him.'

'Yes, Will; there I agree with you—willing instead of forced 'obedience makes all the difference.'

'Well, sir, then in this country we have plenty of foxes—I won't 'say too many—that wouldn't be safe or prudent; but when running 'one, a second often jumps up in the open from stubble or turnips, 'and if it does so happen that we get into trouble at that particular 'moment, this sort of thing don't help us out of it. Some people, sir, 'will holler at all times if they sees a fox, and it matters not to them 'whether he be the hunted or a fresh one—holler they will—then 'up go the hounds' heads, down go their sterns, and a whipper-in, 'ride as he may, can't get a-head of 'em; but my rate, sir, will stop 'them, and nothing short of it. They understand what that means, 'for they never hear it except when they are doing wrong. Then, 'sir, we never allow a whip to be cracked; unless for the same 'purpose, to stop them from riot. No use of whipcord to stir a 'fox up in a thick piece of gorse or tangled cover. We are all

'silent birds, sir, no unnecessary noise of any kind being permitted; 'no rowing or ransacking a fox when first found, and no going off 'to hollows when we are in chase of him. This is our system, sir, 'and we find it answer. We stick to our hunted game, without 'turning to the right or left, and we seldom fail to give a good 'account of him.'

From what we have written above, however, it is not to be inferred that a huntsman would be justified in striking any individual hound, when surrounded by the pack, at which time even a whipper-in would not be allowed to assail him, the huntsman's presence being the hound's protection, where the most erring may defy Jack's black looks. Again, when fighting in kennel, it would be absurd to say that the huntsman should not instantly interfere to prevent further mischief, supposing him to be alone. We do not find other sporting dogs, such as pointers, setters, retrievers, or spaniels less attached to their masters because corrected by their hands, and when deficient in their several duties severely punished. Foxhounds, it may be remarked, are of a wilder and less attached nature, and to a certain extent this is true. From puppyhood they are sent to farmhouses, where they roam about as it pleases them without restraint or correction of any kind. Here they remain for six or eight months free as the air, to go out and come in, but very rarely petted by any one of the establishment, except, perhaps, receiving an occasional kind word from the cow-boy and scullion wench. Hence they are transferred by rail or road *en masse* to the kennel, and what is their reception on reaching it? something very much resembling the admission of culprits into the worst kind of prison, to breathe the polluted air inseparable from such places. Here they are consigned to the tender mercies of the feeder—the huntsman in large establishments still having his field work to do with the pack. True, the young hopes of the family are well fed—generally too well—but beyond this, and their beds being littered with clean straw, they receive little more attention from the official. As a general rule huntsmen are by far too methodical—there is too much of the master and too little of the friend in their conduct towards their dependants. Foxhounds are not an exception to that numerous class of the canine species which seems to have been created for the benefit and use of mankind. Dogs attach themselves to us in a manner totally unlike that of any other animal in the creation. We may tame other animals, and make them so far subservient to our commands as it may suit their nature; but man and his dog are one—nothing but death, not even that, can sever this faithful creature from his loyalty and attachment to his master. There are, of course, various dispositions in foxhounds as well as in other dogs—some gentle and affectionate, others sulky and savage, which refuse to hear the voice of the charmer; so long, however, as they perform their duties in the field and in the kennel, huntsmen care little more about them, neither have they in large establishments time to make pets of all their dependants.

Some young hounds, like some boys, never require correction from the day of their entry to fox scent; some are slow to take up the running, and will do little or nothing noticeable during their first season. These, however, may generally be depended upon for making up lost time, and lasting longer than those more precocious, who set to work at once. Others there are of wilful, perverse dispositions, who will be always doing wrong, running any but their legitimate game. This may be attributed to their parents having possessed the same discursive fancy, or the bad habit of running hare at their walks, and it is no easy matter to reclaim such delinquents from their evil ways. There can be little doubt that a thoroughbred foxhound will prefer that scent to which his progenitors have been accustomed for generations, but the flesh of hare must be more delicate than that of the fox. There is, however, an old saying about hungry dogs which we need not repeat.

With the month of October all our field sports come into operation: fox hunting, hare hunting, coursing, and pheasant shooting. Grousing is perhaps a little out of fashion, the birds pack together and take long flights; yet even in this month when young and active, defiant of moor and morass, we have contrived to make a fair bag. Towards the end of the month, woodcocks, snipes, widgeon, and teal come in, and partridges have not gone out of the shooter's calendar. An old sportsman of our acquaintance was wont to declare that a partridge was not worth the trouble of cooking until he had cropped the fresh-springing blades of newly-sown autumn wheat. In his time the wheat crop was usually sown upon old fallowed land about the first week in September, or earlier, to be of sufficient growth and strength to resist the almost certain advent of severe weather in winter. Foxhunters also in former days calculated upon what was then termed the 'shut-up time,' from Christmas to February, during which little could be done in the way of hunting or farming. From some extraordinary change in atmospheric influences nothing of this kind now occurs in this nineteenth century. Farmers go on sowing their wheat any month which has an *r* in it, supposing that the ground will be in season for the seed as long as oysters are for the table. In short, the cultivators of the soil in these days have become so exceedingly self-confident in their own conceited opinions about weather, that an old-fashioned winter is absolutely necessary to convince them of their ignorance. If our recollection serves us, the last Christmas Day proved as mild as any in May, and we are all led astray by such unseasonable occurrences. That this climate has undergone a great metamorphosis since the introduction of railway traffic and steam power, few will be disposed to gainsay—rain prevailing over frost. This sort of thing may suit the Meltonians very well, who have a large stud of hunters at command, but too much moisture is the reverse of beneficial to the land; in fact, from the absence of severe sharp frost of some continuance as in former years, grubs, caterpillars, *et hoc genus omne* of noxious insects, have increased to such an alarming extent that the root-

crops in some districts have been most seriously injured, if not entirely destroyed. This season the ladybirds arrived very opportunely to rid us of the aphis, which were swarming over the country on every green thing; but the worst of all grubs which has fallen under our observation is a brown sulky brute, lying an inch or two under ground, attacking all vegetables and roots without discrimination. Some five years ago these grubs made their appearance in our garden, and we tried everything we could devise to destroy them —hot lime, soot, salt, superphospate, and other dressings of that kind, to no purpose. They would not be killed by any such means, but continued boring us, by boring into the hearts of even our onions and potatoes, when they had cleared off the other vegetables, and at last we were obliged to employ boys to pick them out of the soil; thus their numbers were thinned for a time, but there being no severe frost last year, they have again come down upon us, or rather remained dormant in the ground during the winter, and the same process of hand-picking must be adopted to rid us of our enemies. In the fields they are equally rampant and rapacious, having last autumn cleared off entirely a promising crop of turnips, which we intended storing away for winter feeding.

In our opinion October is one of the most enjoyable months in the year, neither too hot nor too cold for agreeable recreation in the field, although a good fire in the evening after the toils of the day are over, and a good dinner discussed, is very acceptable. In this month also a sojourn by the seaside is both refreshing and delightful, reminding us of some old lines, which, as far as recollection serves, run thus:—

> 'In the downhill of life, when I feel I'm declining,
> May my lot no less fortunate be,
> Than a snug elbow chair may afford for reclining,
> And a cot which o'erlooks the wide sea.'

As on the 1st of September it is the orthodox rule of long standing to have partridges on the table for second course, so is a young cock-pheasant expected to put in an appearance on the 1st of October, not that either of these birds are the better for being killed and cooked on the same day, but by old sportsmen primitive customs are rigidly enforced, and, for that matter, we don't imagine Young England raises any objection to these dainty dishes being set before him according to old style. Pheasants, like partridges, lie upon corn and stubbles as long as any food is to be found. These run out from their cover up into hedgerows at their feeding times, morning and evening, and from these said hedgerows in the afternoon we have obtained some excellent shooting, where these birds were not very abundant, and without much trouble, by sending a man forward out of sight to the end of the field, whilst we advanced in the opposite direction to meet him. Thus the birds being disturbed by the beater's stick, would fly homewards over our head, and when in flight stopped by our double-barrel. The old poet, Pye, had not

a bad idea of pheasant-shooting when he expressed himself in these terms :—

> 'His gaudy plumage when the male displays
> In bright luxuriance to the solar rays,
> Arrest with hasty shot his whirring speed,
> And see unblamed the shining victim bleed:
> But when the hen to thy discerning view
> Her sober pinions spread of duskier hue,
> Th' attending keeper's prudent warning hear,
> And spare the offspring of the future year;
> Else shall the fine which custom laid of old
> Avenge her slaughter with thy forfeit gold.'

THE LEASH.

THERE is every reason why Coursing should hold the prominent place it does in popular estimation. Calling for no great amount of exertion in its pursuit, the timid horseman, to whom the chase would be a sealed book from the time the first fence was encountered, can, in the coursing-field, canter about at his ease, and get a due share of excitement to digest his exercise. The pedestrian can either go the whole hog, and walk from morning until night, or by riding in some friend's carriage occasionally mitigate his toil. While the invalid can, if judiciously placed, see through his glasses as much of the sport as the more robust.

To the betting-man it affords a never-ending source of amusement; he can wager on the first turn, the run-up, the course, or the stake, and back either the hare or the dogs, as seemeth him best, for pounds, shillings, or pence, as his own pocket or the inclination of those about him may admit. The admirer of the fair sex can at a coursing meeting see them in perfection—on foot, on horseback, and in carriages. The return from a bursting gallop in the rear of Mr. Warwick also affords an admirable opportunity for a little quiet flirtation while papa on the fat wheezy pony is seeing the next brace of dogs put into the slips. To the man who merely wants a ride, it is a place to meet friends or neighbours, and chat away the morning, see a course or two, and have a nice canter over the downs. To the tradesmen of the surrounding towns and villages it forms a good excuse for a picnic, and saves them the trouble of finding their own amusement, or admiring ruins or waterfalls, which they neither know nor care anything about. The farmers find it a capital opportunity for getting the four-year old used to a crowd, or may be selling a good-looking one a year or two older, and just fit to go into work; for amongst those who throng the scene at an autumn meeting at Amesbury or Ashdown, are many who will, later in the season, be seen going best pace over the Melton or Pytchley pastures. With all these advantages it is no wonder that the leash is popular.

That the sport has always been a favourite one, in some shape or

other, there can be no doubt; and authors go far away into the dark ages to show the antiquity of its origin. Into these ancient details we care not to enter: let it suffice for our purpose that in the reign of our Maiden Queen (?) a code of rules were drawn up for its regulation, which of course, greatly modified and altered, may be called the foundation or A B C of our present coursing laws. Until we reach Major Topham's celebrated Snowball, we know little of the history or appearance of the heroes of the leash, but have an opinion that they improved much in the same ratio as the thoroughbred horse when the prizes contended for became valuable. We also fancy that, like the horse, the early types were closer-grown, wear and tear staying animals, without the fine dash of speed which now characterises them.

It is not, however, of public coursing only that we would now speak. The sport, like the race-course, and the hunting-field, has, if we may so express it, an inner life, or, to speak more correctly, a public and a private side, from whence it may be viewed. There are, we know, men who keep racehorses (they are few and far between) to whom the breeding, rearing, and seeing them in their work is as great a source of pleasure as the races in which they contend. By the same rule, masters of hounds have made a great name on the flags, who cared little to ride up to their darlings in the field. Thus it is no great stretch of the imagination to credit an owner of long dogs, with finding as much real enjoyment from them in private as when running in public. Nay, we have known many a most enthusiastic courser, who never started a dog for a public stake, or wagered on a course save a few shillings with a neighbour in his life, and yet took as much interest in his kennel, and derived as much pleasure from his dogs as the most ardent public courser. These men who, in contradiction to some of their more energetic brethren, we may term private coursers, are very different from the pot-hunting class who run about in season and out of season with a brace of sly old dogs at their heels, and perhaps a terrier or two, to put out the hare should she gain temporary shelter.

This reminds me of a certain divine who a few years ago held the living of a Wiltshire parish, situated some four or five miles from his residence. It was his custom when going there to do duty, to ride across the downs so attended for the greater part of the year, and he seldom returned empty-handed, thus combining duty and pleasure, at the same time securing a good dinner.

Let me ask you, kind reader, to accompany me, if you will, to one of those substantial farmhouses that are scattered up the bournes intersecting Salisbury Plain, and I will show you the style of private coursing I mean. Let us choose a day in autumn for our trip, perhaps October is the best month, and reach the farm in time for luncheon, to which we are sure to receive a hearty welcome from our worthy host, whose thousand or fourteen hundred acres of land are possibly his own, or, if not, most probably has been in the occupation of the family for generations. Dismount and walk in, I know

my old friend will excuse our standing upon ceremony. A snug crib, is it not? a little different, by-the-way, my friend, from what you expected to find in the residence of a clodhopper. That print over the fireplace is the great Assheton Smith, who for many years hunted the county. The good-tempered man on the bald-faced brown in the midst of his pack (another celebrity in his way) is the Master of the Netton. A mighty hunter before the Lord, and moreover a capital fellow. The horses you see hung round the walls are all old favourites of our host's. Some of them carried him for years, and are gone to an honoured grave; while others have been disposed of at high figures. The handsome chesnut, showing so much blood, was sold to a nobleman at one of the Amesbury meetings for over two hundred; and so pleased was he with his bargain that he commissioned a H—— to paint him, and sent the likeness to his former owner. But I hear my old, or rather young friend, Bella, coming, and must introduce you——Don't lose your heart, mind, for her father cannot spare her; she is his only daughter, the child of his old age, and motherless.

The prettiest girl for miles around, with deep-blue eyes, long golden ringlets, and a gladsome smile hovering about her rosy lips. Were she not the best disposition in the world, she would have been spoilt long ago. Her father can deny her nothing, and the whole neighbourhood has conspired to pet her from childhood. As it is, her brothers have made a romp of her, and she is one of the jolliest, merriest, lighthearted creatures in the world, rides like a centaur, sings like a lark, and I have no doubt could bring down a bird as well as any of us.

Will she have property? Of course she will. Ah!—sets the wind in that quarter, my friend? No use. Now you see, instead of coming to welcome us old fogies, she is waiting at the door for Frank G——, who is cantering up on his bay hack. A rare nice one it is, fourteen two, and thoroughbred, with a snaffle bridle-mouth.

'I am so glad you are come, Frank,' she joyously exclaims. 'Papa has some friends, Mr. ——, and a friend of his, who is so 'clever about greyhounds, and we are going to try my white sapling 'Wild Wave this afternoon. Papa has promised, if they think 'favourably of her, he will secure me a nomination for the Bracelet. 'Mr. L—— will manage it for him.

'Why do I call her Wild Wave? How stupid you are to ask 'such questions! Because she is Sea Foam's daughter, of course. 'But, come in, I must see that our friends are well prepared to face 'the air of the downs. I have, I fear, kept them waiting already, 'and papa will not hurry, as you know.' And in trips the fair Bella, her trim figure shown to advantage by her riding habit, to do the honours.

But we must turn our attention to the fine old yeoman who, with ruddy countenance and silver locks, now enters and bids us welcome, followed by Frank G——, whose address, good-hearted fellow as he is, seems constrained and awkward before strangers.

When you have finished with that cold chicken and sherry, we will mount. How nicely Bella sits her chesnut! Just the style for a lady, is he not, fifteen two, well-bred, and powerful on short legs, with such a light head and neck! Ladies' horses should always have substance; many mount them on weeds: it's a great mistake. My old friend knows better, and gave a high price for that horse to carry his daughter. Fine horse he is on himself, rather plain about his head, but a rare hunter and very fast; no use if they ain't, on these downs.

Here are the dogs, three brace of them, a good-looking lot, and in capital condition. Do they use slips?—of course, none but a pot-hunter would think of running them loose. I have seen dogs so clever that they would find and pounce on hares in their forms.

At length we are ready to move, and wend our way by the old farm-buildings, past the fruit-laden orchard, and along the road over meadows bright as an emerald, through which the river flows like a thread of silver. That withy bed on the right, small as it appears, is a noted fox cover, and I have seen several found in it on the same day. Wild ducks, you see, are sailing over head in all directions, and this is no despicable spot in which to enjoy a day amongst them, while snipe are as plentiful as blackberries in autumn, when the winter sets in. We shall soon reach the downs, turn into that barley stubble——

See, Bella's quick eye has found a hare ere we have crossed it once. See, ho! Eleu! eleu! eleu! and away goes puss, straight for the downs. Well slipped, John! the brindle and the fawn are racing to their hare neck and neck. Now brindle draws a-head, makes a dash, and round she comes. Capital, fawn! you are well in now, and seem as though you intended keeping her to yourself; a wrench and a turn, yet you hold the lead, and are still working well at her scent. By Jove! a clean go-by, and brindle's in again! He has her! No! She slipped under the rails, and got a good start once more. Come along; that cob will jump. What! won't you have them? Well, good-day then, for Bella and Frank are already over, and I am not going to let them enjoy a *tête-à-tête*, at present, I can tell you. Now brindle is in again, with fawn well up. By the powers!—they are knocking her about;—she can never reach the plantation. She will, though; that turn does it. What a distance she threw them! brindle is heels over head, but fawn is at her again. It is no use, she is in, so let us take up the dogs and go back.

At last we are on the downs. What glorious coursing ground! Such an expanse of turf is seldom seen, and the fresh autumn breeze sweeps across it untainted, save by the perfume of the purple heath and sweet wild thyme, while the blue arch rises above us with only a few light clouds to cast their shadow upon hill and dale, so that our view seems bounded by turf and sky. But keep a sharp look-out, or we shall miss her here. See, ho! there she sits close under yonder mound. Put her off; now, away for the furze patch three-quarters of a mile distant. Mind how you cross those ruts, or a

cropper will be the result. Watch the old black dog! How cunning he runs, letting his companion do all the work; he all but had her then as the red brought her round. But see, he can go if he likes, and puts the steam on as the gorse is neared. How he runs between his hare and the wished-for shelter! Whoowhoop! he has her, though she almost beat him, and terrific as was the bound he made, he only just caught her on the covert's edge. You must turn that old dog out, my friend, or the credit of your kennel will suffer.

Ha! here comes Mr. S—— with one of his cracks, to give Wild Wave a spin. Into the slips with them: she is a beauty at any rate, and her white skin marked with black looks like marble.

'If she can beat mine,' says Mr. S——, 'she is a good one.'

There goes a hare right away for the hill; it's a long slip, but it will make all the better trial. Now, ride, or we shall never see them. S—— is bustling his old white horse along at his best pace. Frank's thoroughbred is extended, while our host on his fast hunter is using the spurs, and Bella's chesnut has not much to spare. They can never reach her, I fear. Still surely, but gradually, they draw up, the old dog not a length in advance, at last gets to her, but it is only a wrench. Now the white puts on the steam and gets a turn or two. Then the old dog again! What ding dong work it is, first one, then the other. Ha! that turn has thrown both far down the hill, and given puss a start, but like lions they face it again. What a beautiful sight! There is a turn, the dart of the white bitch was like a flash of lightning; by Jove, she's running well! That does it, up goes puss into the air, and over rolls Wild Wave, but the old one has caught her almost ere she reaches ground. Few dogs can kill upon that hill side. How beaten they are, poor things!

Is the trial satisfactory? Ask Mr. ——, or S——, they understand these things. I only know it was a capital course, and I hope you, my friend, have enjoyed a peep at my old friend's kennel and his style of sport. Now, let us wish him and all adieu; take a last look at the pretty Bella (who whispers, by-the-way, that Wild Wave will go for the bracelet), as she turns her chesnut for home, and canter across the downs to catch the 4.35 express for town.

N.

A VISIT TO ELVEDON HALL,

THE SEAT OF THE MAHARAJAH DULEEP SINGH.

HAVING often heard of the fine collection of birds at Elvedon, I determined to pay the place a visit. Thetford, a small, clean town on the borders of Norfolk and Suffolk, I found was the nearest point by rail, and accordingly one summer evening I found myself at that station, which I may here observe is built on the sharpest curve I ever saw, and to my idea appears a most dangerous place. At the Bell, which is the principal hotel in Thetford, I discovered a

kindred spirit in the landlord. His name is Edwards, and though not related to the Newmarket Edwardses he is connected with them, having married a sister of the famous 'one-eyed Harry.' I was very sorry to hear from him that this once great jockey is now quite blind. Long was our conversation, as when two enthusiasts get on the subject of 'Old Racing Days' it is very difficult to choke them off. I found that among other relics of the past, Mr. Edwards has in his possession the wheels and part of the body of the 'sacred van' that conveyed Elis to Doncaster, and a very clumsy old concern it is, and very different to the well-built vans one sees now-a-days.

The next day I got a capital dog-cart and stepping mare from the Bell and drove over to Elvedon Hall, which is about three miles from Thetford.

'His Highness,' as the Maharajah is called here, was away from home, as also were the Maharanee and their children. The house is by no means large or handsome, and must present a striking contrast to the Indian palaces that the owner was accustomed to in his youth. There is a large and well-executed picture in the dining-room, representing the death of the Maharajah's brother, who was killed by a stone falling on him. Old Runjeet Singh is also in the picture. There are also full-length portraits of the Queen and Prince Consort in the same room, and her Majesty is represented as wearing the koh-i-noor as a brooch, which must be rather galling to 'His Highness's' feelings. A new wing to the house is now being added, which of course imparts to the *coup d'œil* a look of untidiness. The Prince is evidently not a hunting-man, as the stable-yard is much neglected, the pavement being rough and weeds growing all over it. In the kitchen-garden is the bird-house, which is filled with almost every variety of the parrot, cockatoo, and other Indian bird tribe. Pigeons of all sorts and Californian quails are also to be found here, and the birds all look well in their plumage and seem to thrive in their captivity. From end to end of the long wired roof they darted, their brilliant colours flashing in the sunlight, and presenting a *toute ensemble* rarely to be witnessed.

Close by is a good-sized paddock where two emus stalk majestically about, and occasionally give themselves a 'rousing trot,' probably to keep themselves fit. There are two fine eagles in the immediate neighbourhood of the emus, and several foreign birds of the duck and goose tribe. The Maharajah is very fond of the grand old English sport of falconry, and his hawks sitting on their posts like so many statues are well worth a visit: they are indeed powerful birds. In a large paddock bordered on one side by a shrubbery are the silver and golden pheasants, and most beautiful they are.

While admiring these gorgeously-plumaged birds, a sudden rush was heard, and a kangaroo, of all things in the world, broke covert from the shrubbery and darted along, or rather jumped, best pace for the opposite corner. The Prince has five of these peculiar animals about the place: they go a tremendous 'bat' but are smaller than I should have imagined.

The game is most strictly preserved on the estate, and the 'breeding-paddocks' for pheasant rearing are most interesting. Some of the foreign pheasants there to be seen have cost his Highness very large sums. The property has been much improved since it passed into the hands of its present owner, and when the additions and alterations are completed the house will be much more commodious.

Much pleased and interested by what I had seen, and also by the civility and attention of the Maharajah's servants, I left Elvedon for Thetford, and thence for London.

CRICKET.

THE CLOSE OF THE SEASON.

We suppose, at any rate we are permitted to hope, that 1869 will be remembered by cricketers as the last of the years that have been disfigured by the unseemly disputes between northern and southern professionals. Daft, who made his reappearance at Lord's this season, may be regarded as the *avant-courrier* of the penitents, who have at last found that it is difficult to dispense with the patronage and the appreciation of the supporters of cricket who muster at Lord's in May and June. Freeman and other northern players would also have availed themselves of the chance accepted by Daft but for prior engagements. It may, therefore, be fairly anticipated that next year in the North *v.* South, and Gentlemen v. Players matches, the elevens will be really representative, and not, as for some years past, got together anyhow (so far, that is, as the Northern and Players teams are concerned), by putting in second-rate and third-rate men.

The County matches, which have been unusually free from interruption by unfavourable weather, have resulted all through pretty much as might have been anticipated. There was one notable exception, however, in the defeat of Nottingham by Yorkshire, which we mention specially as affording an opportunity for correcting an error of judgment into which we were led a month or two ago. We then said that we believed Nottingham to be 'pounds' better than Yorkshire, and, unfortunately, a week or two afterwards our assertion was contradicted by the inexorable logic of facts, for Yorkshire beat Nottingham fair and square by five wickets. Still, as one swallow does not make a summer, so one victory does not establish an indisputable superiority; and we still think, with the greatest respect for the Yorkshire eleven, for Freeman and Emmett as bowlers, and for Iddison, Rowbotham, and Lockwood as batsmen, that in the long run and with fair luck, Nottingham would have the best of the struggle. We are certain, however, that Nottingham and Yorkshire are antagonists worthy of each other, and that either side must do all it knows to secure a victory. In the match in question there were only eight runs difference between the two counties in their first

innings, but in the second innings Nottingham collapsed, as some elevens always do, and as the best eleven will occasionally do, and no one remained with Daft, who was playing an uphill game with his usual science and care. Lancashire has held its own in the home matches, but, unfortunately, has failed to play its strength in the out matches. Both at the Oval and at Brighton the Lancashire eleven was without several of its best men, and thus the weak county of Sussex was able to accomplish a solitary victory. The difficulty of getting men to play in the out matches argues a want of spirit among the Lancashire cricketers that cannot fail, if continued, to act injuriously on the position of their county. Cambridgeshire, as a cricket county, is extinct, and Middlesex, at present without a ground, an unfortunate circumstance, as Middlesex cricket, so long as there are any Walkers left to guide and direct it, would always be one of the great treats of the season. The three southern counties, Kent, Surrey, and Sussex, have, of course, no earthly pretension to compete with the two great northern counties, but they make a fair match amongst one another. Perhaps Kent, which is so rich in amateurs, would be the strongest, if it played its full strength, for it has got Willsher, the best bowler. Surrey, again, has got the best bat, Jupp, and ought to beat Sussex, though from Southerton bowling first on one side and then on the other, it is difficult to draw the correct line between them. The elevens of all three southern counties have shown this season a capability for missing catches for which their most intimate friends could hardly have given them credit.

Of course the most notable fact of the season has been the extraordinary batting of Mr. W. G. Grace. Nothing like it has ever been seen among men. People have given up attempting to explain how it is accomplished. It is taken as an accepted fact. There is no use in speculating how Mr. Grace gets runs, or why he gets them; we must, for the future, confine ourselves to wondering why he ever leaves off getting them. Other men are fairly beaten every now and then by a ball; but all balls seem to come alike to Mr. Grace, and to be delivered so that he may have the amusement of hitting them. Other men have their weak hits, and by a judicious placing of the field, their weakness is sooner or later taken advantage of, and they fall victims; but however the field is placed for Mr. Grace, he secures all the advantage for himself. Other men get weary and weak after a certain amount of quick running between wickets, but on the hottest of days, and after hours of rapid run getting, Mr. Grace is as fresh as ever; his eye does not wax dim, neither is the natural force of his arms and legs abated. Why, then, should he ever go out, as long as any of his side will stop in with him? Only, we suppose, because there must be a termination to everything earthly. There is an end to all things—even to Upper Wimpole Street, and so there is an end to Mr. Grace's innings. A melancholy reflection this (not to the bowlers, though), and one which perhaps was present to the mind of an imaginative writer in a leading

daily paper, who spoke of the great cricketer as musing over the decline of the season, and perchance dropping a tear upon his manly shirt-front.

After Mr. W. G. Grace, Jupp is quite the crack bat of the season. While preserving all his old obstinacy of defence and efficiency of back-play, he has gained immensely in hitting power, and lets out at loose balls with twice his former vigour and determination. Against the best of bowling he has scored freely, and with probably fewer chances than any other player; and we should imagine that his would be the highest professional average of the year. Pooley, also, has been in great hitting form all the season, while his average as a wicket-keeper must be something unrivalled. What a pity that such fine cricketing ability is not associated with some little decency of demeanour and propriety of deportment! Nor must we omit to mention that Humphrey has played several innings that suggested recollections of former years, when for brilliancy of cutting and clean leg hitting he had no rival in England. The Northern batsmen who have especially distinguished themselves are Rowbotham, Daft, and Iddison among the veterans, and Wild and Lockwood among the young players; while on the few occasions when he has played, Bignall has shown his great and somewhat neglected capabilities as a batsman. In bowling, of course, the North bears away the palm. Against Freeman, Emmett, Wootton, and J. C. Shaw, the South can only set Willsher; for though Southerton's bowling has been wonderfully successful, and more than usually good of its kind, it is not the sort of bowling we admire, or in which we take any interest. But there seems no prospect at present of the South of England turning out a new first-class fast bowler, so that we must put up with what we can get.

We cannot take leave of 1869 cricket without expressing our regret at the omission of Mr. R. D. Walker's name from the great matches of the season. He is a player who almost invariably scores against professional bowling, however good it may be; and his thorough knowledge of the game, and excellent judgment, make him of infinite service to any side that may have the good fortune of obtaining his assistance. His claims to a place in Gentlemen *v.* Players, and such matches, are infinitely greater than those of several young University players, whose reputations have been acquired suddenly, and in some cases prematurely, and who in any case could well afford to wait a few years for their turns. Indeed, the University players of the last few seasons have added little if any strength to the ranks of the Gentlemen of England. Against Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Lyttelton, and Mr. R. D. Walker, we have just a double number of Non-University men, Mr. W. G. Grace, Mr. E. M. Grace, Mr. Lubbock, Mr. Cooper, Mr. V. E. Walker, and Mr. I. D. Walker. Admitting the unquestionable excellence of the three University gentlemen above mentioned, it must be remembered that they have (with the single exception of Mr. Mitchell at Canterbury), not figured in the great matches this year, and that their

mantle has decidedly not fallen on their successors at the Universities. The six Non-University gentlemen (or five, if we rank Mr. E. M. Grace as an *emeritus*), are in full swing now, and are the life and soul of the Gentlemen of England eleven. To leave out Mr. R. D. Walker from their company, in order to accommodate Mr. Money and Mr. Green with places in the eleven, is a wanton absurdity. Only some persons are easily impressed with a spurious reputation (especially jaded Londoners, who, like the Athenians of old, are always ready to admire the newest thing out), and forget that, though the rocket goes up in a blaze of light, after all there only comes down a stick.

OUR YACHTS.

As the time has now arrived when the curtain is about to fall on the Yachting Season in the Isle of Wight, we feel that a few remarks may not be out of place. Without going into details, we may state that it has been the most brilliant ever known in the annals of Cowes, and that port never before had such an accession of visitors, the marine villas being seized upon with the same avidity as those in the neighbourhood of Windsor are secured during the Ascot Week. The sailing, also, has been first-rate, the energy of the American Yachtsmen having apparently stimulated the Members to test the sea-going qualities of their vessels. And as a description of some of the larger craft, whose names are constantly to be seen in the newspapers, may prove acceptable to our readers, we purpose to supply one, which, we trust, will be found both accurate and impartial.

CUTTERS.

Of the new clippers of this rig which have appeared during the last few years the Oimara may rank as *facile princeps*. This fine vessel is no less than 165 tons, and is the most powerful cutter afloat. She is the property of Mr. Tennant, and was built by Steel in the Clyde. She somewhat resembles her smaller sisters the Condor and Fiona, but is decidedly handsomer than the former and a much better seaboat than the latter. Although undoubtedly a very fast vessel, we believe her speed is mainly due to her great size and strength. Owing to her great draught of water, about 14 feet aft and 8 or 9 forward, she can stand up to her enormous mainsail when smaller yachts are either 'half seas over' or obliged to haul down a reef, and when beating to windward with half a gale blowing she can for these reasons 'look the wind in the face' in a way which no smaller craft can imitate. But although almost invincible in what we may call, even in our capricious climate, 'exceptional' weather, she has to succumb to vessels of superior shape and build when her size and strength cannot avail her. In the race for the Cowes Town Cup this year she was most decidedly and fairly beaten by the Aline and Arrow, the former larger and the latter smaller than she is by about

60 tons. There was a whole sail breeze to try them, and we believe she had to yield to two vessels very much her superiors in weather calculated to show that the hull may have as much to do with the speed of a yacht as the sails. We regret to hear that her owner has partly determined never to race her again in the Solent, the absurdity of the present regulations, which compel cutters to give so much time to schooners (which might just as well be called two-masted cutters), rendering it almost impossible for her to take a prize, although she generally comes in first. We hope, however, that next year some modification of the present system of handicapping may be introduced, and that we shall again see her figuring prominently at the aquatic carnival at Cowes.

Second in the order of size we take the Rose of Devon, although it would be premature yet to adjudge her such a prominent place in order of merit. She measures 148 tons, and is the property of Mr. E. Johnson, whose brother, Mr. J. H. Johnson, is known in the yachting world as the owner of the Audax. She was built by Harvey, at Wivenhoe, and by many is expected greatly to enhance that builder's reputation. As yet she has done nothing, having, we believe, raced but twice, once at Plymouth, when she came in first but lost the prize by time, and again at Havre, where she beat the little Dione in a fresh wind by only two minutes. She appears to be a fine, bold vessel, with not so much tendency to 'shove her 'nose into it' when on a wind as most racing clippers show.

Next on our list comes the Condor, of 133 tons, the property of Mr. Ewing. She was built by Steel, in Scotland, and though altogether an inferior vessel, in some respects resembles the Oimara. In certain winds she seems to be very fast, but her victories seem generally to be lucky ones. To our mind she appears to be too heavy in the quarter, and has a decidedly ugly stern: but perhaps yet she may be improved. At Ryde this year, in a fresh wind, she was easily beaten by the Cambria in the short heat from St. Helens to the Pier, although a cutter of her size ought to have been a match for any schooner in such weather when on a wind.

Although not strictly speaking a new vessel, we may yet include the Julia in our list, because she has been lately reproduced in her original rig as a cutter, but we are bound to say with very indifferent success. She is described as being 122 tons, and Mr. Moss, her present owner, has abandoned the yawl rig, giving her a very fine-looking mainsail, which ought to make her go if anything will. But she has done nothing, and we think it is useless to alter the position of her mast or the cut of her sails, since the fault probably lies in the shape of her hull; however, she has fallen into good hands, and we feel confident nothing will be left untried to bring out her latent capabilities, if any such exist.

We now come to a production of Fixe's, the Fiona, of 78 tons, the property of Mr. Boutcher, and we are inclined to look upon her as a sort of toy more than anything else. Utterly useless in a strong wind, and all down on her side in a moderate breeze, still [illegible] holds th[illegible]

her own when there is barely sufficient wind to fill her enormous topsail and jib topsail. We have always maintained, and always shall, that in an English gentleman's yacht comfort and sea-worthiness ought to be chiefly considered, whether the yacht be intended for a racer or not; and by the production of such vessels as the Fiona, not only is the cause of naval architecture *not* advanced, but their owners (and in this case most unworthily) get the unenviable reputation of being 'pot-hunters.' We have seen the Fiona list over at the slightest puff until it appeared almost dangerous, when the little Christabel and still smaller Muriel have but gracefully bowed and quickly righted again. Where such faults as these exist we decline to attach much importance to her numerous victories, which victories, let us add, must be weighed as well as counted.

We intend to allude to only one other cutter, and that is the Muriel of 40 tons, the property of Mr. Bridson, and the production of Hatcher. Like the Sphinx and others by the same builder she is most formidable to all vessels of her class, and is destined, we think, to increase the well-earned fame which he has gained as the builder of nearly all the best 40-tonners afloat.

Hatcher seems to disregard the prevailing fallacy among yacht builders that in order to be fast your vessel must have narrow beam, a V-shaped midship section and heavy ballast, and so in the Muriel, as in the Sphinx, he has given her a remarkably powerful hull. Such vessels may legitimately be called gentlemen's yachts, and we hope some day he will produce a clipper on the same lines, and of about double the tonnage.

SCHOONERS.

The mighty Guinevere must needs head this list, since she is no less than 308 tons, and the largest *sailing* schooner yacht afloat. She is owned by Commodore Thelluson, and was built at Gosport by Camper and Nicholson. We believe her to be invincible in a bonâ-fide ocean race, but she will never do much at our regattas, her great size rendering her less handy than smaller vessels in a circuitous course. We think her appearance might be improved: she has an ugly bow, which might be altered and made to resemble the Aline's; and if her deck were raised a little forward it would make her more graceful and give her more life and elasticity. She stands alone as the precursor of a new class, being at least 60 tons larger than any other schooner, which makes it doubtful if she can ever be fairly matched with any of our cracks.

We take next the beautiful Aline, 216 tons, the property of Mr. R. Sutton, also built by Camper and Nicholson. To our mind she is by far the handsomest schooner afloat, and, although the *vexata quæstio* of whether she is faster than the Cambria or not is *adhuc sub judice*, yet we should be inclined to back her to win three times out of five if the two were to be tried. In a moderate breeze on a wind she has shown herself far superior to the Cambria, and quite equal to the f

some of our best cutters, such as the Oimara, being beaten by the Arrow only in the race for the Cowes Town Cup; but doubts appear to exist as to whether she is so fast in a strong wind and heavy sea. We don't fancy any satisfactory trial has ever taken place in such weather between her and the Cambria, some accident having generally occurred to prevent the result of the race from being accepted as conclusive, but we are inclined to pronounce her to be a better vessel all round. Another season will probably show who is right on this point.

We now come to the much-talked-of Cambria, owned by that enterprising young yachtsman Mr. Ashbury, and built by Ratsey, of Cowes; she is described as 199 tons, and is a handsome roomy vessel. The chief fault in her appearance seems to be her want of 'sheer;' she presents to the eye almost a dead level, and consequently appears heavy and seems to have no life. When blowing fresh and on a wind she seems always to be dreadfully down by the head, and how she behaves in heavy sea we can't say, but we fancy she must be very wet. We have *never* seen her come in first when matched against our best vessels, although, as at Ryde, she has taken the prize from them by time; and when she has been first at the winning-post her antagonists have generally been vessels of no great repute. We understand Mr. Ashbury repudiates the charge of having assumed for her the title of the 'Champion schooner of 'England,' and we confess we should like to see something more of her sailing powers before we assign her any very prominent position among our fastest yachts.

The last schooner that we propose describing is the Egeria, of 161 tons; she is the property of Mr. Mulholland, and was built in 1865 by Wanhill, of Poole. We believe her to be a very fast vessel, especially in light winds, and by her beating the American clipper Dauntless in the race from Cherbourg she would appear to be very dangerous even to larger craft in an ocean race. She somewhat resembles the Cambria, but is more graceful and lively; she has been very successful this year, especially in saving her time with the larger clippers; in fact, any yacht owner to whom the loss of a cup might be a serious matter would observe with dismay 'the 'yellow and blue vertical' flag among the starters.

Before we dismiss the subject, perhaps a word *en passant* may be said about those two famous veterans, the Alarm and Arrow. The former has been much altered, her masts have been placed more upright, and they are larger sticks than those she used to carry, the two weighing together rather over six tons! She has, however, done nothing this season, but we believe she has been unlucky with her crew; we hope next year, with men who know how to handle her, she may again come out in her old form. The Arrow has received a new mainsail in place of the wretched thing which last year spoilt all her chance, and she has beaten all the fastest clippers afloat. In the race for the Cowes Town Cup, where she had to meet the *crême de la crême*, she actually ran the whole fleet of cutters and schooners

fifteen minutes from the mark boat off Tepe to the Warner light! gaining seven minutes on the lot in the short distance from Ryde Pier to the light vessel! and this in a steady breeze. Such a performance must be considered wonderful, and the inference is that improvement in yacht-building seems hardly to keep pace with the times.

PALINURUS.

YACHTING AND ROWING.

THE season is now fairly closed; indeed, owing to the Equinoctial gales coming with undue punctuality, the past month's record consists principally of disasters to sundry vessels, whose owners being genuine lovers of sailing, had protracted their sojourns afloat after several of the fine-weather birds are snugly laid up for the winter. Mr. Bennett, of New York, had a narrow escape in the Dauntless, but reached Cherbourg all right, and the Cambria was forced to postpone her trip to Madeira for a few days; but the most serious accident happened to the Volante (Mr. H. C. Maudslay), who was blown ashore off Ryde. The owner and all hands were fortunately saved, and the vessel has since been raised, but in so damaged a state that it is doubtful if anything can be done with the hull, which is terribly twisted and strained. Mr. Rideout, on board the Creusa, was equally unfortunate off Cherbourg, and sundry other catastrophes to the yachting community bear evidence to the force of the recent gales.

The long-expected matches between America and England have come to nothing for this year, but as Mr. Ashbury is resolved upon visiting New York next season, there is every prospect of the '51 Challenge Cup being sailed for by competitors worthy of the event. In France this summer several handsome prizes have been offered to the world, and Havre and Dieppe issued tempting programmes, though at the latter port, owing to a muddle in the arrangements, the race was most unsatisfactorily left to native talent. At Boulogne, which is now quite head-quarters for yachtsmen, the idea of getting up an international club has been again mooted, and deserves to be encouraged. At the Hôtel Christol excellent quarters are to be secured, and the proprietor will do his utmost to facilitate the project; so we expect next year to find the International Club of Boulogne a *fait accompli*.

Rowing proper—at least ordinary—is over for the season, though the banks are not as yet deserted, owing to the interest taken in the movements of the American, Brown, who came here to row our best professional. When we wrote last month he was, or we thought he was, matched with the Champion Renforth, but the Tyne man, the *premier* sculler of England, has in the most unaccountable manner declined to row him on the Thames. It was natural for him to prefer his native Tyne, and hold out to the last, in the hope of having that river fixed for the encounter, which would doubtless bring much traffic to Newcastle, and in other ways enhance its importance; but we cannot understand how he has been persuaded utterly to decline a match on the Thames, where he is surely as much at home as the American. Besides, as Champion of the Thames, Renforth appears to us morally bound to accept any reasonable challenge on that river. However, he has not done so, and Brown is matched with Sadler, whose form and doings are well known to our readers, and who is certainly the third best man in England. Brown has, we

believe, won about seventy races in his own country, and is a well-built man of middle height; he strips magnificently, but his style is not satisfactory, though under Kelley's tuition he will probably improve. The result, however, should be in favour of Sadler, if a shadow of his former self. The pair-oared challenge from Brown and Tyler has not at present come to anything; but a proposed home-and-home four-oared match between the Thames and Tyne seems likely to take place, and will cause a good deal of interest.

The London Rowing Club closed their season with a 12-oared race, which was well maintained to the finish. The most amusing feature was the skill with which one of the bow-side oars of the losing boat, who was in his element at a joke, managed to turn over a stupid gig which perversely got in the way at a critical point of the race. The perverse ones escaped with a ducking, and will, we trust, steer clear of racing crews in future.

The Oxford-Harvard race was discussed *in extenso* last month, and why dark blue did not actually win by four lengths, as was universally stated, but by one and a half, has been duly explained by the indefatigable bow-oar, Mr. Willan. The flag-boat was moored so much higher than usual that the Oxonians thought it must have been forgotten altogether, and had almost left off rowing when they reached it, while the Americans kept hard at work to the last. This was doubtless the case, though the steamer was not in a position to observe the actual finish accurately. Our gallant visitors, after being entertained at the Crystal Palace by the London Rowing Club, whose good services they acknowledged in a most hearty and genial manner, have returned home, and whether their visit be reciprocated by Oxford or no, will, we trust, retain as agreeable recollections of their stay in England as those here do who had the pleasure of their acquaintance.

'OUR VAN.'

The Invoice.—September Scraps.

SEPTEMBER has passed away, the days shorten and grow colder, the leaves begin to fall from the trees, and autumnal tints multiply day by day. As far as partridge shooting is concerned, the sport of the past month has been below the average. A heavy downpour of rain on the 15th of June, accompanied by a driving wind, destroyed numbers of young birds, and marred what would have otherwise been a fine hatching time. Cover was scanty, the turnips were backward for want of rain, and the ground crackled under the feet of the walker. But whilst our readers were striding over the stubbles, and marking the birds into the turnips, we were busily engaged at Baden, being under the impression we should find there more amusement for our readers than was to be met with in Norfolk or Suffolk.

The month has glided away almost imperceptibly, leaving behind it only the Byron Controversy, the Albert Insurance Swindle, and the reversal of the Epsom verdict, which was given against Pero Gomez, as reminiscences of its train. Boreas has also been in great force during the short time allotted to September in the Calendar, and was so rude and unrelenting in its character, that it very nearly gave to the finny tribe a distinguished Sporting Writer, who, according to report, had to hold on by his eyelids to prevent himself from being the subject of an obituary notice in his own newspaper. York, as it were, closed the racing for August, and then a cry was raised for Baden-Baden,

which was well responded to by the Ring, for it has been associated in their minds with many pleasant recollections. Accordingly, duly impressed as we have ever been with the amusement, gaiety, and *agrémens*, we have found in the late Empire of Mons. Benazet, we joined the throng, taking our departure from Dover, for Ostend, the voyage to which port presents no particular features of interest. The chief productions of the Belgian seaport are oysters and rabbits; but no sample of either was submitted to our notice, and from the transient glance we got of the place we should say there was plenty of room for improvement, and that a speculative builder would find many eligible sites for building leases. The general appearance of Ostend forcibly reminds the stranger of Battersea, and it is difficult at first for him to persuade himself he is not in England; and it is not until he sees the blue-frocked workmen at the stations, and the black helmeted guards, which greet him on every side, that the illusion is dispelled. The run from Ostend to Brussels is not a very long one, and performed at such a pace that the Great Eastern must look to its laurels. On arriving at Brussels we found the people as apathetic as usual, and we believe the sight of a porter helping a passenger with a portmanteau or a dressing-bag would have caused an insurrection to break out among his associates. A stroll through the city, which is beautifully clean, enabled us to while away the time until dinner. But during this interval, entering a money-changer's shop, to convert our currency into that of France and Germany, we got an insight into the character of the majority of the visitors who come to Brussels, for the head of affairs there termed a five-pound note a fiver, and that for ten, a tenner, a species of phrase which would sound strange in the ears of an Englishman when proceeding out of the mouth of a Majoribanks, a Baring, or a Hoare. The hotels at Brussels are not bad, but the attendance is sickening, and the way that your boots are blackleaded would drive the manager of that department at Limmer's or Long's almost to desperation, and suggest to him the necessity for the immediate establishment of a boot brigade, whose labours would be highly appreciated by the English visitors, even if the natives were ungrateful for the introduction. And we are inclined to doubt very much, while Belgium has been a monarchy, there has ever been an instance of a Belgian officer or civilian being attacked by a gamecock at seeing his image reflected on a boot, as illustrated in the gallery of Warren, of 30 Strand. From Brussels we made our way the next day to Bonn, after a long, tiring, dusty, and hot ride of several hours' duration, and during which the natives did all in their power to subdue the thirst under which we laboured with supplies of fruit, wine, and water, which were supplied to the *voyageurs* at every station at which we stopped on the road. The aspect of Bonn is particularly cool, refreshing, and cheering, its shady walks, which are well lined with fine trees, suggesting it as a fitting place for the early years of the late Prince Consort, whose memory is held in high estimation here. It is also the place that gives your German tutors to English families, and the sight of the young Doctor Panglosses, taking their early walks abroad, reminded us vividly of the strings of two-year olds on Langton Wold, preparing for their first examination prior to York or Doncaster. Breakfasting the subsequent morning in a sort of Conservatory, under which pines might have been rapidly brought to perfection, and having strolled through the beautiful grounds of the Grand Hotel Royal, which has all the comforts of the Clarendon, without its charges, we resolved upon going up the Rhine by water instead of by railway, in order that we might behold all those peeps which Byron and other poets, *sed sub longo intervallo*, had made

famous. Accordingly making our way through some landing-places, very much resembling those of Chelsea in their nature, we stepped on board the steamer Humboldt, which called for us, and found ourselves on the Rhine, which certainly bore out its repute on this occasion. Being Sunday, the steamer was crowded, the natives coming on board and departing like Cockneys on the Thames. But while the specimens of the Teuton race that we had on board admired the Rhine, as it deserved to be, in the form of the statute, in that case made and provided, we were glad to perceive they were by no means indifferent to the creature comforts, and sat down to an early dinner, with an earnest determination to take its value out of the coin they had disbursed for it, that was perfectly resistless. And from the dexterity they showed with their knife and fork, we should infer, they had been bought off the majority of ordinaries. However, the meal provided was ample and well cooked, and its attractions were consequently more powerful than those of the beautiful Rhine, which Nature exhibited in its brightest array. While lounging on the deck of the steamer, we enjoyed many opportunities of witnessing the manners and customs of the Germans, particularly in love making. And without going so far as to say their manner was improper, candour compels us to admit that if the late Mrs. Barbauld had been alive and witnessed it, she would have shook her head at some of the positions into which the young people threw themselves. Mrs. Primmer also might have been a dissentient from their views. But when the shades of evening drew on, we had reached Rigi, the scene of our destination, and taking leave of the 'Monarch of Rivers,' we disembarked among a perfect legion of touts, and sought food and shelter at an hotel which could only boast of half-furnished rooms and a *chef* whose education had been deemed to have been completed at an unusual early period. In fact, we should say he had not got through the rudiments of his art, for a wild beast would have rejected the meat he set before us, simply from inability to get through it; and had we managed to have done so, neither Newgate nor Pentonville could have held us. Having slept through a species of hurricane, we early took leave of this wretched hostelry, and in a few hours we found ourselves located under the trees in front of the Stephanien Bains at Baden, which is the chosen place of resort of the journalists of Europe, and where the French Jockey Club establish their head-quarters. The dramatic world are also constant in their attachment to it, making the place the scene of all their *déjeuners à la fourchette*, and their midnight *petits soupers*. So the *chef*, as may be imagined, is kept in strong work, and corks are drawn as constantly as at Cremorne. At the Stephanien Bains also the latest news of the day is heard, characters are given and taken away with a rapidity that is unknown elsewhere, and the charges are only commensurate with the advantages we have recorded. Baden was this year fuller than it had ever been known to be before, by that excellent authority known by the designation of the oldest inhabitant. At the Rooms, the great majority of the players were shut out from the pursuit of their favourite amusements, by the crowds which lined the tables, and which rendered gambling a matter of great difficulty. But although there was such an abundance of play, it was of the mildest description, and as the bank had not met with a Garcia or a Naraschin, the result of the season had been in their favour to the tune of upwards of two hundred thousand pounds, which, in the days of Crockford's, or the Strangers', would have been termed a good year. But nearly all the wealthy Russians have left Baden this year for Homburg, and the Princess of Hoopincough, who left before the Races to sell her marble palace at St. Petersburg on account of the succession of 'bad nights' she had

experienced, declared she would next year give Homburg a turn, for which preference, that place will no doubt express its gratitude in suitable terms. Still Baden never looked lovelier than it did this season, or did its walks present a more tempting aspect for a stroll. Then there were the usual routine of amusements provided by the authorities for the visitors; music from Nilsson and Patti for those musically disposed; Schneider for the lovers of French comedy, and balls without number for the followers of Terpsichore. But while 'the Pilgrims of the Rhine' have these advantages provided for them, they are subject to a drawback of a serious nature of another description, viz., the constant collision into which they are brought with the *Demi-Mondes*, who seem to have made Baden their head-quarters. But not content with having done this, they have imported into it their code of manners, causing the race-course and promenade to resemble the Ball Mabille and Cremorne: never, in fact, before did the Social Evil show itself before in such dimensions, and the sight of Miss Mabel Gray and Cora Pearl in their silk attire, with their cavaliers in attendance, would have sent the late Mrs. Fry, had she been in existence, into a premature grave. The individuals we have quoted may be taken as the representatives of London and Paris, but Vienna was not behind the mark, and the deputation from the capital left off, what may be termed in racing parlance, rattling favourites, and had they remained longer, the Trade of Baden would have been much benefited. But we must make our way to the race-course, which is crowded with foreigners of distinction, from the King of the Belgians, and the Compte de Paris, downwards. The attendance was very large, and the fields excellent, all the French stables having large strings, more especially Count Lagrange, who looked ruddier than the cherry. The Count had, however, somewhat offended fortune, who was more than usually perverse towards him, and during the week he carried off but one race, whereas he formerly farmed all the Stakes. We have not space to detail the racing, which was excellent of its kind, and gave plenty of employment for the Ring, which contained the *élite* of the betting men of London and Paris, Mr. J. B. Morris being the leader of the former body, and setting the prices on each race with his usual ability. The return home from the races has hitherto been a rather exciting scene; but on this occasion the natives did not give way to the smallest enthusiasm in our behalf, and instead of cheering us, like the successful candidate at an election, won by bribery, they never made the smallest demonstration in our behalf, which was very painful to our *amour propre*. But pleasant as the opening days of the Meeting were, a change came over the spirit of the Clerk of the Weather, who turned the temperature from that of the Torrid Zone to that of the North Pole in less than no time. This course of exchange did not suit those who were partial to dining in the open air, and the sight of the Special Commissioner of the 'Field' and 'Times' sitting down in a white choker, and evening costume covered over with a Zouave shooting-jacket, was a sign of the times that could not be disregarded. As the week drew to an end, there was a considerable increase of horsey gentlemen, with trousers as tight as skins, and wide-awakes with straight brims: these reported Mr. Edwards to be on the road, and he shortly afterwards arrived for the purpose of riding Benazet. His first step was to walk leisurely over the course, with which he was delighted, declaring the Bank, which, in point of steepness, resembled the roof of the new Midland Terminus, in London, to be nothing, and he was also equally indifferent to the water jump, to which the horses come directly they have got to the bottom of the bank, and which we were assured was as wide as the approaching canal the Viceroy of Egypt

is about to open. This confidence in himself and horse was most gratifying to the friends of Lord Poulett and Benazet, who upon being taken over the course, behaved to perfection; jumping every fence as if he had been in a riding-school. His condition was somewhat wonderful, as if Ben Land had determined to show foreign trainers that a Steeple-chaser might be brought to the post like a racehorse, and had old Ben been but a fluent German he would have come over with him. Of course, under these circumstances, Mr. Edwards became one of the fashionable lions of the hour on the Promenade, and enjoyed all the gapeseed of the place. The Drone, another English horse, who is out of Isaac Day's old mare Melissa, and not out of Queen Bee, as was generally imagined, had a host of fanciers, and Mr. Thomas with a special retainer had come over to ride him. Then Juryman, a noted Irish performer, a good many people recollected that in the Sister Isle he was never known to make a mistake, was 'believed in,' and trusted to a certain extent, and, in short, every one may be said to have had an interest in the race. But the confidence of Lord Poulett, the training of Ben Land, and the riding of Mr. Edwards kept Benazet at the head of the poll, until Mr. Mackenzie Grieves let them go, which he did a very short time after the lot had been put into his hands. As they cantered before the Stand, it looked as if it was Newmarket Heath to a lark sod on Benazet, for his appearance was like his old name, Gentilhomme, until Lord Poulett on purchasing him of the late Duc de Morny changed it at our suggestion to Benazet, whose name he has still more immortalized, and that, too, in his own theatre. The riders being so aristocratic—there being no less than a couple of Princes among them—the interest the steeple-chase caused was immense, and every portion of the Stand on which a bird could alight was occupied by some adventurous German, and not a chair was to be obtained in the enclosure. The passage of the Danube, as the water-jump was facetiously termed, was also crowded, and the descent of the bank watched with the utmost curiosity. The race is not difficult to be understood, for it was entirely confined to Benazet and The Drone, the latter of whom made all the running the greater portion of the way, when Mr. Edwards, biding his time, came down the dreaded bank as coolly as a merchant sitting in his office chair, and taking the water jump in the same collected manner, won as he pleased the first Baden Steeple-chase for which he ever rode. As Lord Poulett led Benazet back to scale, he looked, though not naturally a proud man, as elated as if he had won a Derby or a St. Leger; and the cheering with which the pair were greeted testified that the name of Benazet had not been forgotten on his own racecourse at Baden. And the success of Benazet will doubtless lead to other horses from this country coming to try their fortunes in the Black Forest, where the prizes are liberal, and the arrangements first rate, and such as English trainers are not often accustomed to meet with in their own country. We may add that Mr. Mackenzie Grieves rode as elegantly as ever, and that his title to being the sole representative of the *haute école* of equestrianism in Europe is not likely to be called in question. In conclusion, we will observe, that although it is not usual in this country to select a line for steeple-chasing through a wood, or over a big bank, or other difficulty, there is no good reason against such a course. In a run with hounds the Sportsman has constantly to make his way through woods and spinnies, and it gives an additional advantage to the temperate hunter, with a good mouth, over the raking, tearing beast that requires every fence to be cut and cleaned: Mr. Edwards and Mr. Thomas came third and fourth to the wood, they were first and second out of it: either owing to their superior hands or to their horses

being more handy. At the embankment they could turn their horses, whilst the mouth of Prince Esterhazy's horse was so dead that he was unable to set him into the course. But when sport is made subservient to betting, every obstacle that may bring down the arranged winner must be cut down, and even the hurdles must be slanted the right way. The exodus from Baden after the Meeting was something awful to behold, for the trains were nearly a mile long, and contained nearly every class of persons on the Continent, and, as may be imagined, they did not keep time with the punctuality of the Great Northern express. For there were soldiers, English and French, Actresses of the same nations, the most distinguished courtesans that London or Paris could produce, Newmarket and Middleham jockeys, a Stockbroker who travelled in a saloon carriage, with bed in it for himself and Secretary, Journalists, Milliners, Betting-Men, and Priests, and the uproar they created was so great at the different stations that for the future we resolved to delay our departure until after the retreat of the million. As it was we broke our journey at Nancy, where we were assured, on what we conceived to be first-rate authority, we should arrive in time for a late dinner. But as it was after eleven when we got to the hotel, and found that ten was the usual hour for the Nancys to go between the sheets, for which we highly commend them, we were obliged to put up with some bread and cheese and cognac and water, for our supper; and the next morning, as may be imagined, we beat a rapid retreat for Paris, where, in a twelve francked bedroom on the third floor of the Grand Hotel at Paris, we sought the aid of Nature's sweet restorer. Having obtained the required forty winks, we started afresh by the earliest train, anticipating the subsequent hurricanes by four-and-twenty hours, arriving in England to read in one of the Sporting Papers that Admiral Rous had spoiled the Warwick Meeting, by remaining during the whole of the races on the Press Stand, with the view of detecting the non-trying division, who usually make Warwick their head centre. Doncaster can scarcely be said to have been up to the same pitch of enthusiasm we have witnessed for some years, although the attendance was enormous, including nearly, we should say, every Lancashire and Yorkshire bookmaker and every Welsher in England. In fact, the people swarmed like blackbeetles, literally covering the earth of the inclosure with their presence, and completely destroying all the enjoyment of the inclosure. And it may be said, that racing at the present time, except in a private box, is an amusement that can only be enjoyed by those who are sound in wind and limb. For to press through the crowds of drab-coloured men who congregated at Doncaster, required the shoulder-to-shoulder action which we read of as peculiar to the Highland race, and which few Englishmen possess. To judge by the thousands of persons present, we should say that Doncaster has benefited more than any Meeting in our recollection by the *prestige* which has attached to it from former recollections. And there is no race in the Calendar on which Yorkshire men love to dwell as much as the St. Leger; for they speak of the first they ever witnessed with fond recollection, as a sort of landmark in their memory, discuss the celebrated men of its day and with as much vivacity as they do the Steels and Nicholls of the present age. In the same way the horses which have run in the St. Leger when the Colonel, Tarrare, and Matilda ran for it, are contrasted with the equine heroes of the age in which we live, and serve for gossip by many a fireside. The programme for Doncaster this year was certainly little calculated to warrant such an attendance as it secured; for the St. Leger had no flier engaged in it, and the field was allowed to be one of the most moderate on record, and the race was thought

to be but an echo of the Derby. Therefore the gathering was somewhat wonderful, and all the stands, of which Doncaster has more than any other Meeting in the kingdom, were crowded to repletion. The Doncaster people are noble givers, and verily they have their reward, for the public like to support them; and next year when a little more money has been added to the Fitzwilliam Stakes, the List will be as near perfect as can be arrived at. The number of races per diem may perhaps be objected to by a Southern visitor; but when we consider how passionately fond the Tykes are of sport, and that they would remain and witness racing by lamplight, it does not do to be too particular with them. That clever mare of Mr. Merry's, Sunshine, which was ridden by Fordham, in consequence of Daly being unable to get down to the weight through the weather, won the Champagne in a canter, Mantilla being second; and it was palpable that Fordham did all in his power not to expose his mare too much, or she would have left them standing still; and should she keep well till the next Derby Day, the man who has a better animal in his stable, may deem himself one of Fortune's choicest favourites, for she can both go fast and stay besides for a week. The Great Yorkshire Handicap, strange to say, was won by Géant des Battailes, and as it was some years since the Yorkshiremen had seen 'the spots' triumphant in a great race on Doncaster Moor, they cheered them, as they were wont to do in the days of Voltigeur and Vidette, when Job Marson was in the zenith of his glory, and Jackson but as yet in embryo as a betting-man. But still we are inclined to think the Géant owed his victory more to the inability of the boy who was on Argyll to get him out, rather than to his own merits. Paul Jones, with whom Mr. Hodgson meditated a grand *coup*, hit a splint on one of his legs, and pulled up lame. The rooms in the evening were crowded with a mob of the most miscellaneous description, who took all sorts of liberties with the Drummer, backed Pero Gomez, and Martyrdom, while about Pretender they preserved a kind of neutrality, because any kind of feeling they might have had against him, was checked by Argyll's position in the Yorkshire Handicap in the afternoon. Pero Gomez's Leger day opened with the tramp of carriages from Sheffield, and other populous districts in the neighbourhood, and with showers which gave promise of the Carnival of the North being celebrated in adverse weather. The streets were impassable to persons on foot, and numbers therefore took refuge in the Sale Paddocks, where, at least, they were prevented from being run over. No alteration occurred in the betting, but an understanding seemed to prevail that danger really was meant with Martyrdom, who had been placed under the charge of the police from the time of his arrival in Doncaster. He consequently advanced in price, but very little money could be got on him. As for Wells, he vowed the race was already over for Pero Gomez, and he burned for the opportunity of showing how he had been done out of the Derby, through being knocked about like a skittle, and his place in the race taken from him when he wanted it. Pero was trained to the hour, and as he galloped down the course, he did so with a degree of confidence that augured his success. Perhaps the best prepared horse in the race, and the best looking, was George Osbaldeston, whom John Shepherd, of Malton, might well have been proud of. Among the Yorkshiremen, there was a universal feeling for him, but, strange to say, it was only for a place, or rather in the latest racing slang, 'a shop.' And while few bookmakers laid out right against him, every place volume was full. Pretender came out the middle of the throng of horses, and it required but half an eye to tell us he was not the horse we had seen at Epsom, and that there was no

St. Leger in him. He had completely fallen away to nothing, and had no middle pieces, or muscle about him. Hence it was evident Dawson had not been able to train him, from his constitution being strained so much, that he could not stand the work requisite for his being brought out in proper style. Martyrdom was as fit as hands could make him, and had Nature bestowed upon him a heart, in addition to her other gifts, she would have made him a race-horse. The lot got off on capital terms in capital time, and we would have described the race, but as the reporters' room resembled a great Commercial Academy, we are spared the trouble of doing so. Suffice it to say, that Pretender was never in the race at any point; that George Osbaldeston made his effort far too early from home; and that, at the distance, it was plain there were only two in the race, viz., Pero and Martyrdom. For a moment Martyrdom headed Pero, and had he seconded his jockey's efforts, Fordham would have won his first St. Leger, but although he nursed him with the most consummate tact, it was of no avail, and Pero won very cleverly by a short neck, although we think all was not out of his horse when Wells pulled him up. George Osbaldeston was third, so the place money for which he had been backed was secured. Sir Joseph Hawley, who never won a St. Leger before, although he has booked four Derbys and an Oaks, was by no means so sanguine as his trainer and jockey, won very little over the race, having only put a thousand on him the night before, and the chief winners were Lord Roseberry, Messrs. George Herring and T. Hughes, and also the Messrs. Christy, two of the most respectable members of the Ring. Wells's luck in great races is somewhat extraordinary, indeed his career from when old John Day was wont with pride to designate him *his boy*, has been almost one universal run of luck. And when we read his name in a play-bill, and saw it stated he had given his name to 'a bespeak night,' at a Circus, at Kingsclere, we called to mind his taste for gymnastics manifested itself at a very early age. For when he was 'Tiny Wells' in reality he told us, in answer to our inquiry, who was the greatest actor he ever saw in his life, that in his opinion, 'the Guttapercha-man of a Circus' was the individual who found most favour in his eyes. The great traits in Wells's character are honesty of purpose and truthfulness, and these combined with his racing ability, manifested from the days of Rataplan and Virago, have earned him troops of friends, who are little likely to desert him while he wears a cap and jacket, or plain clothes. Having devoted as much space as is in our power to the St. Leger, we must hurry over the other events of the week, observing that Dawson proved himself as dangerous with his team as ever, although the ill luck they experienced with Lord Hawthorne in the Cup, was heartrending. The debût of Stanley was far more satisfactory than was anticipated, and Joseph Dawson introduced to us a most useful colt, in Camel, who bids fair to become as well known, if he trains on, as his namesake. On the whole, the Doncaster Meeting for this season may be termed the most crowded and the most uncomfortable of the year; but it had many interesting points about it, as a reference to the Calendar will point out. To say anything about the Doncaster officials from Mr. Hatfield and Mr. Johnson downwards is uncalled for, as their civility to all who are brought in contact with them is proverbial, and offers a strange contrast to that which is exhibited at some places, we forbear to mention to those associated with sporting journalism or literature. The lodging-housekeepers at Doncaster have ere now earned as high a reputation for their charges as those of Ramsgate or Eastbourne; but it would seem there is one at Doncaster who can give them any amount of weight, and who is to be found in the pleasant locale called Whittaker Street,

where the houses strongly resemble those occupied by railway labourers. Into one of these two members of the Sporting Press, one of whom occupied the important post of Special Commissioner to a leading journal, the other was his private secretary, and one of the oldest contributories to the Fourth Estate. The *salon à manger* they occupied was about the size of a moderate china-closet, and, when lighted up with two burners, the temperature resembled very strongly that of Pandemonium. The bedrooms were to match, and in the house everything was to be found from an eight-day clock to an execution, although the latter was not visible to the naked eye. Well, from the Monday before the races until the Friday, for their board and lodging they were charged exactly seventeen guineas, and a few shillings extra. Of course the Special Commissioner, when the Bill was read a first time and laid on the table, threatened it with a vigorous opposition, and in consequence thereof, a few trivial amendments were made in it, and the Bill was passed; after which it was exhibited on the various Stands on the course, where it was received with the strongest marks of disapprobation, and its publication in its native integrity was so loudly called for that the victimised could not refuse, and it was accordingly given to the world in the columns of the 'Times.' And we cannot help thinking how envious the Ramsgate and Eastbourne purveyors of public accommodation will be to find their Doncaster rival had two flats who would stand twelve shillings for groceries for four days without wincing. Old John Scott was at Doncaster all the week, as hearty as a buck, only he could not jump so high. The seizure of the Royal Oak with bronchitis the Saturday before the St. Leger was a heavy blow and great discouragement to him, for from what he had done at home with Viscount and The Spy, he felt satisfied he would have been among the first three. Last week the Veteran paid his annual visit to Streatham to inspect the mares and yearlings of his old master, Mr. Bowes, who visited Whitewall the week before the St. Leger, 'after long 'years,' when John was enabled to give him a very good account of his stewardship. Among the latest returns to Whitewall may be mentioned the name of Mr. Nunn, for whom, in 1846, John Scott won the Cambridgeshire, mainly through the fine riding of poor Alfred Day. Mr. Nunn won a good stake on the race, and made the trainer and jockey of the horse handsome presents. He then gave up, but now he has returned to his horses, singing—

> 'Mais nous revenons toujours,
> A nos premières amours.'

That careful and lucky jockey, Custance, has, we are given to understand, purchased out of his savings a landed estate in Rutlandshire, where, from the paucity of qualified persons on the roll, it is highly probable that in the course of a few years he will be pricked for the Sheriff of the County. In this case, his reception of Mr. Justice Blackburn, should he happen to go the Circuit, is looked forward to with great amusement by his brethren of the pigskin. Our valued contemporary the 'Druid' has somewhat recovered his shattered health, and has been delighting the readers of the 'Daily News' with some racing sketches of Yorkshire, which has quite caused a run on that newspaper at all railway stations.

The Breeding Sales at Doncaster showed signs of weakness in the money market, or rather the determination of purchasers not to give more than reasonable prices for blood stock. But there will be always customers for good-looking animals to be found. The number of breeders is so increased, there is not room for their stock, and Captain Alexander and Mr. Mather have wisely

taken time by the forelock and disposed of their brood mares and yearlings, thinking very wisely the first up to be the best. Lord Vivian's well-selected lot of horses goes up in the middle of the month, and deserve the attention of buyers, as they all have a bit of running about them. The cause of his lordship's retirement is well known, but for certain reasons we forbear to mention it.

Our Hunting Intelligence this month is singularly barren. In Buckinghamshire Squire Lowndes has been rattling the cubs and his horses' legs. On the morning of the 22nd he killed a cub at Mentmore, one of a litter of six bred in Baron Rothschild's cover, making six brace of foxes in twelve days' hunting, and all *fairly* killed, writes our correspondent. Does he recollect what Beckford says of *a fair* foxhunter? But in Yorkshire, the great sensation of the month has been the patronage accorded to Sir George Wombwell, the new Master of the York and Ainsty, by that veteran patron of the noble science, Mr. Peter Wilkinson, who, on an inspection of the hounds on the flags, was so struck with the care and judgment with which they had been selected, and their general appearance, that he marked his approval of them by a few days after presenting Sir George with a handsome silver hunting horn, with the simple but graphic inscription upon it 'To Sir George Wombwell, 'from Peter.' The presentation, which was made, not at a public banquet as was anticipated, but in the most unostentatious manner, completely took Sir George by surprise, and he was for some time speechless with gratitude; but at length having recovered himself, he expressed his thanks in a becoming manner; and as he has been selected for the honour in the first year of his Mastership, and in preference to such men as Mr. Lane Fox, and Lord Middleton, we congratulate Sir George heartily on the rapid distinction in the Hunting Field. Lord Folkestone, they say, has formed a new country near Longford Castle, Salisbury, but we have not heard what his prospects of success are. Cub-hunting has been very general throughout the country, and the prospects of sport in almost every district most encouraging.

We are glad to learn that the dispute in the Kilkenny country, upon which we made some remarks in the last number of 'Our Van,' is likely to be smoothed over, all parties being heartily tired of a paper war. Out of 108 subscribers to the Kilkenny Hunt, ninety-one have signed a requisition to Mr. Meredyth to continue as master, offering him support in every way. Of the seventeen subscribers who have not signed, nine do not wish their names to appear, but continue their subscriptions. There cannot therefore probably be much amiss as regards sport, or management, when so large a number of the subscribers and hunting men give Mr. Meredyth their support.

Our obituary is rather a brief one, but it includes Mr. Charles Taylor, who died suddenly last month at his seat in Surrey. Although Mr. Taylor had retired for some years from the active world, the recollection of his prowess will always be fresh in the memory of those who witnessed it. What prettier sight, five and twenty, or thirty years ago, than to see Charley Taylor play an innings at Lord's? Every hit so clean and neat, every movement so natural and graceful. Veterans looked on in admiration, and declared that it was Lord Frederick Beauclerk over again. He was equally good at tennis, and at billiards. Indeed Mr. Taylor was full of talent: he could act, he could sing, he could do almost anything he turned his hand to. 'Nihil quod tetigit non ornavit' should have been the epitaph inscribed on his tomb.

Sir Charles Rushout was one of the pleasantest sportsmen of the old school, and his face reflected his mind, for one glance at it would reveal his character.

The son of the late Sir Charles Cockerell, he raced as became him for amusement, and a Dukedom would not have gratified him more than his winning the City and Suburban with Ethelbert. He raced in what may be termed Isaac Day's country, and his chief trainers were Sam Darling, Stevens, and Walters. Old Mr. Kent is also added to the list of departed Turf worthies whose loss we have to record. However, as he had reached his eighty-seventh year, he may be said to have had a good innings. He was originally a lad in old Dick Boyce's stable at Newmarket in John Scott's time, and the pair shared the same apartment together. While at Boyce's he was a very handy lad, and could turn his attention to anything, including painting, earning a great deal of credit for a portrait of Sir Harry—a noted horse in Boyce's stable. He afterwards went to the Duke of Richmond, whose horses he had for some time, and was in office when Lord George Bentinck had his stud there; and it is reported that he tried as many horses one morning as brought in old John Day forty-five guineas for riding them. He was highly respectable, but he had one peculiarity as a trainer, which was, that he fed his horses on the homœopathic principle, giving them a handful of corn half a dozen times a day.

The Brighton Coach, which, we are glad to hear, has had a very remunerative season, discontinued running the beginning of the month. Next season it is to be put on again, as the time it has kept has been so very punctual, and the journey between the metropolis and London-super-Mare so well done, that quite a taste for the road has been cultivated, which the proprietors are anxious to encourage.

The debût of the 'Man About Town' has been so far successful; but he has been 'so out of sorts' from following his vocation, that he as yet can hardly be said to have got into harness. But when released from the sick-list he will no doubt return to his old form.

Mr. Stephen Pearce has just completed his celebrated Ashdown picture, upon which his efforts have been so long concentrated. Time at this moment only permits us to say that the picture is one of almost national interest, that the portraits introduced into it are living, breathing ones, and such as can be readily recognised, while the grouping is most natural and effective, and such as greatly enhances the appearance of the scene. The best portrait in the picture is, perhaps, the Earl of Sefton, who is placed upon his horse, as a sportsman should be, while the artist has charmingly hit off Lady Grey de Wilton's seat and attitude. The other characters are so well preserved, we cannot imagine a Courser's dining-room without a copy of the engraving, which will doubtless be produced from it, being hung upon the walls.

Henry Pagh

familiar, his Lordship came to reside at [illegible]

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

LORD HENRY PAGET.

PROMINENT among the rising Masters of Hounds of the present day is Lord Henry Paget, second son of Henry, late Marquis of Anglesey, and Henrietta Maria, fourth daughter of the late Sir Charles Bagot, and grandson of Henry William, first Marquis of Anglesey, and who was born at 32 Bruton Street, Berkeley Square, on Christmas-day, 1835. In early life his Lordship evinced a strong predilection for field sports, and by the time he had attained his majority had acquired a reputation for nerve and activity amongst his brethren of the bat, the saddle, and the gun. He became in turn a member of the I Zingari, the Marylebone, numerous provincial cricket clubs, and President of the All England Eleven, and in the dawn of his popularity worked hard and successfully in many important matches.

While residing at the Grange, in Hampshire, with his brother, the present Marquis, he exhibited his fondness of the Turf by riding in several county races, principally on Abbotstone Down at the H. H. races, where in 1865 and 1866 he won four matches consecutively out of five with Tom Tit and The Heiress. He subsequently won other matches at Lichfield and elsewhere, but at present his Lordship's interest in the Turf is of a less activenature; and as a shot both at game and pigeons his Lordship has deservedly gained considerable credit.

In 1854, on the death of his grandfather, that fine old sportsman with whose portrait on his favourite shooting-pony we are all familiar, his Lordship came to reside at Beau-Desert with his father,

and at once commenced hunting a pack of harriers, which is the best school for learning the rudiments of the 'Noble Science.'

The South Staffordshire country, of which his Lordship is the Master, lies between the Atherstone, the Albrighton, the North Warwickshire, and the Hoar Cross, so many years hunted by the late Mr. Meynell Ingram. About forty-five years ago Mr. Osbaldeston kept hounds within the limits of the present hunt; and after him it was hunted from 1826 to 1829 by the late Mr. Hugo Chadwick, who was succeeded by the late Mr. Pole Shaw, who was Master from 1829 to 1832, and during which period Joe Maiden was his kennel huntsman. The present limits of the hunt extend from Water Orton on the south to Ingestre in the north, and from Fisherwick in the east to Great Barr in the west.

On Mr. Shaw giving up the country, Mr. Appiethwaite, then Master of the Atherstone, hunted the Middleton and Hints coverts, and the whole district except that north of the Burton and Lichfield Road; and the succeeding Masters, Mr. Colville, Captain Thomson, Mr. Selby Lowndes, and Lord Curzon, continued to draw the country up to 1860, since which time up to 1868 it laid dormant. At the Lichfield Spring Races in 1868 a meeting was held under the Presidency of the late Marquis of Anglesey for the purpose of resuscitating the country. Mr. Meynell Ingram then agreed to concede Black Slough and Cannock Chase, and Lord Curzon consented to give up the Middleton and Hints country. Lord Henry Paget was unanimously requested to become Master, and Mr. J. D. Chadwick, of New Hall, General Phillips, and other gentlemen, entered warmly into the project. Kennels were secured at Moat Bank, near Lichfield, and hounds, horses, and an establishment at once set up. The bulk of the hounds came from Mr. Scratton, Mr. Deacon, Mr. Harcourt Johnstone, Lord Macclesfield, and the Albrighton. Tom Wilson, who had hunted the Quorn during the *régime* of the Marquis of Hastings, was engaged as Huntsman; and during the first season they had a fair average of sport, some excellent runs being chronicled from Great Barr, Little Aston, and Ingestre. At the end of last season a majority of gentlemen over whose lands the hounds hunted held a meeting, when it was decided that his Lordship should take the horn himself and retain Wilson as first Whip and Kennel Huntsman.

The prospect of sport for this season is most satisfactory. There is a good show of foxes, and the hounds have made a capital start in cub-hunting.

His Lordship takes to his work *con amore*, and from his love of sport will without doubt show the country some excellent sport. Unlike his father and the first Marquis, his Lordship never held a commission in the regular army, but in 1856 he joined the Queen's Own Staffordshire Yeomanry Cavalry, and became Captain of the Burton troop in that regiment in 1859.

His Lordship's advent in the Coursing Field dates no further back than 1868, but if the successes of that year may be taken as an

augury of future triumphs we must congratulate him on his good fortune. The Burton-on-Trent Coursing Club was established in the best sporting days of the late Earl of Chesterfield, many years ago, but it had been allowed gradually to lapse into a state of decline; but in the autumn of last year his Lordship took the matter vigorously in hand, and with only a few weeks' grace succeeded in re-establishing the old club, with his noble father as President, and which now, under the Presidency of his Lordship's brother, the present Marquis of Anglesey, bears every prospect of being one of the most popular and agreeable meetings of the season.

With Dark Patent and Dark Regan, dogs of unexceptionable pedigree, and purchased from a gentleman in Shropshire, his Lordship succeeded in carrying off in his first season from the Wolverhampton, Tong, Patshull, Kenilworth, and other Meetings, stakes to the amount of upwards of 300*l.*, besides the Newton Hunt Cup of the Burton Spring Meeting, independent of several sapling stakes. The present season has, however, been one of considerably more importance to his Lordship in every respect, inasmuch as it has introduced him to the coursing world as the owner of a dog, Pink Pearl, whose recent performances at the Ashdown Meeting in the Oaks have met with such universal praise and commendation, and with whom he may in the greatest confidence meet his compeers in the great coursing fields of the day. His Lordship, it is scarcely necessary to add, is exceedingly popular as a courser and Master of Fox-hounds, and, possessed of his noble father's genuine affability, kindliness of heart, and thorough appreciation of sport, he creates amongst his neighbours that cordiality and good feeling which his family have ever maintained.

LORD DERBY.

Died October 23rd, 1869.

Two ways along life's busy path
  The traveller's footsteps would enthral,
Above them peals the thunder's wrath,
  Below them roars the torrent fall.

Fame, with her trump in act to blow,
  O'er both extends the deathless crown;
Her highest guerdon to bestow,
  The broad 'blue riband' of renown.

One by an icy slope that gleams
  Refulgent in the solar ray,
O'er slippery crags, through glacier streams,
  Deludes the *statesman* on his way.

The other, flank'd by golden groves
  On either side the narrow track,
Would tempt the *sportsman* as he roves
  To wander to their sweetness back.

Yet o'er them both, of ray serene,
  The star of Honour glistens bright;
And gilds the horrors of the scene
  To steadfast souls in search of light.

Enough *one* treacherous way to try;
  But who, the twofold danger past,
On yonder summits dare defy
  Suspicion's frost or Envy's blast?

One dared the fate—o'er Stanley's urn,
  While Duty pours her pensive tear,
Shall Pleasure from amusement turn
  To consecrate his honoured bier.

For both together, hand in hand,
  The boon companions of his life,
Had held him under their command,
  In party war, in racing strife.

And both alone where Honour led
  Would follow; nor beyond her pale,
Though craft in state might raise her head,
  And fraud upon the turf prevail.

The ruler of a nation's helm,
  The grave historic Muse may claim,
But Sport divides with her the realm,
  And shares the honours of his name.

And Memory from her mountain height
  Regarding all the beaten track,
Will hail in many a bygone fight
  The triumph of the white and black.

Let him, the Wizard of the Wold,
  Who basks in Fame's declining sun,
The annals of the past unfold,
  How Stanley fought, how Stanley won;

How in the race which bears his name,
  When fortune seemed to favour most;
The blight of disappointment came,
  His cause, but not his honour, lost.

How, from the cares of state withdrawn,
  He loved the dawning might to trace
Of coursers on the level lawn,
  Or mate his dames of ancient race.

Of open heart and generous hand,
  The least his sympathy might share,
When Famine waved her livid wand,
  And bade the sons of toil despair.

The laurel of the poet's crown,
  The parsley of Olympian meed,
Were higher prizes of renown
  Than all the pomp that 'place' decreed.

A pillared column raised on high
  Upon some promontory's steep;
Clear cut against the summer sky,
  Reflected in the slumbering deep;

So stood he out to human ken,
  Clear, solid, firm—so grandly stands
The broken shaft, a guide to men,
  O'er perils of untrodden lands.

AMPHION.

THE LATE EARL OF DERBY.

ON Saturday morning, October 23rd, of the current year, about 7 A.M., there died at Knowsley, in the 71st year of his age, one of the greatest men of his day. No shade of politics, no difference of opinion, no rivalry or personal prejudice, can deny this fact; and we do not envy the feelings which would ignore the claim which the late Earl of Derby has upon this nation for the deepest and sincerest regret. Our position compels us to stand aloof from the expression in these pages of political partizanship; but the natural and acquired graces of this great man, his unblemished reputation as an English gentleman, his strict sense of honour, his courage in the denunciation of everything mean, his brilliant talents as a Statesman and scholar, his sensibility as a landlord, added to the adventitious circumstances of the highest birth, and great wealth, and the use he made of them, leave plenty of scope for our admiration without infringing on the privileges or prejudices of party. It would be impossible in a memoir of this great man to omit all mention of the career in which he stands before us most conspicuously; but if we are found to deal but lightly with the politics of forty years, it must be remembered that our real business is with the character of the departed statesman, as a sportsman, in which he has left an example of such unsullied brightness, as would have shone in an age when no darker background were present to give it force. In these days it shines with peculiar lustre.

Edward Geoffrey Lord Derby, was born at Knowsley, near

Prescot in Lancashire, on the 29th of March, 1799. He was educated at Eton, where he acquired a facility and elegance of scholarship, characteristic of his temperament and his general refinement of mind, and which never deserted him in the midst of his multifarious pursuits. Like his rival, Mr. Gladstone, he turned to the taste of his younger days as a refreshment after the vigorous work of a session, if such a degree of excellence as he exhibited in classical attainments can be so slightly regarded. From Eton he went to Christchurch, Oxford, where, in 1819, he carried off the Chancellor's prize for Latin verse; a form of composition which might have been modified in the modern curriculum without being decried by those who are incapable of appreciating its beauties and advantages. Notwithstanding this, Lord Derby left the University without having gone up for a degree; and he was returned for Stockbridge, a pocket borough, the year following. The value of these boroughs may be estimated by the number of great men that they returned, and who, but for private interest, might never have been heard within the walls of St. Stephen. Not that this was Lord Derby's case; although, as Mr. Stanley, he might have remained still longer without an opening. Once in Parliament his weight and influence was properly estimated, and on a later occasion, when holding office, a place was found for him by the retirement of a most able man. With all his aptitude for a prominent position in debate, Lord Derby, then Mr. Stanley, did not make his maiden speech until 1824. It was upon a motion which must raise some curious speculations, as to the changed position of parties as well as of individuals. That motion was one of Mr. Hume's for an inquiry into the Irish Church; and it is somewhat remarkable that the very last question which engaged the attention of Lord Derby, and forced from him his last eloquent appeal in the House of Lords, as the leader of the Conservative party, should have been upon the same subject. That he spoke with an earnestness of purpose, and a choice of language extraordinary for a first effort, may be gathered from the panegyrics which were lavished upon him by men opposed to him in opinion; and he was at once marked for a prominent position among the great Whig statesmen, of whom his family had long been a most influential ally.

The next material change that took place was his acceptance of office as Irish Secretary, a post which it required energy and talent to defend against the attacks of O'Connell and his friends. They formed a strong and unscrupulous power in the house; and it was Mr. Stanley's business to answer their inquiries and to refute their statements, which he performed in so gallant and witty a manner, that the Irish party are said to have shrunk, when possible, from provoking his logic or his sarcasm. His oratory at that time gave the country a vivid notion of the powers of a man, above all deceit, beyond fear, and conscious only of a wish and a will to serve his country and his Sovereign. It was caustic to the very verge of decorum, but never overstepping that mark which he had proposed

to himself as the limit of Parliamentary retort. It was at the same time logical, and certainly based upon a belief in the truth of his political creed. Indeed it seems to us doubtful whether any man can be so truly eloquent as the late Lord Derby unless he be a firm believer in the cause he advocates. In Lord Derby's eloquence there was no hitch, no compromise. He seemed to have nothing to fear, nothing to modify; he condescended neither to flatter nor to temporize; a course which made him a terrible opponent, but which sometimes detracted from his influence as a leader. If by the 'Rupert of debate,' was meant fiery zeal and chivalrous courage apart from discrimination and judgment, the metaphor conveys no flattery to Lord Derby's character. He was no more wanting in discernment than deficient in courage and loyalty. But if it be intended to convey a picture of patriotism and devotion to a cause which he considered his own, a devotion in which was too much self-reliance and self-will, he was indeed a Rupert. It has been abundantly shown that the late Earl could, and did, think for himself; and there are millions in this country who will say 'wisely and 'well.'

In 1834 his grandfather died, and he became Lord Stanley, having been Secretary of State for the Colonies since 1833, at which time he was Member for North Lancashire, having successively sat for Stockbridge, Preston, and Windsor. When Colonial Secretary he retired from office with Sir James Graham and the Duke of Richmond, and in the following year he joined the Conservatives from fear of the Radical policy, which, since their coalition with O'Connell, had become openly and unhesitatingly adopted. Lord Stanley broke through the family ties which had bound him to a policy so obviously changed and changing that he could no longer approve it; not indeed, as we may imagine, without a pang, but without regret, as his conduct since has unmistakably shown.

In 1844 Lord Derby was summoned to the House of Peers during his father's lifetime as Baron Stanley of Bickerstaffe, having in 1841 accepted his old post of Colonial Secretary under Sir Robert Peel. His separation from Sir Robert Peel took place on the announcement of that statesman that the total repeal of the Corn Laws was necessary for the safety of the country. Lord Stanley with others declined to go with him in his measures; and on Lord John Russell's inability to form a ministry, Sir Robert was again commissioned to do so, Lord Stanley formally seceding. With these politics, however, we have nothing to do; it is our business only to state that it was then that the late Lord Derby, Lord George Bentinck, and Mr. Disraeli became the heads of a party of which the first and the last have survived as joint leaders until Saturday last.

In 1851 he became Earl of Derby by the death of his father. He was First Lord of the Treasury the following year by the downfall of Lord John Russell, a consummation which his powers had been mainly instrumental in bringing about. Mr. Disraeli was his

Chancellor of the Exchequer, whose financial measures drove him from power, and procured the succession to office of Lord Aberdeen and the high Whigs. On the fall of this Ministry in 1855 another opportunity was offered to Lord Derby of regaining his position as First Minister, of which he declined to avail himself, upon the very judicious ground that there could be no fair prospect of maintaining his influence. In 1858, however, he was again in power; and we may ask with some show of reason whether the demand for a Reform Bill was real. Did Lord Derby think so? and if so, what was his duty in the peculiar circumstances of the case? Had he boldly repudiated Reform altogether would he have been supported by the lukewarm Whigs, and were they sufficiently strong to enable him to hold his own? Lord Hartington's motion, after the General Election of 1859, of want of confidence was carried by a majority of thirteen; and once more the late Lord Derby and his friends were in Opposition.

His return to power, the passing of the Reform Bill, and the subsequent success of Mr. Gladstone cannot be recapitulated here. These events are too near home to deal with dispassionately; and we are not to be led into a political discussion which could give pleasure to no one, information to but few, and pain to many. We turn rather to that part of Lord Derby's life which belongs to our pages, and which we have some reasons for thinking he himself did not regard as the least gratifying. Our readers will have long ago formed their own opinion, or (which is easier and infinitely more amusing) will have adopted those of the 'Times,' the 'Globe,' or the 'Daily Telegraph,' as the case may be, on the subject of this article, as a Statesman, a Scholar, a Nobleman, or a Landowner: it is ours to endeavour to do justice to him as a Sportsman and a Patron of the Paddock and the Post.

The late Lord Derby's first connection with Mr. John Scott dates so far back as 1842; for although he had something to do—we believe more on his father's account than on his own—with Mr. Bloss at Delamere Forest, no serious intention of a Racing Stud on his own account seems to have been formed until that time. We shall append to this article a sheet of statistics which appears to us to be of great value; as, first, a means of gratifying no unworthy curiosity, and as, secondly, a decided proof that in the hands of an honourable man, with moderate good fortune, and prudence of the most ordinary type, the Turf might be pursued *almost* as a profitable amusement. We are not now addressing ourselves to the young men who, with a few hundreds a year, propose to compete with noblemen and gentlemen of large means, and the interest of whose loans, to start them in the world, eats up a handsome income; nor to those mercantile gentlemen who, like some other sportsmen of the pigskin or the trigger, cannot see a racehorse without a calculation of what may be got out of him. We recommend our table to the notice of those who would willingly contribute to the national sport, and who would do honour to it, too, but for the exaggerated notion of its enormous

expense: the result of which mistake is, that no horses can be brought to the post or reared in the paddock but by successful gambling to pay the trainer's bill. Between the years 1842 and 1863, inclusive, Lord Derby trained only with John Scott. In those twenty-one years the number of horses in Mr. Scott's care varied considerably: in some seasons there being as many as 20, 18, 17, 15, or 10, and in others not more than 3, 5, 6, or 7. We have made, however, by the kind permission and assistance of Mr. Scott and Mr. John H. Peart, of Whitewall, a calculation which must be very close upon the fact, as we have had before us the names of every horse in Lord Derby's possession during that time. They amounted altogether to 243 horses. Out of this number, as will be seen in the annexed table, there were 54 winners; and the sum total of their winnings in stakes and forfeits amounted to 94,003*l.* This sum of money, extending over twenty-one years, gives, in round numbers, 4476*l.* per annum as Lord Derby's credit side of his racing-book. The number of horses would average something more than eleven in each year, and the average sum of money for each horse would be, in round numbers, about 407*l.* in Mr. Scott's hands. Now we cannot calculate (because the expenses of a racehorse, his stakes, his forfeits, his mounts, his purchase-money, and his travelling expenses vary to such an extent) how far this sum would allow a balance to be struck in the owner's favour; but there can be no sort of doubt that Lord Derby, racing for his own pleasure, and for the propagation of first-class stock, of which motives in others Admiral Rous has expressed himself as very sceptical, was most successful. Space and time fail us to go through so long a list as we have before us, but we presume some notice of the best horses will find readers among those who are interested in the past records of the Turf.

Lord Derby's stud grew by degrees, not because he was suddenly and remarkably fortunate, but because he really loved his horses and felt a pleasure in their success. His best years, in point of pecuniary gain, were 1853 and 1854, as will be seen, and the largest studs in point of numbers range from the years 1847 to 1858. His early years were unsuccessful, and the number of horses in training was not large; but Lord Derby was a breeder of horses, and he was prepared to wait for the pleasure of confirming a favourite theory as to a cross.

The late Lord Glasgow was another English nobleman whom all the disappointments in the world would not have turned from his purpose; and when that purpose has for its end the development of such a source of wealth and reputation as the thoroughbred horse in this country, patience is not thrown away. However, it is somewhat curious that the best horse, or the most fortunate one, that Lord Derby ever possessed he did not breed. He bought Canezou of the late Mr. Allen, of Malton, by John Scott's advice; and the mare and her sons Paletot, Fazzaletto, and Cape Flyaway, won no less than 24,780*l.* between them. Her value, indeed, to such an

owner as Lord Derby, cannot be estimated by the thousands she won him so much as by the strain of excellent blood which he thus dispersed through the country. One of his *earliest* winners was Ithuriel; and the horse was remarkable for his beauty, which is perpetuated in an excellent statuette, modelled by Mr. Cotterell, in silver, for the Goodwood Cup of 1845; and which cup, strange to say, was brought to Knowsley by Psalmsinger, a horse which Lord Derby purchased of John Scott, as a two-year old, for some small sum of money. Ithuriel himself won the Liverpool St. Leger and the Gratwicke among other things. Legerdemain won the Cesarewitch in 1849, and slipped a foal by Ion on the following day. Lord Derby never won the Derby or the St. Leger, and was only once successful for the Oaks, with a mare called Iris, in 1851. In some respects he was exceedingly unlucky in the great races, one instance of which may be cited in the case of Canezou herself, who was second to Surplice for the St. Leger. Meteora might have won the Oaks in 1854 but for the injudicious riding of the jockey of Sortie, who made the pace too good for her stable companion; and De Clare was tried to be good enough to have won the Derby, but broke down before the race. He gave Paletot 27 lb. and a beating; and Bracken and Hobby Horse, both turned loose in the trial, were nowhere. Toxophilite was second to Beadsman; and Longbow, who was a roarer, but one of the very finest horses in England, after running a short head behind Pelion for the Eglinton Stakes at Doncaster, giving him 30 lb., was good enough to give them most correct information on West Australian's form, by which they first discovered at Whitewall what an extraordinary horse they possessed. Longbow, the sire of Sagitta, was a great winner, as well as Fazzaletto; and the two years 1853 and 1854 will be long recollected as introducing, among other runners of Lord Derby's, Longbow, Umbriel, Hobby Horse, Acrobat, Boriado, Sortie, Dervish, Meteora, and De Clare. Nor can we avoid mentioning at the same time the very extraordinary good fortune of the Whitewall stable, which, in the former of these years, exclusively of Lord Derby's triumphs, won the Two Thousand, Derby, and St. Leger. Toxophilite and Target followed close upon these, and then Sagitta won the One Thousand, and Cape Flyaway some good stakes, raising the year's winnings to 6497*l.* But this succession of good horses and good luck for the black jacket and white cap draws to a close, and we need only remark upon it that the last race won by Lord Derby was the Dutchman's Handicap in 1862 with Cape Flyaway; and the last race he ever contested was the Union Cup, at Manchester, in the following year, but without success.

And now we turn from these statistics to the more personal details of Lord Derby's career as a sportsman. During this long connection with Mr. John Scott there existed between the owner and his trainer the most perfect understanding. We cannot discover that any sort of disagreement once occurred between them; and to

this is to be attributed in a great degree the measure of success which attended the undertaking. These two men, both in their separate spheres, appear to have placed the most perfect confidence in each other. No suspicion on the one side, nor doubt on the other, ever disturbed that mutual respect which the one felt for the other. There was none of that undue familiarity which too frequently exists between an owner and his trainer, and which in the long run almost invariably leads to separation. As the one was always just and properly generous, so was the other confident that his suggestions would be received in the spirit of honesty and fairness in which they were tendered. This mutual good feeling reflects the highest credit upon both; and if Mr. Scott were in need of a panegyric, no better one could be offered than his unbroken connection with such a man as Lord Derby for the long term of twenty-one years. That either was without faults would be difficult to believe; but each probably was so well aware of the substantial excellence of the other, that 'bear and forbear' was a proverb well acted upon by both. Lord Derby, again, was no bettor, in the modern acceptation of the term. He backed his own horses for sums that he could well afford to lose; and the consequence was that he could bear defeat when it came, without that irritability which gives rise to unpleasant insinuations, always undignified and not unfrequently groundless. Plunging was his abhorrence, and he foresaw as plainly as most men, and lamented with an honourable regret for the reputation of his order, the melancholy consequences which have of late years so frequently ensued. His visits to Whitewall were among the most gratifying of his recreations. He delighted in his walk over Langton Wold; and his inspection of his stable afterwards has been described as the enjoyment of a schoolboy released from the more important business of life. As he never shirked a duty, so he never regretted a well-earned holiday, which he loved to pass in one of the noblest pastimes of an English gentleman. We are not disposed here to be hard upon any class of men. If a man can afford to spend his fortune, however acquired, upon the pleasures of the Turf, we have no right to deny him that gratification, if it be done in all good faith and honesty. But Lord Derby was of a different class from the owners of the present day, whose reputation does not warrant unquestioning confidence on the part of the public, and whose position in society is not, like Lord Derby's, a guarantee for the most strictly honourable dealing. The example he has left behind him may be scanned with advantage by peer and peasant; and certainly his racing statistics will teach us the lesson that, if the object of the Turf be not a mercenary one, there is no necessity for the gambling element at all. We feel confident that, had Lord Derby imagined that his trainer's bill could only be paid by excessive betting, he would not have adopted the Turf as a recreation. He was by nature and temperament far too high-minded to have submitted to the compromise between his own conscience and his own interests, which is openly declared to be the present measure of Turf morality.

Of Lord Derby as a breeder we can only speak in general terms. We have already said that he was a rare buyer; and that most of his horses, though not the best two, were bred by himself. His yearling sales were generally remunerative. We heard only a day or two ago that there was some young stock still running about Knowsley, and that they have been most carefully and successfully reared under the General Manager of the Breeding Establishment, Mr. Timothy Forshaw.

We conclude this brief notice of the late Earl of Derby by an explanation which we sincerely hope may be free from offence to any one concerned. We have spoken of the great success of Lord Derby's horses in 1854. We must now allude to one circumstance which somewhat detracts from the otherwise even tenor of his understanding with Mr. Scott. The facts of the case redound to the honour of them both. Lord Derby had a horse called Acrobat, and in that year after the race for the Doncaster Stakes an attack was made upon John Scott, including some very severe insinuations that Acrobat 'ought to have won the St. Leger.' So strong was the impression upon some minds that letters were written to Lord Derby, denouncing John Scott's conduct in the affair, and endeavouring to poison his Lordship's mind against his trainer. Lord Derby's knowledge of Mr. Scott was of no less than twelve years' standing; and acting upon that confidence which he had no right to withdraw from him, he not only declined to listen to these imputations, but boldly undertook to defend the cause of his maligned trainer. He publicly expressed his renewed confidence in John Scott, and openly rebuked his calumniators; and the steps which were taken by the trainer, with the concurrence of the owner, led to an apology and retractation, which was the very least reparation that could be made. Men who know the world will not be slow to understand the value of Lord Derby's powerful influence in obtaining full justice for his client.

There remains nothing more to be said than that we have lost a most invaluable member of society, in whatever light the late Lord is to be regarded. He possessed a courage joined to a sensibility which has always produced the very highest form of chivalry. Lord Derby was a Bayard rather than a Rupert, certainly *sans peur;* we believe we may add *sans réproche.* He was great in all the conditions of his life, as a gentleman, as a statesman, as a scholar, as a sportsman. Not long ago he exhibited his undying love for the promotion of the Turf's best interests, although, as he admitted in his letter to Sir Joseph Hawley, now no longer actively engaged in its pursuits; and he leaves behind him an example so bright, that not even time itself shall avail to darken it. He says to the rising generation of Sportsmen, who would jump to fortune by doubtful and devious paths,

> 'Disce, puer, virtutem ex me, verumque laborem;
> Fortunam ex aliis.'—VIRG. *Æn.*, lib. xii.

The sum of 94,003*l.* was won for Lord Derby by the following horses,—54 in number:—

	£.		£.		£.
Canezou	9180	Brot. forward.	78,687	Brot. forward.	91,484
Fazzaletto	6500	Escalade	1900	Ortolano	300
Longbow	6485	De Clare	1600	Meeanee c.	290
Boiardo	6200	Hobby Horse	922	The Ranee	270
Acrobat	5530	Streamer	910	Little Isaac	200
Iris	4595	Star of India	845	Zephon	200
Cape Flyaway	4475	Bowstring	775	Phantom	184
Ithuriel	4350	Aquilo	750	Fortune Teller	175
Paletot	4050	Birdbolt	600	Tour de Force	165
Umbriel	3600	Brachen	505	Pirouette	135
Sagitta	3475	Shooting Star	500	Meeanee	100
Toxophilite	3350	Meeanee f.	500	Fandango	100
Legerdemain	2825	Psalmsinger	490	Crotchet	100
Dervish	2619	Professor	485	Merry-go-round	100
Strongbow	2550	Croupier	440	Caricature	85
Sortie	2400	Crown Pigeon	410	Flash	50
Uriel	2290	Storm	400	Beverley	45
Target	2250	Abdiel	400	Circus	20
Meteora	1963	Archery	365		
Carried forwd.	£78,687	Carried forwd.	£91,484	Total	£94,003

THE HEATH—A SKETCH.

You may well look astonished, oh young man from the country, and ask to what strange region you have been conducted, and where the promised sport is to take place. You, whose experiences of the racecourse are drawn from the innocent doings of Slush-in-the-Hole—where a china cup, added to a sweepstakes of thirty shillings each, is the event of the day, where six semi-inebriated farmers come home at intervals of ten lengths for the Hunters' Stakes, and then fill the air with objections and counter-objections—have cause to wonder at the doings of horse and man on this huge, wide-spreading sea of turf. Where do they begin? Where do they leave off? What point of vantage avails to gaze upon the struggle? Where are the mountebanks, the *jongleurs*, the eaters of fire, the vendors of devilish pastry and unholy meats, the minstrels from distant Ethiop? Where is the man whose hand is cunning to intermix the ace, king, queen? and where is he who deftly shows or hides the busy pea? In vain shall you seek such jollities at the great business haunt of horse-racing. As well might you look for Punch on 'Change, or acrobats in the Bank parlour.

But come, follow and listen; unto you shall be made known the mysteries of the Heath, its men and its manners. What is that dull, hoarse roar, that rises and falls like the voice of a cataract borne on the fickle breath of the night wind? It comes, gentle youth, from within the newly-raised walls of that building that breaks the green monotony of grass-land yonder away down by the bushes. The

portal is guarded right jealously. Your visage is unknown to the vigilant custodian; but to your Nestor belongs the art of Le Sage's demon—and, Hey! Presto! your feet no longer tread the turf, but press the hard composite which forms the floor-work of the betting-ring. Pause a moment until your ears become accustomed to the din, and then brace your nerves, cling closely to my arm, and we will plunge into the seething crowd, despite of elbow-thrusts and heavy feet. Do not be frightened. The individual from whom you shrink with such sudden terror has no intention of doing you any grievous bodily hurt; neither has he recently made surreptitious flight from low-lying Hanwell or Colney of the brisk breezes. He merely wants you to back the favourite with him for a tenner or a pony; and when the race is over he will be as calm, collected, and smiling as you please, and is, let me tell you, a man as good and true as the long gold watch-chain that hangs around his neck. This portly individual, who supports his steps with a neat black stick, has, according to his own account, never won at any meeting during the last fifteen years: and yet he looks hale, cheerful, and hearty withal, and, hard though the storms of fate have been, the 'Admiral' somehow, it strikes us, has contrived to weather them. The tall, white-moustached, soldierly man, who from appearance might be descended from a race who fought for the Empress Queen, or crossed swords with Trenck, is, we believe, innocent of martial strife, and boasts no Austrian extraction. Broad-shouldered, stentorian-lunged, keen as the cutlery of his native town, the Leviathan pushes his way through the crowd, his faithful secretary, round and rosy, at his heels. Loud though his shout may be, and fierce his onslaught, as the way is fought through the press towards some well-known plunger, this fire and fury will all disappear anon, and, amidst the sweet flowers and garden-walks of his North London home, this Triton amongst minnows will be amiable, hospitable, serenely calm, and collected.

Thank you, no; we will not back anything for a place for the Cambridgeshire, though to no one would we rather entrust our wager than to you, oh knight of the open vest and gossamer necktie! The venerable-looking personage with the grey beard, did you say, my dear Green? Ahem! well, appearances are apt to be deceptive. The poor man with the shabby hat and unbrushed clothes? Ah! fond youth, there is coin enough in his coffers to buy up both you and me and all the respectable family of the Greens for the last three generations. That frantic individual who rushes about with never-tiring feet is a civic functionary in a city of renown; and so is, or will be, the man who towers above the rest, erect and solid as some tall castle—last relic, surely of that old Titan breed of which we read in heathen story. Here stands the worthy owner of a sire of fame, whose Northumbrian acuteness has served him in such good stead that his name stands high as it did long years ago, when Fortune, seldom smiling, lent his 'outside' steed victorious wings on famed Newcastle Moor. There, broad-shouldered and burly, stands one of Manchester's acutest sons, whose name is world-renowned in

connection with sport far different to that the Heath affords. Beyond him is the figure of one well known to race-goers this and that side the Channel, whose pretty colours were once borne to the front in a St. Leger tussle as exciting as ever drove the Yorkshiremen half crazy; and there again walks slowly, and heavily, his whilome confederate, a man of mighty mettle in the days when Kingston was in his prime. Quick-stepping, brisk in all his movements, glancing keenly from right to left beneath the cover of his spectacles, and startling the bystanders occasionally with a deep-toned and guttural 'Ha, ha!' as something moves him to mirth, make way for the active gentleman whose straw jacket has ere now struck terror into backers of favourites at Ascot and elsewhere. Shrewd as the winter wind that blows o'er Yarmouth Roads is yonder thickset wielder of the pencil. His fathers surely came over in days of yore with the hardy Norsemen. Even yet his name smacks of Scandinavia—of the land where the fierce wolf still holds his own in spite of hosts of enemies.

Hark how the discord redoubles! No merry note of bell tells of the coming struggle. Number of steed and name of rider are hoisted without announcement on a lofty telegraph-board, so that all who run may read, and further those in authority trouble themselves not. Hungry and athirst, say you? Well, I wotted that the keen Heath medicine would work its will. There is yet time ere McGeorge is called upon to do his office. Gird up your loins and wade with me through the long, damp grass to the friendly counter of yon far-off booth. If homely fare content you it is here in plenty; and let it be whispered that the great ones of the land, they who wear fine linen and dwell in high places, have not disdained to seek refreshment in the hall of Jarvis. For you shall see the buxom lady in attendance divide the crisp and toothsome loin of pork, or proffer the modest cube of relishing Cheshire. Forbear, boy, to demand the bubbling flood of Moet or Roederer. Let those elated to the seventh heaven by unexpected 'skinner' or plunged into depths of woe by 'snorter' of the direst, raise to their lips with trembling hand such press of Gallic grape. For us whom naught depresses naught unnerves, yonder sturdy bottle shall yield its cork, with startling 'cloop' and creaming, foaming, gurgling like a brook in flood, the honest brown stout, true drink of Englishmen, shall climb the dexterously-slanted goblet. Then, fond youth, return your change to your pocket, bestow one little coin on the hungry-faced, ragged gipsy boy who has been contemplating with wistful eyes the execution you have done on chop and beer, and once more we will resume our study of sporting character. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5—no, 5 does not run—7, 10, 11. Tick them off with your pencil as I call out the numbers. There are a round dozen starters altogether, and our friends in the Ring are hard at work upon them already, the deep tones of the Leviathan heard high above all the rest. Now broughams are driven from the Birdcage to the new ring swiftly and silently, too swiftly and silently sometimes for the safety of the unhappy foot-

passenger, who ever and anon is startled from the perusal of his card by the shrill yell of indignant charioteer, or by a wheel shaving so closely past him as to leave relics of its proximity on his coat. Mounted on hacks of all sorts and conditions come a flying squadron of equestrians, some riding like men to whom the saddle has been familiar in many a tough cross-country bout; others betraying by their anxious faces, their unsteady hands, and loose, ungainly seat, how foreign to their habits is any display in the pigskin. A throng of horsemen collect about the rails, and with book in hand rapidly transact their business with the bookmakers inside the enclosure. Fiercely moustached and tufted, and mounted on a sturdy cob, that gentleman on the left, good youth, bears a name renowned in political history, and inherits in no small degree the talent of his illustrious sire. Time was when, under a plebeian pseudonym, he tried his fortune on the Heath in many a heavy match and rich sweepstakes. Grant that the rumour which asserts that such will again be the case is true! That noble lord, so gallant, erect, and knightly in his bearing that he might well represent one of the warlike earls of the same title of whom 'sweet William' wrote, has seen his famous green and white banner win and lose him thousands with equal calmness, and is as smiling and courtly to-day as if fortune had made him her most favoured godson. For long years has that elderly gentleman, whose black and white cravat is known on every racecourse in England, busied himself with things turfy; and equally hale and weather-seasoned is the veteran mariner, turf diplomatist, and arbitrator, who, dog-whip in hand, presses saddle by his side, the stoutest pillar the great sport has ever yet possessed. Further away, just below the bushes, are drawn up alongside the course the vehicles containing a score or more of Turf celebrities. Here half sits, half reclines, the 'Baron,' whose blue and yellow cap so often comes to the rescue of the bookmakers, and causes them to scream and yell with ecstasy as some young King Tom or North Lincoln, not backed for a penny, shoots to the front at the finish and upsets a thundering 'pot.' There in breeches and long boots you see the Hungarian count, who himself was wont erewhile to don silk once and again without greatly exciting to jealousy professional steed-controllers. On the box of his carriage, with his knees drawn nearly up to his chin, his head and hands supported on a stout walking-stick, you may see the baronet, whose judgment and good fortune have made him the winner of no fewer than four Derbies, besides minor races innumerable. Utterly impassive, he will, without moving a muscle of face or limb, see his favourite come home in triumph or suffer dire reverse.

Close by him is the hard-featured canny Scot, who is so great in two-year old winners and winter Derby favourites, whose well-known yellow banner is ever followed by the public with such enthusiasm; and small wonder that in these days of roguery they should cling fast to the bridge that has so often borne them in safety, and whose piers are unshaken by the waves of that black sea of iniquity

which has sapped away the foundations of so many. True British gentleman and sportsman to the core, his near neighbour, ever a most keen and honourable supporter of the great sport, is now, it is pleasant to add, a highly successful one. May the craft of which he is king find a fair haven, when next June it dares that dread voyage so few may happily accomplish! Nor are the fair sex wanting on this wintry October day. Saw you ever high-bred elegance superior to that of the noble dame whose earl we saw but now by the ring side; and would not knights of old have broken lances for one smile from the princess who has forsaken Muscovy's snows for the scarcely warmer shores of Albion?

Led from the iron-fenced paddock in which their toilet has been completed, a throng of critics mounted or running by their sides in attendance, come the competitors for the T.Y.C. Handicap, about to be decided. The thickset, muscular jockey in the chocolate and orange striped jacket is good both on racecourse and across country; and when on a slug or a vicious brute woe betide the luckless steed that tastes his lash and steel! The tall, slim youth in the yellow headpiece shines most, on the contrary, when patience and tender handling are the great desiderata; and the man with his shoulders screwed up to his ears and the intensely dismal face owns a name that is known wherever horseracing is practised; and his cleverness in 'gammoning,' whereby he has become the terror of all boys, and those for whom they ride, has earned him a well-merited nickname. That rider in the cherry vest has acquitted himself right gallantly in many a stirring steeplechase, and is no mean artist now that the flat alone commands his efforts. By his side, too heavy for the mount, but dropping a hint it may be to his substitute, rides the steersman of Derby winners galore, clad, like Joseph of old, in a coat of many colours, although there his resemblance to the patriarch may be said to cease. The beetle-green jacket of the Count is not wanting; and there, in the brilliant blue, rides the jockey of the most unpopular owner of horses at head-quarters. That childish-looking youngster in primrose garb has all the attributes of an accomplished horseman—hands, patience, and nerve; and that slip of a lad who wears a geranium-coloured silk already earns more money in a year than you will ever do in twice the time, my master—genius as your rustic relatives have written me that you are! Well, young man, if you will insist on trying your luck, that thin-faced gentleman with the slender moustache, on the roof of the brougham before us, will bet you the just odds to your fiver. You will stand the horse ridden by the boy in geranium red! Good! so be it. Mr. Cavil will put you down fifteen pounds to five.

Who are those merry gentlemen behind us? you ask. Without their aid, my friend, you would wot but little of the race on which your five pounds will be lost or won. What shall I, dare I, tell you of the 'Fourth' without subjecting myself to slow torture at their hands, should they overhear me? Since you thirst so much for

knowledge, know, then, that the slim, lightly-moustached man on the brougham bearing the red and white banner has chosen for his *nom de plume* a fiery character of Glorious Will's? His readers are numerous as the sands of the sea, for, Ducrow-like, he bestrides Pegasus' twain; nay, I had almost said that, like Sir Boyle Roche's bird, he is in three places at once. Those half-dozen men collected round the door of the vehicle close by are not, as you ingeniously suppose, comparing notes and lending one another assistance. It rather strikes me that they are endeavouring to break the proprietors of a 'silver book.' The manners and attitudes of the Turf writers are as varied as their own characters. One of them will always be found by the right side of the judge's box when a race is being run. A second sits moodily in his brougham, and merely thrusts his head out of the window when the cry is raised that the horses are coming. The veteran there in the brown shooting-coat with the deep pockets will spring on to the box of his trap with the briskness of a boy when the bustle begins, and at the first glance will make a very good guess as to the probable result of the race. The two broad-shouldered men in spectacles watch the horses from the instant they reach the post until they pass the judge's box. One of the Turf scribes is apt to break out into a wild shout of triumph should the fortune of the fight veer towards a favourite of his own; another will turn white and silent should his chosen one be beaten; and his comrades see him not sometimes for hours after the overthrow of his hopes. A third is all jests and laughter, even when defeat is most galling; and the quaint sayings he makes use of at such times occasionally set all around him in a roar.

Yes, Green, my friend, the flag is down at last, and a rattling pace Mexican blue is bringing them along. One of the bookmakers is offering to bet against the favourite already; and another wants to take a short price about one that but now was a rank outsider. So it has been a bad start, I warrant. Don't get excited, my boy; they don't win the race a quarter of a mile from home. See how calmly the Kentish baronet we pointed out but now takes things. For all that can be gleaned from his face his thoughts might be a thousand miles away. Well, I must say your fiver looks uncommonly healthy just now, for geranium is going as well as anything. The favourite is beaten, and five or six more are hard at work to keep on terms with their rivals. Mr. Pryor's is in trouble now; and the moody-faced jockey has abandoned all 'kidding,' and is riding for very life.

Stay, stay, there is something coming close to our side of the ropes. By heavens, it is that blue and yellow, or another outsider! Nay, dear youth, it is all very well for you to hurrah, and wave your hat, and shout that your chosen steed has won. It is difficult for novices to judge distance on a Newmarket course; and whilst you are congratulating yourself on victory Mr. Clark there is telling the folks who crowd about his box that the geranium jacket was beaten by a long head.

THE SIRES OF THE PERIOD.

(*Continued from p.* 191.)

TAKING up the thread of my story from the point where I left off in my last article, I come next to the Lanercost family—a strain of blood now sadly on the wane. Its partisans hoped that Van Galen and Tim Whiffler would redeem its fame and rescue it from oblivion; but the hopes formed of the young Tim Whifflers have not been realized, and Van Galen must have more formidable arrows than Ploughboy in his quiver before he takes high rank in the English Stud. Tim Whiffler's best son is the uncertain Midsummer, who is anything but a host in himself, and not the sort of animal to make his father's reputation. Breeders want something reliable. Colsterdale, of whom so much greatness was predicted, was an utter failure at the stud; for, considering the chances he had, the little pig Lecturer was but a poor return for opportunities wasted and money lavished upon him. In fine, the Lanercost blood, stout and valuable as it once was, seems doomed to annihilation.

The Emilius blood is as good as extinct, for there is not a horse of any celebrity either at the stud or on the Turf who claims descent from it in the male line.

The Slane blood is in pretty much the same predicament, for Mildew and his son High Treason are at a sad discount, and deservedly so, for their stock have accomplished nothing worth recording. But some of the mares descended from this family give promise of future greatness in their progeny. But I shall have more to say about them when I come to speak of Thormanby and his offspring.

The other families which claim to be descended in the direct male line from the Darley Arabian are so poorly represented at the stud that they have no claims to be placed in a catalogue of the Sires of the Period.

Of the Godolphin Arabian line the Melbourne and the Jerry families only are in any sort of request. Bran, Ascot, and The Doctor are names now almost forgotten, though Wallace, if he has a chance, may possibly do a little to revive the prestige of the famous Dr. Syntax blood. But he has not done so at present, and therefore cannot claim to be admitted into this Pantheon. Of the Jerrys the gigantic Knight of Kars certainly has not realized the expectations in which his owner—over-sanguine even in his coolest moments—indulged; but a good deal of ridicule, undeserved, as I think, has been heaped upon the horse on account of his gigantic girth and savage disposition. His fame at present rests upon his sireship of the last Grand National winner. There is, however, a collateral relation of the Knight who is more likely to transmit the name and fame of the Jerry blood to an admiring posterity. I

allude to Sundeelah, who is a horse of much beauty, and with springy and elastic action.

The descendants of Melbourne of the present day lie under the imputation—not altogether unfounded or undeserved—of delicacy and softness. Certainly very few of them can stand a thorough preparation, and still fewer arrive first at the winning-post. The Earl, to some extent, was an exception, but then exceptions are said to prove the rule. Their delicacy may be attributed in a great measure to their innate grossness of body. They are big, coarse, gluttonous horses, whose constitutions give way under the preparation required to reduce them to the state which trainers call fitness or 'condition,' Sometimes even their legs give way, strong, flat, and bony as they are. Young Melbourne himself is one of the biggest horses in the country, powerful as any dray-horse in London, and longer by at least a foot, from the point of the shoulder to the turn of the quarter, than any horse I ever saw. He is also a horse of immense bone, with unusually short shank bones, the sort of 'conformation' in fact, which is, like mercy, supposed to endure for ever. Yet he is the subject of the worst case of break down I ever saw short of absolute fracture. It would therefore appear that strength of bone does not add power to the frame, and that grossness of body is not the one thing needful; for whilst horses like Vauban, with 'screwy,' malformed legs, can be trained and brought to the starting-post at least twenty times, the progeny of big-boned, true-shaped horses, like most of the Melbourne tribe, cannot stand the preparation necessary to win a fifty-pound plate. But still the blood is so valuable, having contributed some of the very best horses ever known on the Turf, including West Australian, Blink Bonny, Canezou, and Sir Tatton Sykes, that it is to be hoped the trainers will put their wits to work and discover a method by which these horses may be trained; and unless trainers are hopelessly ignorant of their business, they ought to be able to devise some method of training horses whose constitutions are delicate or peculiar. The Melbourne blood is so valuable that the experiment is well worth a trial; and as Mr. Cookson, who is certainly the most intelligent breeder in England, is now the owner of the best representative of this choice stream of blood, he may perhaps be able to give the trainers a hint or two how to proceed in the management of young stock; if not, the blood is doomed to speedy annihilation. Next to Young Melbourne ranks the Prime Minister, who is the sire of Knight of the Garter and a few others of lesser note. The fault of the stock of the Prime Minister is that they are usually on too small a scale to race in first-class company, but when they have size they have generally quality as well, and hold their own in second-class company. The Knight of the Garter was an instance of a good-sized horse by the Prime Minister, but he was an exception to the general rule. I have seen another such instance during the present year, for certainly the largest yearling of the season is by Mr. Mather's old horse, and if he escapes accidents and is well trained, has a brilliant

career before him, as he is a good mover and powerful in every part. The other sons of Melbourne, including West Australian, Mentmore, Arthur Wellesley, Oulston, and Sir Tatton Sykes, have certainly fallen short of the expectations formed about their prospects at the stud. As I have mentioned above, delicacy of constitution or faint-heartedness, or something worse, is attributed to the blood, and with perhaps more of truth than justice; and I should prefer to substitute gross ignorance or incapacity in the trainer, for it is difficult to believe that blood once so stout, so valuable, and so superior to the best of the other streams then in vogue, could have degenerated and gone to the bad so completely in the space of one or two generations. When training is elevated to the rank of a science, instead of being practised as a degrading and money-getting art, and when the constitutional peculiarities of horses are more thoroughly investigated and understood, then we may expect the Melbourne blood to crop out again with its wonted brilliancy and success.

The third great division into which the English stud is split up is the Byerley Turk line. For all practical purposes this line may be subdivided into four families, viz., the Pantaloon, the Ion, the Partisan, and the Bay Middleton families. The other families, the other tribes, such as the Filho da Putas, Ishmaels, Langars, St. Patricks, and Rollers, are extinct or nearly so.

Of the living ones, then, Thormanby is unquestionably the most famous. His fame smouldered for a while, but has this season broken out with a brilliancy almost unparalleled. Is it luck, simply haphazard work? or is there some method in the success, some natural affinity between his blood and that of the mares to which he has been mated—some tendency to 'nick,' as it has been termed? Let us inquire. If we can discover some general rule or some one strong element in all or in most of the cases, it will only be reasonable to conclude that his success is not adventitious, but is due to one of those laws which invariably control the operations of nature. Thormanby's best performers of this season are admittedly Sunshine, Hester, Camel, The Blue Bell Colt, Atlantis, and Normanby. The three first named are, I think, the best. Is there any family relationship on the 'all-important side of the dam?' Sunshine is out of Sunbeam by Chanticleer out of Sunflower by Bay Middleton out of Io by Taurus out of Problem by Merlin out of Pawn by Trumpeter. Singularly enough the other two are descended from an 'Io' by Taurus, but not the same Io. Hester is out of Tomyris by Sesostris out of a mare by Glaucus out of Io by Taurus out of Arethusa by Quiz out of Persepolis by Alexander; and Camel is out of Eastern Princess, the daughter of Tomyris, just alluded to as the affiles who ca . Although the two mares named Io are different, wandering tribe d that both of them were by Taurus. It would seem these, or fairs. these cases of success are due to the same tendency of different strains of blood to 'nick,' as was observed in the case of Stockwell with mares descended from the Touchstone blood. Thormanby and Taurus will go hand in hand for the future.

Except Thormanby, the other Pantaloon horses have not effected much to preserve the name and fame of the family.

The Ion family is represented by Wild Dayrell and his illustrious son Buccaneer. The deeds of the progeny of the last-named horse are too recent and too well-known to need recapitulation.

The Partisan line is almost entirely dependent upon Macaroni and his brother Carnival for its success; for had it not been for these two young sires it would not have held its head above water much longer; and Caractacus, Ely, Nutbourne, Neville, Parmesan, and Rattle, have done little or nothing to sustain its prestige.

The Bay Middleton family is represented by The Flying Dutchman, Ellington, Cape Flyaway, Dollar, Cramond, Amsterdam, and a few others of little or no celebrity. The Dutchmam did not realise the expectations—extravagant ones, certainly—which were formed of him, and Dollar, Brown Duchess, and Ellington are his best credentials. Cramond's fame sparkled for a brief period whilst Orion was a bright particular star in the racing firmament; but now nobody cares about him except his owner. Ellington was talked about when Delight won the City and Suburban in a canter; but since that time the sulky winner of the Derby of 1856 has been disregarded. Amsterdam is admitted to be a failure, and the stock of Cape Flyaway are too uncertain in temper to be trusted in severe races. Dollar was a thorough little gentleman; but his stock have yet to make themselves a name before their sire can claim to rank amongst those of the period.

I had intended to produce a number of instances demonstrating the tendency of certain strains of blood to nick, as in the cases of Thormanby with the Taurus blood, and of Stockwell with Touchstone mares; but this article would have been prolonged to an inconvenient length, and I must defer those happy marriages until next month.

BARNET FAIR.

In England there are three pure breeds of the genus horse: the thoroughbred horse, the carthorse, and the pony. And of these three stocks by far the soundest, if not the only sound one, is the pony. Worked too young, overweighted, overworked, little cared for, and with feet totally neglected, the pony remains unaffected by the numerous infirmities with which its larger brethren are afflicted. We often see a pony drawing a couple of heavy weights in a gig, and trotting with his knees up to his nose, or carrying a lusty farmer with the hounds, the rider's feet almost in second-ie ground, and the little fellow appearing to delight in tice of a goodnsuited to his size. xception to

We hear people wish that they owned a horse just like Tiny, only three hands higher. Such an animal never existed, and never will exist. Good stuff is put up in small bundles. The pure pony

rarely exceeds 13 hands, or 13 hands 2 inches at the most, and above that height the animal is more properly termed a galloway.

When the Duke of York was Ranger of the New Forest he turned out a thoroughbred stallion, whereby the breed of forest ponies was greatly improved. A good forester may be picked up at Romsey Fair in November.

But Barnet Fair, held early in September, is the great mart for galloways and ponies of every description, more especially of those that come from Wales. Hundreds are sold there every year.

On the morning of the 4th of September we hailed a hansom in Oxford Street, and in the company of a friend, who was in search of a good pony, started for Barnet. We quickly rattled through St. John's Wood, and, as we neared the Swiss Cottage, our companion inquired of us after old Frank Redmond. We were able to answer that he was as hale and hearty as ever. But although time has made little alteration in old Frank himself, it has worked great changes in the district where he used to dwell. The Swiss Cottage no longer looks out upon green fields, but upon acres of brick and mortar. A railway station occupies the other side of the road. The modern Babylon has taken possession of the entire locality, and not until we began to descend Child's Hill did we leave the buildings behind us and Nature asserted her own again. Then the panorama of Middlesex was spread before our eyes, with the spire of Harrow-on-the-Hill standing out a landmark in the midst of a vale of grass, and the distant woods of the neighbouring counties forming a background to the picture.

The south-west wind brought to us the sweet smell of hay as we passed the well-filled rick-yards of Earl Granville, whose pretty dairy farm abuts upon Golder's Green. Crossing the green, we left Hampstead and its heath on our right, and soon reached Finchley steeplechase ground, the sight of which naturally brought forth the story, how in 1843 Jack Darby won the Finchley Steeplechase with a horse he had bought for five pounds.

Finchley Common has long since been enclosed, and only retains its name, made notorious as the haunt of Dick Turpin and his cut-throat associates, one of whom was shot upon this spot by the Earl Strathmore of that day. Here the roads from the east and west ends of the metropolis join: of which we soon were made aware by the clouds of dust which arose from strings of Whitechapel carts all bound for the fair. However, our destination was soon reached. We had warned our companion that he was not to expect to meet with the bland manners of Mr. George Rice or of Mr. Robert Chapman, but with the rough ways of a very different type of the trade: wild Irish dealers, Taffies who can speak no other language but their own, and that wandering tribe of gipsies that are always to be met with at races, fights, or fairs.

At the entrance of the fair a brisk sale was going on of ash plants, for without one of these the safety of your limbs could not be insured at any moment. Passing by the horses, which were not of a

high class, the best being those brought by Stephen Pearce from Ireland, we wended our way to the hill, where the ponies, the speciality of Barnet, are herded. The show was not so large as we have seen on many previous occasions, yet there were to be found sturdy, active ponies, fresh from their native hills, with hard wearing legs, and backs as thick as a woolpack, capable of carrying the Admiral on Newmarket Heath. The majority, however, were weeds only fit to draw a costermonger's truck. There were some that showed plenty of blood, and carried their pedigrees with them, but not those assigned to them by their Arab masters, seeing that Slug, Fireaway, and other favourite sires have been dead these thirty years. Neither could more dependence be placed upon the statements as to age. The droves chiefly consisted of two-year olds and yearlings, but their teeth had been doctored to represent more mature age. The tall, gipsy-looking man trying to sell a roan cob to the jolly licensed victualler out of Westminster is White, from Norfolk, the roughest specimen of a very rough crew. Every sentence is garnished with an oath as he endeavours to persuade the Londoner, not such a flat as he looks, that the roan is five years old. 'You're a judge; look at his mouth; the tushes 'are almost through already.' 'Four, I should say,' quietly responds Boniface.

The continual shouting that was going on: 'Heigh! heigh! ho! 'sold again!' together with waving of flags and rattling of hats, made the wild ponies wilder still. One frightened creature bolted against a gaping countryman, and knocked him head over heels. 'Take care of the old gentleman; don't hurt him,' shouted a grinning urchin, one of the tribe.

The rough riders (properly so named) dragged the colts by main force out of the droves, and mounted them, unbroken as they were, for the chance of obtaining a customer. 'Ye little Mullingar 'rascal!' screams a Paddy, as a pony rears up and falls backwards upon its rider. The Dick Webster of the party, who had been left for dead from a fall upon the hard ground at this fair last year, had on his red hat, and was as noisy and reckless as ever. Business was done at prices varying from 3*l.* to 30*l.* Everything worth looking at found a ready sale, and the refuse which were unsold were driven on to Harlow Bush Fair. After the dust and turmoil of the day a glass of cool ale at Alec Keene's refreshment-booth was veritable nectar.

THE RÉUNION AT MELTON.

In a comfortable crib some three miles distant from that smart little town of sporting renown called Melton Mowbray, a few choice spirits addicted to the chase were assembled on the evening of the 30th October to discuss the prospects of the opening season of the

Quorn. Upon this occasion Captain Sackville presided as host and occupier of the premises, of whom we have made mention in 'Baily' of February and March 1868, as well as of others—Tom Matthews and Harry Clifford. The dinner-hour had arrived, before which most of the expected guests had made their appearance, and were enjoying themselves before a blazing fire in the drawing-room, the evening proving cold and wintry. Sackville looked earnestly at his watch.

'What's the matter, Jack?' inquired Tom Matthews. 'Is the 'Prince expected?'

'Not exactly, Tom; but there is a friend of yours expected, who 'may have mistaken the hour of meeting; and the turbot, I fear, 'will be boiled to shreds.'

'Who's my friend, Jack? It has been my mishap not to be 'overshadowed by that sort of *rara avis in terris*. Ring the bell for 'dinner. A good fish is better than doubtful flesh.'

Sackville pulled the wire, and at the same moment a tug was given to the hall bell, which rang through the house.

'That's all right!' exclaimed Tom Matthews; 'the Marquis of 'Carabas has arrived. Why, by all that's mysterious, Harry Clif-'ford, I declare!' as that individual entered the drawing-room. 'How are you, old fellow?' continued Tom, shaking his friend heartily by the hand. 'This is indeed an unexpected pleasure. 'But who would have thought of meeting you here at Melton?'

'Not my first appearance here, Matthews, having finished the 'two concluding months of last season with the Quorn. But what, 'may I ask, has induced you to desert your favoured provinces, and 'put in an appearance in Leicestershire?'

'My story is soon told, Harry. I was deliberating where to 'commence operations with my two hunters, considering the Shires 'quite out of the question with such a mediocre establishment, when 'a few days since a letter reached me from an old ally who had 'a hunting-box in this locality, pretty much in these terms:—

'"My dear Tom,—I have always been an unlucky dog, as you '"know, and had scarcely hoisted my flag in this neighbourhood, '"anticipating a good season with my friend Musters, when, in '"trying a raw four-year old across country last week, the brute '"rolled me over, and broke my leg, so that half the season must '"elapse before I can expect to be in the pigskin again. Here I '"am, helpless as a baby in his crib, with ten hunters, cover '"hacks, &c., eating their heads off. Thus thrown upon my back, '"I should esteem it a particular favour if you would come down '"and keep my stud in tune for me, as I know your prowess and '"skilful handling of the reins across country. Every one, and '"everything in my establishment shall be under your sole control. '"Don't disappoint me. One line by return, or come as quickly '"as possible. '"Yours ever,

'"J. Stanhope."

'This letter was the cause of my appearance at head-quarters, 'Harry, where I arrived three days ago, finding Stanhope progressing 'satisfactorily; but his medical adviser says he cannot show at the 'place of meeting, except on wheels, for several weeks, having sus-'tained a compound fracture.'

'Well, Matthews,' exclaimed Sackville, 'you are a lucky fellow 'to have so many good things, and good nags into the bargain, pro-'vided for you, without expense or trouble; and I shall only offer 'you one piece of advice—keep clear of the four-year old. Let 'Stanhope's second horseman break his neck or his own. And 'when you go to your village church don't look too much at your 'parson's daughter, or she will set your heart on fire.'

'No fear of that, Sackville; my heart is fireproof.'

'Don't be too sure of that, Tom; the young lady is a regular 'clipper; just the handsomest, finest-formed filly my eyes have ever 'rested upon—quite a *Formosa*.'

'Then why don't you propose for her yourself, Jack?'

'Softly, my boy. Matrimony is not in my line of business. I 'can't give up my hunting for a wife, however beautiful, and the 'probable contingency of a stud of brats in place of horses.'

'I cannot afford to marry, Sackville; that's the truth, which 'you *know;* and there is another truth, which perhaps you do not 'know—that I will never marry any woman for filthy lucre's sake.'

'Bravo, old fellow! I applaud your principles. Yet, with your 'handsome phiz, fine form, and attention to the fair, I will bet a 'pony you are not a bachelor three years longer.'

At this moment, dinner being announced, a stop was put to further discussion upon this interesting topic.

'Well, Harry,' said Matthews, as the cover was removed from a splendid turbot, 'you are not guilty of the charge laid to your 'account, of spoiling the fish—a finer specimen, or better cooked, 'has never greeted my enraptured vision.'

'And the mock-turtle I'll warrant,' added the host, 'my house-'keeper being an adept at that composition.'

It would be needless to enumerate the various dishes set before his guests by Captain Sackville on this occasion, which were of first quality, concluding with a brace of pheasants and couple of woodcocks, besides pastry and confectionary. The Captain was a connoisseur in such matters, and a good judge of vintages. Everything progressed satisfactorily until dessert was placed on the table, and the servants withdrew.

'Dog parties are not quite to your liking, I suppose, Tom; but 'bachelors keeping house have no alternative, unless with mother, 'sister, or aunt presiding over it; and, to speak the truth, I like to 'have my own way in my establishment. My housekeeper is a natty 'little person, not bad-looking, of agreeable manners and conversa-'tion, makes breakfast for me when we are alone—in fine, does 'everything but preside at the head of my table——'

'Where she will be,' added Matthews, laughing, 'before the

'parson's daughter sits at mine. Well, Jack, no offence intended, 'old fellow. Don't look serious. *Chacun à son goût;* but, for my 'part, I rather prefer a mixed pack to dog entire. *N'importe*, pass 'the bottle, Harry.'

'"Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of care
Smooths away a wrinkle."

'Excuse me, my friends, if a little out of order; but, in expecta-'tion of a good run to-morrow, I may exclaim with Romeo:—

'"My bosom's lord sits lightly on its throne,
And all this day an unaccustomed spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts."'

'That's the thing!' quoth Sir Richard Bourke, a young Irish baronet, just imported from the Emerald Isle. 'My sentiments 'are in accord with those of old Horace, at such pleasant ré-'unions:—

'"Dona præsentis cape lætius horæ et
Lingua severa."'

'Now, Harry,' continued Tom Matthews, 'your adventures in 'the provinces after our parting in the mighty Babylon, some eighteen 'months ago, may not prove wholly uninteresting to our host and 'this goodly company.'

'Oh! by all means let us have them,' responded several voices at once.

'Well, then, you may remember your advice to me, then a novice, 'and not much more now, in the science of fox-hunting, which 'induced me to accept an invitation from St. John of the Berks 'and Fowler of the Tedworth in succession. Meeting the former 'a few days after, he invited me to dine with him at his club, and 'exacted from me a promise to pay him a visit before the 1st of 'October. "I don't suppose," he said, "that you will care much '"about cub-hunting, which to most men is a great bore, although '"not to me, since the fresh morning breeze, coupled with the '"introduction of the new entry of hounds to their legitimate game, '"affords me very great pleasure; but having a fair sprinkling of phea-'"sants, without being a battue man, I can offer you tolerable '"sport in this line for the first week, and after that fox-hunting '"commences in our country pretty regularly—such as it is—'"literally hunting the fox. I can find stabling for your horses, '"and a hearty welcome for yourself. So don't disappoint me by '"a refusal."

'Seeing St. John was in earnest, I did not like to refuse his prof-'fered hospitality, and on the 29th of September reached his ances-'tral hall about midday.

'"How glad I am to see you!" he exclaimed, rushing out to meet 'me as the cab drove up to the door. "I feared you might not '"come."

" ' Thank you, St. John, a thousand times, for your too friendly " welcome," was my reply.'

' " No, no, Clifford. I feel now that we shall be friends. But ' " where are the nags?"

' " Coming to-morrow or next day."

' " All right; their boxes are prepared. Now, then, for a glass ' " of sherry and a biscuit. We dine at six; and this being ' " Michaelmas-day, I hope you don't object to goose and apple- ' " sauce?"

' " Just to my taste," I replied; " quite the orthodox thing." '

' By Jove, Clifford!' interrupted Sackville, ' this friend of yours, ' Mr. St. John, must be the right sort of fellow to take you in, ' horses and all, for a month or so.'

' Well, he is the right sort of fellow, as you say. A first-rate ' fox-hunter—crack shot—capital cricketer, and last, though not ' least, a most agreeable companion. But, not to trespass on his ' well-known generosity of character, I accepted his offer of stabling ' for my stud, not then exceeding six horses, cover hack included, ' upon the condition that I should find my own corn, hay, and ' straw, to which he gave a very reluctant consent; but the latter ' he insisted upon supplying, as he farmed about two hundred acres ' of land, chiefly arable, and said my converting his straw into ' manure would really prove a benefit to himself. Well, we took ' things very leisurely on the 1st of October, and the woods being ' thick and leafy, contented ourselves with beating a thin patch of ' gorse and a few small spinneys, finishing the afternoon in a large ' field of turnips, where we got partridge as well as pheasant ' shooting; and at the close of the day our score stood thus— ' fifteen brace cock pheasants, six and a half of partridges, ten hares, ' and rabbits not reckoned. Not a bad day's work for two guns ' and one keeper, so called, who does a bit of farming as well, ' thatching ricks, &c.'

' How many birds fell to your gun, Harry, I should like to ' know?' asked Tom Matthews.

' Not a decimal part, Matthews, for I have a very nervous finger ' on the trigger; and the first cock pheasant—an old bird at which ' I discharged both barrels—rising up very nearly under my feet, ' with a terrific cocketing, so entirely flabbergasted me that I never ' regained my equanimity during the whole day. Every now and ' then by chance a bird fell before me, but there were few, very few, ' put down to my score. St. John did the execution—every shot of ' his told. At last we got into the turnips. A covey rose, and, as ' Falstaff says, " I let drive " into the lot. Down came one bird, ' winged, and as he continued jumping up above the leaves, I rushed ' on incontinently, eager to seize my prize, oblivious that the second ' barrel was still in full cock. I kept dodging and dipping at my victim, ' until, by some hitch, or nervous twitching of my finger, the second ' barrel exploded, right in front of me, having held the gun in a ' horizontal position. Immediately after the discharge a terrific

'squealing assailed my ears louder than that of rabbit or hare, and 'on looking ahead an object appeared kicking up from the turnips, 'like horns of a stag tossing to and fro. Imagine my horror, 'when reaching the spot, to find the keeper's boy, a lad of fourteen, 'lying upon his back, and kicking his gaitered legs up in the air.

'"Holloa!" I exclaimed; "what's the matter?"

'"Oh, Lor!—oh, Lor! You ha' hit I drow the leg," blub-'bered the boy; "and the shot do sting so."

'St. John and the keeper, seeing what had occurred, rushed 'quickly to the rescue, and the latter was in the act of unbuttoning 'his boy's leggings, when a shout from the beater, sent forward 'under the wood-hedge, to prevent the pheasant rushing into the 'covert, suddenly arrested their attention, with the exclamation, '"Mark cock!" In an instant the wounded boy sprang upon his 'feet. "Here he comes, master!" he cried, "right over our '"heads!" St. John's gun was raised to his shoulder; the bird fell 'some fifty yards wide of us; and away scuttled Will, leggings and 'all, until he clutched the woodcock. "Here he is, master"—'holding him above his head—"such a nice 'un!"

'"That boy isn't half killed yet, Clifford," he said; "so don't '"look so aghast."

'"Thank Heaven," I rejoined, "it is no worse!" So, putting a 'sovereign into the keeper's hand, and a half ditto into the lad's, I 'thought myself most fortunate in escaping an indictment for boy-'slaughter.'

'Egad, Harry! it was a near thing,' said Matthews; 'too near 'and dear to be pleasant. What luck on the second day?'

'*Caveat emptor*, Tom. I bought my experience, all things con-'sidered, reasonably enough, and so took my leave of pheasant 'shooting. The next day I was in a more congenial atmosphere, 'and more buoyant spirits in meeting Mr. Garth's foxhounds. Fox-'hunting is my forte—passion if you will; to me all other sports in com-'parison are tame. There is something inexpressibly enlivening and 'exhilarating in the appearance of some eighteen or twenty couples 'of highly-bred foxhounds at the place of meeting, with their hunts-'man and two whips in attendance mounted on good-looking nags, 'all in first-rate condition and trim—and then the cheerful aspect 'of the Master, as he greets the approach of friends and fellow-'sportsmen, flocking in from various parts to the scene of at-'traction. What other field sport can offer such a subject for 'canvas? Excitement there is, and enough to spare, on the race-'course, but it is of a feverish, painfully anxious kind, and of a 'totally different character to that experienced by those interested in 'the "noble science." Again, observe a party of battue men, with 'their keepers and beaters. There is nothing particularly attrac-'tive or lively about the group, neither do their countenances ex-'hibit that cheerful good-humour and happy anticipation of enjoy-'ment which light up the features of foxhunters at the covert-side. 'Many of them look as if being led out for execution.'

'And so they are, Harry—not for their own, but the execution 'of as much game as they can possibly kill. Bloody work knock-'ing down tame pheasants, as fast as a man can load and fire, with 'no exertion of mind or body—none of the excitement, none of 'that pleasurable enjoyment in riding to hounds, on a well-made 'hunter—and that rivalry in the chase which lifts us above our-'selves.'

'Quite true, Matthews. Battue men have nothing in common 'with us—no part or parcel in such enchanting amusement as ours '—this by the way. St. John, being an old friend of Mr. Garth's, 'insisted upon my being introduced to him; and, in furtherance of this 'object, suggested our leaving our horses in the hands of the groom, 'and being ushered into the presence of this august personage on 'foot.

'"Why, St. John," I inquired, "this unusual form of introduc-'"tion? we are not about to present ourselves to the Pope or the '"Sultan."

'"Quite true—but a Master of Foxhounds considers himself on '"a par with these dignitaries. He is not merely a petty prince in the '"district over which he presides—and although not, strictly speak-'"ing, 'lord of all he surveys,' yet he is the accredited controller of '"it—his will must be law, or he has no business where he is. We '"expect everything from him—he has a right to expect something '"from us in return. He incurs the expense—wholly sometimes, '"as in Mr. Garth's case—of providing a first-rate establishment of '"men, horses, and hounds, to afford sport to the country hunted by '"him, and makes it his business to maintain everything in good '"order, appertaining to his office—no slight business either."

'"I agree with you, St. John," was my reply, "in all you say, and '"more—he must be a very Job in patience, and entitled to as much '"forbearance as we can show him."

'"Exactly so, Clifford; and now you will perceive my object in '"approaching him on foot, which at first sight appeared to you so *infra* '"*dig*. I am riding to-day a young horse which has never met hounds '"before. Whether yours has or has not I did not inquire; but as I '"like to keep on the right side, and avoid incurring the just indig-'"nation of Garth by my four-year old kicking over perhaps one of '"the best hounds in his pack, I adopt the wise precaution of greet-'"ing him on foot. That's all, Clifford; and if you object to my '"*modus operandi*, we can remain where we are."

'"Oh no, St. John! You are quite right, and I, as usual, quite '"wrong; but I did not think of horses kicking hounds."

'There was a smile somewhat approaching to the cynical on my friend's face, which evidently implied, "You're an ass!" and I felt, 'Matthews, at that moment, that I was a member of the Balaam 'family.'

'Of course, Harry—nobody could expect otherwise, on your first 'appearance with foxhounds. Every fellow must have a beginning 'at every game, and the uninitiated are set down as asses; that's

'more truthful than agreeable; yet it must be, and will be the case 'without dispute. Now then for something more interesting. What 'were the hounds like?'

'Business, Tom.'

'What was their huntsman like?'

'Business.'

'What were the whips like?'

'Obedience.'

'So far all right as to appearances. When you found your fox 'were these expectations realised?'

'Sweetman's manner with his hounds struck me as being the 'right sort of thing, as far as my knowledge of hunting extends—'collected from books, not from actual experience. He appeared to 'understand when hounds ought to be left alone, and when to be 'assisted.'

'Slow, of course, Harry, and in the Shires would be a man out of 'place?'

'I am not so sure of that, Matthews; for in my opinion he 'possesses head enough and heart enough for any country. He 'won't allow rattlers and raspers to take the lead out of his hands, 'when hounds are running hard, and he never seems to think what 'may be on the other side of a fence. Nobody can beat him at 'this game. He will be first, barring accidents, with his hounds.'

'Right, Harry—this is as it should be; but how would it be with 'this paragon of yours and his pack in the Quorn country? Both 'would be ridden down and over in the first burst of ten minutes.'

'Ha, ha!' laughed Clifford; 'don't make too sure of that con-'clusion. You advised me to go into Berks and Hants, to become 'grounded in the grammar of the "noble science." Your pupil 'has improved upon his first lessons, and—always keeping certain 'accredited authors on this subject in mind—begins to compare 'theory with practice.'

'So then, Harry, it is your opinion that Tom Sweetman, if pro-'perly mounted, would show us his horse's heels over this country, 'and that his hounds—or rather Mr. Garth's—would seldom miss 'their fox?'

'That is certainly my impression, Matthews, after the two months 'I hunted with his pack. Their country, generally speaking, is a 'rough one—a deal of arable—yet occasionally we crossed over 'some heath, where hounds can run harder, and through the open 'fir plantations of some years' growth, the scent lies well. What 'I admired most in Sweetman's conduct, was his patience—'allowing his hounds to make their own cast first, whilst he sat 'quietly in the saddle, watching their efforts to recover the line, 'never interfering until interference was necessary; not only that, 'but he would stick to his hunted fox, through good report and 'evil report; and, strange to relate, I have seen him and his hounds 'persevering on the line of their hunted fox, when within a hundred 'yards of them a brace of fresh ones were running in a parallel

'direction, and men, of course, halloaing and screaming to divert 'their attention from their legitimate game. There are few, very 'few, huntsmen in these piping times who possess the moral courage 'of adhering to this. It will be called a slow course of action, 'when a change from hunting to racing could so easily be effected. 'Beckford tells us that the great misfortune to foxhounds is 'changing scents; and nobody conversant with the chase can 'doubt his judgment in this respect. He says, however, if my 'recollection is correct, "that if foxhounds could stick to their '"hunted fox, as staghounds do to their hunted deer, then fox-'"hunting would be perfection."'

'Right, Harry, quite right! but as there is no such thing in this 'mortal life, any way approaching to perfection—let alone women, 'who are sometimes angels in disguise—we cannot expect it in 'other animals.'

'Well, I'm glad to find you liked Garth, his hounds and hunts-'man, although not quite in love with his country.'

'Good for a provincial, Matthews.'

'Ah! yes—I understand; but he helped you through your Latin 'grammar and Ovid.'

'That he did, unquestionably—many thanks to him and his! My 'visitation to St. John having been extended to what I considered 'an unreasonable length, I was reminded, by a letter from my friend 'Fowler, that I had engaged to spend Christmas with him at his 'place near Andover, where I should have an opportunity of seeing 'the Tedworth pack—that pack which had been found and hunted 'for so many years by the late owner of Tedworth, the most re-'nowned of Masters, who had handled his own hounds down, I 'believe, nearly to his eightieth year. Although personally unknown 'to this mighty Nimrod, yet having heard and read so much about his 'daring exploits, and scientific display of unusual talents in the field, 'I confess to feeling a little moisture about the eyes when contem-'plating that pack over which he presided with so much *éclat*, 'during the concluding years of his life, when he preferred his 'native home, and the rough Hampshire hunting-grounds to the 'green fields of Leicestershire. Fowler knew him intimately, and 'related many of his adventures, the majority of which, with some 'addenda, have already been made public. Certain it is, that with 'all his faults—and he was not faultless in every respect, *humanum* '*est errare*—his death cast a cloud over the whole county, which has 'never been removed, and never will. There was his late pack 'assembled at the place of meeting, now managed by a Committee, 'but the head of that pack was wanting. The cheer which was 'wont to cheer on his hounds to victory—the indomitable spirit, 'which could subdue all difficulties, had left the scene of his hardly-'won new country. There was the pack of hounds, huntsmen and 'attendants, but all seemed to feel that there was no Master of 'sufficient energy to direct their movements. The whole affair, 'Matthews, was tame. There is no life in a Committee of men

'appointed to preside over a fox-hunting establishment, verifying 'the adage, "What is everybody's business is nobody's business." 'Many things, to a certain extent, may be conducted with regu- 'larity and propriety, as to expenditure, &c.; but there is wanting 'the mind to grapple with unexpected difficulties, on the spot and 'at the moment, when a Master-spirit is required, like that of an 'experienced energetic general on the field of battle. The late '"Squire" of Tedworth was wont to say that he enjoyed better 'sport in Hampshire than when hunting the Quorn country; but 'he was one of those born to insure success in everything he un- 'dertook. To point out a difficulty, was but to rouse up his resolu- 'tion to overcome it. He would ride at a fence for a fall, not to 'avoid one. Many men will ride at desperate places, in the hope 'of getting over them without removal from the saddle—Assheton 'Smith rode at them without that hope. As a huntsman and rider 'to hounds, I have been assured by those who knew him well, and 'have gone side by side with him across country, that he stood un- 'rivalled in the "noble science;" quick, active, and cheery in chase, 'he failed but in patience and perseverance, when his hounds got 'into trouble, and for the length of time he held the horn, it may be 'truly said of him

'Nec ulli vixit æquus aut secundus.'

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

OUT-DOOR SERVANTS.

NO. V.—THE STUD-GROOM.

BY 'THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.'

THERE exists in most large establishments a frightful tyrant, who rides rough-shod over his master, and without whom the latter is, nevertheless, unable to get on. The most affectionate wife is not more absolute, the most winning child is not more exacting; and it is a curious fact that in many cases the most imperious masters have been the most thoroughly rough-ridden. The monster in human shape whom we mean is the Stud-groom of a large and fashionable establishment. We remember upon one particular occasion, years ago, a nobleman of a most determined character, very wealthy, very obstinate, and a most energetic and excellent master of hounds, wanted a horse to ride with some harriers on a bye day. He applied to his stud-groom, who told him the thing was impossible—there was nothing fit; this one had a sore back, that one an overreach, a third was in physic, and a fourth was coughing. In fact, he made out that the stable was in a most pitiable condition, and quite unworthy the care and money that was bestowed upon it. At length the gentleman asked to be allowed to ride the brown pony;

but the brown pony being most unaccountably *hors de combat* too, (a privilege which never ought to be accorded to the brown pony of any stable,) he requested permission to walk round, and see if he could not find something or other that would do to 'potter 'about on to-morrow.' The stud-groom produced the key and walked to the door; when just as our noble friend was about to avail himself of this opportunity of inspecting his own stud, his servant turned the key in the lock, and putting it into his pocket, informed his employer that he 'wasn't going to have his horses disturbed for 'nobody.'

This is an extreme case; but that the type is a true one is plain from the very first remark made by a great authority on the subject of this article, 'I will only say that your stud-groom should never be 'master.' We need scarcely begin by pointing out that his position is one of great responsibility. The property under his charge is very valuable; often in the owner's eyes invaluable, not to be replaced by any sacrifice of money. Men's views differ on the subject of horseflesh; but he must be a sorry sportsman, or one of those miserably judicious people that one sometimes meets with, who has not, or never had, 'the very best horse in England.' We have had a dozen at various epochs; and therefore can well believe in the responsibilities of that man who undertakes the charge of such a jewel.

This being the case, considerable latitude is always allowed him in the management of the property; and he ought always, in return, to consider that, though he must occasionally put a negative on the extravagant wishes of the owner (as the agent of a former Marquis of A——, when that nobleman gave up his postprandial cup of coffee for the good of the estate), it should be done with the same consideration and delicacy that our family physician uses in the restraint of our appetite for truffles and champagne. There are many of these men who have no idea beyond their own experience; who are unwilling to believe in any truth beyond their own convictions; who are as unlike Athenians in their hatred of new measures as if the whole wisdom of a nation was confined to one epoch long past, and the whole executive talent in it to a line of stud-grooms. Their duty is, in fact, the reverse of this; and if they are the clever fellows who ought to undertake such responsibilities, the best thing they can do is to live with their eyes open; always recollecting that if the masters they serve have not gone through the same routine of stable practice as themselves, they are at least men of education, generally accustomed to see horses and to ride them; and having probably a more extensive knowledge of the effect of the nostrums, handling, feeding, and general condition, than the grooms themselves. A stud-groom, under a good master, ought to be able to learn a great deal of his business; and would do so if, nine times out of ten, he were not a mass of self-sufficiency, imagining that a gentleman who does not care to clean his own horses, or give them their physic, can know nothing of their management, nor of the proper remedies for their

various ills. A stud-groom should, of all men, lend a willing ear to advice; and when an order be positively given proceed to its execution with energy and despatch; and when none be given, should have sufficient judgment to know when extraneous capability is to be called in, or when to rely upon his own. These are qualifications of a first-rate servant of any class; and although we have always been given to understand that the circulation of 'Baily's Magazine' is chiefly among the upper classes of sportsmen, we cannot but express the hope that the present number, and those which have treated of the sporting servant, as he is and as he ought to be, may fall into his hands. These men get fewer lessons in their duties than is generally supposed; and if they remain ignorant, or vain, it is not so much their fault as their misfortune. No one looks for perfection, but takes the best substitute for it he can get; but there is no reason why judicious hints from a good master should not be taken, if he is not afraid of losing a servant good in other respects by taking so great a liberty as to give them.

This, their first fault, is their greatest; for it precludes the possibility of correcting other faults, which of course exist with them as with other servants in considerable quantities. If a man is too conceited to stand correction, there is but one reasonable way of dealing with him. But these are not the detailed vices of a system which we are bound to treat of here. A very common one, indeed, crops up prominently in connection with that unwillingness to take or even to ask for advice, which we have just mentioned. It is that love of physic, (not for themselves, by the way,) blisters, and oils, ('hiles,' as we usually hear them called,) which might in many cases be avoided, or much modified, if the earliest growth of an ailment were attended to. The worst of it is, that, from carelessness or want of apprehension, a trifling blow, soreness, or illness, is allowed to become serious; and then when it has made certain progress and stands in need of the physician, the stud-groom, conscious of his early neglect, and too ignorant or too proud to send for his master and the best advice, sets to work with his nostrums. And here arises another difficulty. Should a stud-groom be a vet?—or, rather, how far will he be in danger of taking too favourable a view of himself if he be one? If he knows nothing at all of disease your stud is in danger of losing a valuable hunter in country quarters, before the nearest professional can be reached. If he knows something about the business, he may imagine he knows much, and will not send for him at all. The great point is to steer clear of the dilemma. To adopt Pope's motto on poetry, 'drink deep or taste not,' would, in this place, be plainly nonsense; because those who have drunk deeply will not be stud-grooms, but veterinary surgeons. It is very necessary that he should be somewhat of a vet, as the earliest simple remedy for many ills to which horseflesh is heir might save a long and severe illness or lameness. These remedies he should be capable of applying. And, indeed, as wages are high, and the consideration with which such servants, when good, are always regarded is great, it

is seldom that the stud-groom of a large establishment has not some experience of these things. The most difficult exercise of his judgment will be to detect those beginnings of evils which are most easily dealt with; because in an inverse ratio as their cure is easy their detection is hard. It is to this sort of knowledge, or the want of it, that gentlemen are indebted for the proper or improper use of hot, cold, wet, or dry bandages. The chances are that, when asked, one uses all hot, the other all cold, some always wet, others always dry; yet we need not say that there is as much discrimination in these matters as in more scientific details, and that upon their seasonable application depends a rather important part of the horse, his legs, and the preservation of them.

As your stud-groom is not going to ride your horses, he may be more particular about their beauty than their condition; but as you are, you may as well venture to expostulate with his highness, should this latter not be to your liking. You will not usually find them deficient in their love of galloping. It is a mode of doing in a month what should have been the slow process of several; but as it gives them more time to themselves to adopt the former method, you must not be surprised at their doing so. Long slow exercise is a fine thing for a horse, but a disagreeable thing for his rider; however, it should be insisted upon, and it is the business of the stud-groom to see that it is done. It involves work on the part of the boys, and superintendence on the part of the groom, while the master is in Scotland, or at Homburg; but it should not be the less compulsory; and the proof of its efficacy should be the condition of the horses on the first of November. It is not an easy thing to get this point attended to by a swaggering gentleman who likes to take his ease during the summer months in his own inn; but if it were not insisted upon in kennel stables, as it is impossible to save servants' horses, half the stud would be dead before Christmas, and the other half lame. A great many men, fair judges of these things, do not reflect on, or do not know, the value of condition beyond the mere fact of 'pace.' The blows and falls that are innocuous to a well-prepared horse are deadly enemies to a horse out of form; to say nothing of the fact that the one is so much more liable to accident than the other. It is like the man himself in condition or out of it. In the one case it takes the blow of a prizefighter to mark him, and in the second he cannot cut his finger without fear of a serious injury to his hand.

One other little matter occurs to me which the stud-groom himself would forgive me, perhaps, for leaving out, but on which, in justice to the two parties, whose positions are antagonistic in this case, I must not omit to remark. A stud-groom is a great man in his own world, and it is well he should be so; a small ash plant is seldom in better hands. But how far better than precept is example! He is also a servant; and he ought to be a working servant. It is justifiable that he pick his work; but he should do it, whatever it is, as well as superintend the rest. A fine gentleman in service is thrown away.

He is well paid, and has, perhaps, on the whole, about as pleasant a life of it as anybody in the establishment, not excepting his own master. Monarch he is of all he surveys, in some sense. He is a small king, and like small kings much given to grumbling. He has not too much to do, plenty to eat and drink; good clothing and lodging, and a troop of underlings on whom to let loose the superfluities of his temper; always a most inestimable privilege to a normal tyrant. He has his responsibilities, which weigh heavily upon him, no doubt; and he has the bother and trouble of looking after the stablemen and helpers; but he ought always to be happy in reflecting that his master has the bother and trouble of looking after him. Before we conclude this sketch we may give the story of the late Lord St——e's stud-groom, if only to embalm the modest expectations of Lord S—— himself; the more so, as we can vouch for its authenticity.

'I *did* expect him,' said his lordship, in the tones which are well remembered by all his old sporting friends, 'to have sat on a bucket 'and d—d the other fellows, but he wouldn't even do that.'

We have but to add to this an important part of the subject: how much a year the amateur will have to pay for his whistle. We will endeavour to show this, for it is one of those whistles that he must blow; always premising that a stud-groom's wages vary with circumstances as his own conscience, or capacity, the extent of the establishment, the prospect of perquisites, and other matters which differ almost with the county in which a man lives. He gets more than the curate, because he will tell you he could do the curate's work better than the curate could do his. The absolute wages are from 80*l.* to 100*l.* per annum in large establishments. Lodging, frequently with coals and candles, is found. They pay their own bills, as it is called, and their 'pocket-money' will be about 2½ per cent. on the amount. In case of a very large establishment, and where there is a great object in getting the business, this percentage is increased; but we give here, for information, the average rate in kennel or hunting establishments of fair position. Another prolific source of revenue is the horse-market. The stud-groom draws the dealer for about 3*l.* per horse; sometimes, but more rarely for 5*l.*, and coachhorses in London, sold by the guineas, pay the shillings to the coachman; while for job horses he gets 5*l.* the pair.

To hear some people talk of such matters, you would imagine that the tradesmen and dealers were far more liberal upon these occasions. That it frequently leads to dishonesty in petty household matters we are capable of believing; but the stud-groom is, in most places, as much accustomed to consider these perquisites as part of his wages, as the late John Collins was alive to the necessity of calculating promiscuous half-crowns in the advantages of Limmer's Hotel.

THE WILD WEST.

NOTWITHSTANDING the patronage afforded it by Royalty, no sport has come in for so much ridicule as stag-hunting. 'The cart and 'calf business,' 'Catching one's own again,' and several other choice epithets have been conferred on it, which perhaps taken for all in all are somewhat deserved. Turning a deer out of a cart, giving a certain law and then laying on the hounds to chase him for a time; again stopping them, to allow the quarry to get ahead, and repeating this process over and over again, is a somewhat tame amusement, though it has the merit of insuring a gallop to those who come out for that and that alone. It would be a great boon if those who value only the riding part of the chase would stick to the staggers, and eschew the more legitimate sport. Unfortunately, even they, except a very small minority, do not care for it, and prefer a quick thing from a gorse cover to three hours from a cart with ten minute intervals in lieu of checks. I much doubt if all Whyte Melville's ringing verse (and he has sung its praises with a force that would lift one's hat off) will gain many disciples for modern stag-hunting.

But, thank goodness, the old chase in which our ancestors took so much delight still exists for us in its purity, and we may yet hunt the wild red deer, as they did of yore, unconscious of cart or paddock. Roused fresh from his lair of fern and heather, we may still see him if we are lucky, and do not mind working with the tufters, realise Sir W. Scott's beautiful description in the 'Lady of 'the Lake;' still breathe our horses over a country little less wild than that which brought to grief the steed of the Royal James. The time is long past when the bow twanged in merry Sherwood, and, save in parks and preserves, for more than a century the wild deer has been a thing unknown throughout the greater part of England. During the reign of Queen Anne, we read they were plentiful on the hills of Hants, Wilts, and Somerset; and a large herd was collected on Woolmer Forest in the former county for her to see. Old men can almost remember them on Waltham Chase, where the celebrated 'Blacks' were so notorious for deer stealing; and it is only within about a quarter of a century that they were exterminated in the Forest of Dean. Many years since that, a few still inhabited the New Forest of Hampshire, but now they are only to be found in the wilds of Somerset and Devon. Here, from time immemorial, the sport of stag-hunting has been kept up; and though a few years ago it was confidently predicted that the last antler would soon be seen, and horn and hound silenced in these wilds, such, fortunately, is not the case, and at the present time both the deer and the sport are more flourishing than ever. The inclosure of Exmoor Forest, and dividing it into farms, threatened to

be a sad blow, and if my information is correct the deer have never taken quite so kindly to it since. Still some are there, and many a good gallop is every autumn afforded over its wild heaths. Cloutsham, the property of Sir Thomas Ackland, who is a good and true friend to the sport, is now the great stronghold, and amidst its beautiful woodland glades under the crest of Dunkery Beacon, is the home of the largest herd, offshoots from which now extend as far as Eggesford, where Lord Portsmouth has given the wanderers shelter. A small herd has also established itself in the Quantock Hills, affording a few meets during the season. It is almost impossible that deer could be preserved in any other part of the country as they are here, for they no doubt offer great temptations to the lawless, and I fear at times try the farmers' patience by interfering with his crops. But in this part the love of stag-hunting seems inherent in all classes. Moreover, both tenants and labourers know that the hearty goodwill of their landlords is with the deer; and Mr. Bissit is so popular that all feel pleasure in showing him sport. The venison feast that usually takes place in the neighbourhood when a stag is killed proves a great healer of grievances, and after bread has been broken, and the loving cup passed round, the memory of any ravage amongst the turnips becomes very faint indeed. But it is time I left off generalizing, and conducted my reader, should he have patience to follow me so far, to the famed meet at Cloutsham, where, if the day be wet, as in all probability it will be, he had best stable his horse, and enter the quaint old farmhouse, in which he will find the hospitality of the country awaiting him—bread, cheese, and cider, which latter I counsel him to eschew if he values his character for sobriety. Let us rather, as ours is a fancy meet, leave out the rain, and following a carriage full of fair faces, adjourn to the meadow beyond. Here we shall find conveyances of all descriptions assembled, from the well-horsed break to the country cart, each bearing its load of Somersetshire beauty.

Well may they make a meet of the hounds an excuse for visiting such a lovely spot. Before us lie heath, wood, hill, and rock, the coombe sides variegated with every hue that autumn lends to the foliage, while peeping out like a diamond surrounded by emeralds, between the wooded hills lies Porlock Bay, gleaming in the sunshine; beyond a stray sail or two may be detected navigating the Bristol Channel, and far in the background are the hills of Wales. Meanwhile other cares usurp the attention of those present. Hampers are unpacked, cloths spread on the green sward, shawls shaken into comfortable seats around them, and the meadow resolves itself into a universal picnic. Unfortunate indeed you will be if some one does not hold out the hand of fellowship and ask you to join in the festivity. But linger not over the feast, rather follow the wild track away down Cloutsham Ball, and notice the beauties which Nature has so lavishly strewed around.

As you pass the meadow gate into the common beyond, three fair

girls on the bank, watching intently for the first indications of a find, will attract your attention. Mark them well, for wherever the kill takes place, far or near, should you have the luck to be up you will see them there also. Now let us away down the Ball between the sturdy oaks whose branches almost brush the heads of those who ride beneath them. As we get lower down you begin to appreciate the extent of these woodlands, which from the high ground looked a mere ravine, but now disclose themselves as of great extent. We will take our stand at this open spot; the rugged slippery path before us leads to Horner Green, perhaps the loveliest of all these lovely glades, though the descent to it from here is anything but pleasant. On our left is Horner Wood, dark and lonesome, fit harbour for the mighty deer. A cheer comes from its deep recesses: it is Babbage at work with the 'tufters;' see how his bit of pink gleams out and with the grey on which he is riding lends colour to the scene as he crosses the narrow opening between the trees! All, save his cheer and the babbling stream, that, unseen, courses down the valley, is silent as the grave. In that hollow is a curious old building called the Pigs' House, which probably takes its title from the times of our Saxon forefathers, when a thane's wealth lay in his herds of swine. Hark! there is a note—another and another. Let us get on the higher ground and see what's moving. All the tufters are at work, and as we join the party above, some one with a glass has just viewed a deer up the ascent to the right of the Ball, but cannot make out what it is. There go the tufters; they are easily seen, though the deer was scarcely to be distinguished from the heath. The next instant a man on a grey horse has headed them, and ere long Arthur joins him. Froude Bellew, one of the keenest stag-hunters out, saw it was a young male deer, and at once got to their heads; he has ere now taken Babbage's horn, when the latter was unable to act, and brilliantly supplied his place. Once more an interval of silence ere the deep notes of the hounds are heard. At length they come from the depths of Horner Wood, and as we retrace our steps through the pasture all is excitement. Mr. Russell is pointing out to the Miss Taylors some object on the opposite hill, seen too indistinctly for even the keenest eye to determine whether it be the deer or not. Mr. Somerset is stedfastly regarding the same from the back of his neat chesnut; and Mr. Dene, thinking it is a find, gets into the saddle of the bloodlike, though irritable bay. Will he break over Dunkery for Cutcombe, or take a line for the Mon? Quite uncertain; but here, we are right in either case. The blast of a horn comes down from the direction of Stoke Pero. 'That's the 'Master,' says Mr. Joyce; and at the same time Mr. Snow puts his bay cob in motion and trots away in the direction of the sound. 'An 'old deer with all his "rights,"' says Babbage, coming in hot haste for the second horses and the pack. Meanwhile the Master and Mr. Bellew have got the tufters together, with the exception of Lioness, who has gone away alone with a hind. Trotting up the

lane and out on to the moor we come upon the little group of hounds, horses, and men, waiting the advent of the pack, which is not long delayed; for, having exchanged his grey for a compact chesnut, Babbage is soon on the spot. The hounds need no encouragement to take up the line, but dropping their sterns with scarce a murmur are away. Over the heath and down into the covert above Stoke Pero they sweep, while the horsemen race along the high ground on the left for the head of the coombe. No time to lose now, for a deep gully has to be passed, and the foremost of them scarcely emerges from it on to the level heath ere the leading hounds rise the brow some five hundred yards to his right. But the going is good, and the ground somewhat on the descent, so the larger portion contrive still to hold a respectable place. Down the incline they press, and see the deer clean cut and distinct against the sky line on Oare Common, while each takes a pull as he remembers the ascent they must climb to gain it. As they scramble down for the stream in the bottom the leading hound has already gained, and is racing across the plateau of Nutskell brake, an old encampment, said to have belonged to the Romans, but more probably the fortified outpost of some British tribe. There is nothing now to stop them ere Badgeworthy is reached, and lucky he who can get up the ascent within sight of the pack. A moment's respite, and we are again sailing away over capital going; our nags, having second wind, are improving at every stride; a long stretch of moorland is before us, and we have time for the moment to look about. Two long lines of horsemen are streaming away, one to the right, the other the left of the pack. Mr. Knight, of Simons' Bath, heads the latter division, and having been thrown out by a bog at the start is now riding a point for Badgeworthy. With the others are Mr. Bellew, Arthur the whip, Mr. Dene, and a tremendous following. But at this pace the level heath must soon be passed, and when we come to a coombe, the way the Master sends Sunbeam along to the front is a caution to all those, heavy or light, who fancy themselves down hill. What of the hounds all this time? Why we see very little save their sterns, for the scent is breast high and they have nothing to do but race. Still worse appears our chance as they fling over the next ascent, where many are fain to ease their sobbing steeds by throwing themselves off and running up. Meanwhile others make a detour round the shoulder of the hill and meet the pack as they rattle down to Badgeworthy Water. Again is the deer viewed across the moor by the horsemen going very like a beaten one, and the pack race still more determinedly. Wild stretches of moorland are passed, with nothing save a boundary fence every few miles to throw a horse out of his stride; true, a bog now and again has to be passed, but they are tolerably firm, and with care no danger need be feared. There is a strange sense of liberty in galloping over these wild moorland plains, such as nothing else can give. The black game rising round us at every stride, not

a vestige of cultivation visible, not a house within miles or a man to be seen! Occasionally, as some rocky gorge is passed, grand in its very barrenness, a solitary heron sails noiselessly away from the splashing, brawling stream, chafing its way between the wild hill-sides. Return we to the pack, still racing onward, while our labouring horses essay to live with them in vain; and looking back, we see a lengthening tail across the moor behind. The leaders have long been lost to view, and now the tail hounds are gradually fading from our sight—when lo! as we pass the crest of a hill, far below us in the vale is the death scene being enacted. Yes, the gallant stag has run his last: even now the knife has pierced his throat, and his full-tined head is destined to grace the already fine collection of the Master. His condition has proved his enemy, and, good run as he has shown us, had he weighed less he would have gone farther—who knows? perhaps have reached the sea for which he was so gallantly making, or have fairly run hounds and horses to a standstill. As it is, all have had enough, and with the who-owhoop we will turn our horses' heads for home; declaring at the same time, despite the sneers of those writers who condemn the cruelty of the sport, without having one single fact on which to found their aspersions, that the wild stag-hunting of Somerset and Devon is one of the noblest and best sports left to us. Why should deer-hunting be attacked because one stag by accident broke his leg on the cliffs, and through darkness could not be secured by boats? Did the same writers decry racing when Fitzroy snapped his leg on the flat? or do they set up a whine over every fox that is caught in a trap, and gets away with the loss of a pad? Had they known what trouble these hounds give a four-legged stag to escape them, they would never have asserted that a three-legged one was hunted all through Exmoor. A stag with a broken leg, indeed! he would not stand so long before them as these scribblers would take in deciding whether to attack pasty or haunch, were both placed before them. Let them be advised, and next autumn go to the Wild West; there they will see that the stag-hunter, even at the risk of a day's sport, spares the weak and feeble, again and again stopping the tufters until a warrantable deer be found—such alone he pursues and, if possible, kills. Let them, I say, do this, and, if they be not smothered in an Exmoor bog, they will return wiser if not better men.

N.

CRICKET.

THE SCHOOL AVERAGES.

We publish such of the School Averages as have at present reached us. They are those of Eton, Harrow, Cheltenham, Westminster, and the Charterhouse. They speak for themselves, and require but little comment. Mr. Ottaway's average of 75 per innings stands pre-eminent above all the others. It is the more noticeable, on account of the small number of matches played at Eton and Harrow compared with other schools. Mr. Ottaway, for instance, only played eight innings for Eton, while Mr. Strachan played forty-three for Cheltenham. There must be lots of cricket indeed at Cheltenham. The Harrow batting averages show a considerable falling-off, no fewer than six out of the eleven failing to obtain even a double-figure average. The event of the season was of course the decisive and wholly unexpected defeat of Harrow by Eton, a defeat attributable to the masterly play of Mr. Ottaway, as well as to the determination of the Eton eleven generally to take a leaf out of their opponents' book. Harrow was beaten, in fact, with its own weapons, but, though beaten, it may pride itself on having shown Eton the way to win, and made it change its traditional tactics. We trust to receive the remaining averages in time for our December Number; otherwise it will be impossible to insert them.

THE BATTING AVERAGES OF THE ETON ELEVEN.

Names.	Innings.	Total No. of Runs.	Times not out.	Greatest Score.	Average.
W. C. Higgins	7	165	3	50*	23·3
C. J. Ottaway	8	602	4	113*	75·2
Hon. G. Harris	10	176	—	61	17·6
J. Maude	7	65	1	25*	9·2
S. E. Butler	9	120	1	37*	13·3
G. H. Longman	10	176	2	46	17·6
A. Tabor	12	221	2	59*	18·5
F. W. Rhodes	12	135	2	28	11·3
F. Pickering	11	186	2	43	16·10
J. P. Rodger	7	178	3	42	25·3
Lord Clifton	7	41	—	16	5·6

* Signifies 'not out.'

ANALYSIS OF THE BOWLING.

Names.	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wides.	Average Runs per Wicket.	No Balls.
S. E. Butler	1168	405	127	41	—	9·36	
W. C. Higgins	746	401	43	24	—	16·17	
J. Maude	564	197	63	14	1	14·1	
Lord Clifton	350	111	32	8	8	13·7	
Hon. G. Harris	76	37	6	3	—	12·1	

The Harrow School Batting Averages.

Names.	Runs.	Innings.	Times not out.	Largest Score.	Average.
C. W. Walker	435	19	2	57*	22·17
W. P. Crake	268	21	—	60	12·16
F. A. Currie	210	20	1	57*	10·10
A. J. Begbie	171	16	2	26	10·11
S. W. Gore	325	16	2	91*	20·5
A. A. Apcar	180	19	—	26	9·9
W. Law	92	15	1	14	6·2
E. Baily	86	13	2	23	6·8
G. Macan	75	12	3	20	6·3
W. E. Openshaw . . .	79	12	3	17	6·7
C. T. Giles	29	10	3	13	2·9

* Not out.

The Harrow School Bowling Averages.

Names.	Balls.	No Balls.	Wides.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average Runs per Wicket.
C. W. Walker . .	1639	—	—	107	528	60	8·48
C. T. Giles . . .	1496	—	4	128	455	41	11·4
G. Macan	330	—	2	36	132	10	13·2
S. W. Gore . . .	203	—	2	15	81	6	13·3
W. Law.	464	2	—	40	144	7	20·4

Cheltenham Batting Averages.

Names.	Total Runs.	Matches.	Innings.	Times not out.	Most in an Innings.	Most in a Match.	Least in an Innings.	Average per Innings.
T. Wise . . .	923	21	25	5	144	144	—	36·23
G. N. Wyatt .	406	14	18	1	85	85	—	22·10
G. Strachan . .	696	30	43	2	107	107	—	16·8
A. C. Bradley .	591	27	38	2	63	69	—	15·21
A. T. Myers .	448	28	36	4	46	60	—	12·16
G. E. Hare . .	301	21	30	—	30	34	—	10·1
H. Mellor . .	221	19	23	2	23	38	—	9·14
A. Guthrie . .	243	23	29	2	30*	32	—	8·11
A. J. Loudon .	179	19	24	2	35	35	—	7·11
F. A. Carter .	263	27	37	3	22	36	—	7·4
C. K. Wood .	54	21	21	11	7	11	—	2·12

* Not out.

Cheltenham Bowling Averages.

Names.	Innings.	Balls.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average Runs per Wicket.	Wides.	No Balls.	Average Wickets per Innings
G. Strachan .	32	3044	286	1096	120	9·16	2	—	3·24
C. K. Wood .	23	1787	151	690	69	10	5	—	3
F. A. Carter .	30	2046	199	797	65	12·17	19	2	2·5
A. J. Loudon.	14	1106	122	329	28	11·21	10	1	2
*G. N. Wyatt	6	224	20	106	9	11·7	3	—	1·3

* This gentleman was prevented from bowling after the first three or four matches by a severe accident to his knee.

BATTING AVERAGES OF THE WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

Names.	Innings.	Times not out.	Most in an Innings.	Total Runs.	Average Runs per Innings.
H. G. Barron	18	1	75	478	$28\frac{2}{17}$
R. Curteis	18	—	47	251	$13\frac{17}{18}$
T. Wakeley	19	1	36	265	$14\frac{13}{18}$
E. A. Northcote. . .	10	1	41	172	$19\frac{1}{9}$
F. N. Saunders . . .	3	—	36	72	24
B. Eddis	6	—	24	35	$5\frac{5}{6}$
H. Wace	16	—	12	94	$5\frac{7}{8}$
H. E. Rawson . . .	19	2	41	282	16
R. W. Vidal	17	4	75	210	$16\frac{2}{15}$
E. G. Saunders . . .	10	2	35	110	$13\frac{3}{4}$
H. B. Dixon	11	3	31	119	$14\frac{7}{8}$
A. E. Northcote . . .	8	2	55*	124	$20\frac{2}{3}$
W. S. Ranson . . .	8	—	15	46	$5\frac{3}{4}$

* Not out.

THE CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL BATTING AVERAGES.

Names.	Matches.	Innings.	Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Most in a Match.	Times not out.	Average.
C. E. B. Nepean . . .	17	18	708	99*	99*	5	39·6
G. A. Bushnell . . .	17	22	339	83	94	3	15·9
W. S. Hulton	16	17	200	27	34	3	11·13
W. L. Kirby	16	23	252	27	37	1	10·22
T. Coombs	17	23	247	24	41	3	10·17
H. V. B. Smith . . .	15	16	173	41	41	2	10·13
H. S. King	17	22	231	25	42	1	10·11
A. R. C. Connell . . .	15	18	167	30*	30*	2	9·5
F. G. Inglis.	16	22	186	25	38	—	8·10
R. Dunn.	17	22	169	25	35	1	7·15
J. F. Russell	10	12	84	26	26	1	7

* Not out.

THE CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL BOWLING AVERAGES.

Names.	Innings.	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Wickets per Innings.
R. Dunn	28	437	188	800	140	5
W. L. Kirling	23	344	100	639	82	3·13
G. A. Bushnell	21	202	46	485	75	3·12
C. E. B. Nepean	14	140	34	312	45	3·3
H. S. King	15	176	60	380	40	2·10
F. G. Inglis	8	84	14	226	23	2·7

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—October Observations.

OCTOBER is one of the most conspicuous months in the Sportsman's calendar; as it is fraught with many important proceedings. For to the Racing Man it brings before him the two great Autumn Handicaps—the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, on which his affections are so deeply cast. To the Hunting Man it heralds the fall of the leaf, and a consequent approach of the enjoyment of that 'Noble Science' in which he takes so much delight. To the Game Preserver it brings the pheasant within reach of his gun-barrel, which has hitherto been confined solely to the destruction of the hare and the partridge. Consequently, most classes of persons who are interested in our Sports and Pastimes are provided with ample opportunities of pursuing their favourite recreation.

Generally speaking, the month has passed off without any sensation, and the death of the Earl of Derby may be said to have been the chief event. Seldom has the death of a Statesman created so great a feeling of regret throughout the country. Politicians of all classes, with the solitary exception of the Hyde-Parkers, have all of them been constrained to admit that in him we have lost a real Statesman, who are not so plentiful in their species that we can afford to miss a single member off the muster roll. Brave as a lion, yet playful as a child, no subject was too great or too trivial for his intellect to grasp, which may be likened to the trunk of an elephant, which could grasp any object from a tree to a toothpick. Although virtually retired from the Sporting World for some years, yet his career on the Turf was a brilliant, besides a highly-remunerative one, as it has been computed that he won upwards of one hundred thousand pounds in stakes. This was accomplished mainly by the aid he received in the management of his stud by John Scott, who for many years had the sole control of it. But great as Lord Derby's success was on the green sward, he never accomplished the grand object of his ambition, namely, the Derby or a Sellinger, both of which prizes confer, as it were, upon the owners of the winner, a sort of hereditary peerage on the Turf; he was doomed to endure the fate of Tantalus, as the records of his racing career testify. To his jockeys he was very liberal, yet at the same time he paid them highly for their services, he never lavished upon them those ridiculous sums which were characteristic afterwards of the late Marquis of Hastings. And it is impossible not to admire the style in which he raced, which was that becoming a Nobleman of his order. He flew at high game, and wholly eschewed the small plates and chicken sweepstakes which some of his class appear delighted to secure. His honour was unimpeachable; and not a member of the House of Lords or Commons would ever have dared to approach him with the proposition, either to shunt a horse for another, in which the tempter was pecuniarily interested, for his eagle eye would have looked him into the next week, and he would have received an answer, from the effects of which he would not easily have recovered. As a racing politician he sat on the other side of the benches, it may be said, to Admiral Rous, and not unfrequently was a vigorous opponent to the measures of the Senior Steward of the Jockey Club, who is generally supposed to lean more to the Ring, than to his own order. The retirement of Lord Derby from the Turf inflicted on that Institution a blow from which it has never recovered; for, while he was in its Council, the public had a guarantee that his noble intellect was always devoted to the preservation of its interest and maintenance of its honour; and he had, it may be said, as devoted a band of followers in the

Jockey Club as he had in his Cabinets and both Houses of the Legislature; and that the interest he took in racing matters was not ephemeral or ceased when he declined his recent letter to Sir Joseph Hawley on the Two-year Old Question will show. Partial as Lord Derby was to sport of every description, he only retired from the Turf when he found that he could not race as became a Nobleman, as he found he must lend the high sanction of his name to practices, which, although adopted with impunity by several of his equals, appeared to him to be of a questionable nature; and, while the English Turf continues in existence, the late Lord Derby will always be considered one of the greatest ornaments that ever figured upon it, and he will be held in the highest admiration by every lover of honest racing.

The transition from Doncaster to Newmarket was hardly to the advantage of the latter. True, the old Northern gathering exhibited some shortcomings—inherent in most human undertakings, from a Social Science Congress to a West Drayton Autumn—but they were mere specks on the sun compared with the blots of the First October. Fortunately the meeting only lasted four days, and the weather was everything that was agreeable. If this had not been the case the handful of Sportsmen would, we verily believe, have cut the concern on Wednesday morning and left the Admiral, Mr. George Payne, Judge Clerk, Capt. Machell, Marten Starling, and the aged men with the whips to see the various events decided. The Great Eastern Railway Handicap lent a momentary excitement to the first day; but as no one exactly knew whether to back the Amaranth colt or not, and the Stable was so very mysterious, that, coupled with the market movement, induced people to believe that the animal was *de mortuis*; and his win (with how many pounds in hand Omniscience and his trainer only knew) seemed, as far as we could make out, to have benefited nobody. His owner, Mr. Simpson, a banker of Bury, was not present, and invested his pony on Rosicrucian, a remarkable proceeding when his horse won by eight lengths and might have made it eighteen. Goodwin, his trainer, did venture, strange to say, to time him with his pony, and bewailed his fate after the race in piteous terms. On the shoulders of the somewhat mythic Mr. Simpson was laid the blame of what, there is no doubt, was a Racing Fiasco, one of those mistakes and blunders which the cleverest people (and there is such a thing as being over clever) will commit. Mr. Simpson would not have the horse tried, so it was said, and Goodwin was thus ignorant if he was in the same form he had been previous to Goodwood. It was almost a similar case, though probably not quite so bad, to Fichu's in the Stewards' Cup. There, as here, 'some one had blundered,' and the animals, good enough, it is no exaggeration to say, to have been trusted with thousands and tens of thousands, won comparatively nothing for their owners and their friends—a commentary on Turf tactics which does not give one an exalted opinion of that branch of study. We were not fortunate enough to hear Mr. F. Swindell's opinion on the subject, that eminent jurist being at the time confined, we regret to say, to his sick room; but we should imagine that in the solitude of his chamber he gave utterance to some terse and forcible remarks on the management and issue of both events. But it does not do to dwell longer on these subjects, and we must apologise for probing wounds which have barely had time to heal. The other event of the first day was the close race between Kingcraft and Normanby in the Buckenham—so close a one, that Mr. Thomas Jennings and a member of the Fourth Estate witnessing the race from the side opposite to the chair were so impressed with the idea that Normanby had won, that they went on their way (it was surmised, in the direction of Jarvis's booth) lamenting, and for some time refused credence to the fact that a head had just landed Lord Falmouth's

colt. Often as the contradictory evidence that the two sides of the course give has astonished even old *habitués* (with the exception of Mr. Hodgman, who has the most wonderful eye we know, and is never wrong, beating in this respect a well-known and omniscient editor), we never remember a more startling instance than this. However, Normanby was beaten by a head instead of winning by half a length, as was by some people vainly imagined, and then arose the question applied to the fly in amber, of 'how the devil he got there?' and it was sought to prove that Lord Stamford's colt had but returned to his spring form, when, in the Craven Meeting, he beat Mont Blanc, Socar, and a good field in a canter at the top of the town. Subsequent running, however, in the Middle Park Plate showed that Normanby had no business to be so near Kingcraft as he was, and that want of pace got him that position. On the second day Martinique proved herself a good mare by cantering in in the Triennial Produce Stakes, in which the Duke of Beaufort cut up so wretchedly that our opinion of his only being a second-rater was confirmed, if confirmation was required. The Baron is always good at surprises, and he added another to his long list when Midsummer, won the St. Leger D.I. by ten lengths (4 to 1 agst. Midsummer), and on Friday followed up his luck by landing the October Handicap with Suffolk (100 to 8 agst. Suffolk), reported to be amiss, not fancied, and 'crabbed' generally. But he won by six lengths, and Baron Meyer, who, we believe, only had fifty on, looked as radiant as a sunbeam.

The Cambridgeshire was an unsatisfactory race somehow, and seemed to have pleased nobody but Mr. Hodgman. The exhibition made by the two favourites was so remarkable as to be unaccountable on any other explanation than that they are wretched bad ones, and ought never to have been in the position they held. There has scarcely ever been an instance of a comparatively dark horse like The Prior keeping his place so firmly without receding a half point from the first appearance of the weights down to the moment Mr. McGeorge dropped his flag, and then proving himself an impostor of the first water. It is singular, and says little for our judgment and knowledge, that the first favourite at starting for the long race, and his brother favourite for the short one, should have turned out duffers of the first magnitude—Phantom being unable to live through 'chake jade,' and The Prior never apparently being 'alive' at all. From Far Away's trial with Good Hope, great expectations were formed; but she too, though she cut a much better figure than the Malton horse, was done with before she had gone three quarters of a mile. Cerdagne's was a grand performance, and stamped her as a very good mare, giving, as she did, 18 lb. to the winner, and receiving 4 lb. from Cardinal York, who had been tried to be up to Derby form. Cerdagne, too, ran under many disadvantages,—her sea-passage, her long journey from Marseilles, and her having had plenty of work lately, while her rather rough coat proclaimed her to be not quite so fit as she might have been. There was a great deal of mystery about Mr. Hodgman's two, Van Amburg and Westminster, and which way the cat was going to jump puzzled prophets and touts alike—though their leaning was towards Van Amburgh, as it was known he had been highly tried with Brambridge. The immediate friends of Mr. Hodgman appear to have known little more than the general public until the last twenty-four hours before the race, when the market showed unmistakeable signs that the young cripple was the horse, in lieu of the old rogue. Mr. Aylton received a severe shake when this became evident, and the idea of 'the best horse in England' being shunted in favour of a horse who Mr. Mannington declared might break down at any moment, was pain and grief to him. The hill favoured his dickey forelegs, of course; but Mr. Hodg-

man could not have been quite easy till he saw him past the chair. The running of Chèrie and Sylva gives stronger confirmation—not that it was much wanted—of the unutterable badness of the Cesarewitch field, while the Cambridgeshire had nothing very much to brag of in the way of excellence, if we except the second and third, Perry Down, Typhœus, and Van Amburgh. We fancy the last-named might have been much nearer if wanted, but when Fordham saw Westminster going so well, he eased him. There was not much won on the race except by Mr. Hodgman, who lands about 12,000*l.*, it is said. There is a rumour that Mr. Pryor is going to have a sale, but whether 'without 'reserve' is doubtful. He has left Bedford Lodge, but whether he will better himself at Heath House remains to be seen. Some of 'the busy B's' were at work on the Cambridgeshire, and one well-known Northerner, with a keen scent for a dead one, slated The Prior to a considerable extent. It is said that Mr. F. Swindell, who did the commission, was a victim, and did not hedge his money; but that requires confirmation.

Things mended on the eve of the Cesarewitch, though then Newmarket was not itself by any means, and on the day of the great race the aspect of affairs was tame to a degree. A social revolution had been brought about by the Great Eastern Railway knocking off the Sunday special; and there were great heartburnings among Newmarket publicans (spiritually interested), sportsmen—gentle and simple—members of the Press and Ebenezer Chapel, and the Sabbatarian interest, backed up, it was said, by Lord George Manners. The *pro and con.* was lively, but we think, on the whole, the step was approved of by the majority, though we did hear some talk of a memorial to the Directors to put on the train again. There is, however, the regular parliamentary on that day, and without being at all Puritanically inclined, we are of opinion that Sunday travelling, when not absolutely necessary, may as well be avoided. Now as nobody but a Newmarket innkeeper would maintain that the special was a necessity, we hold that the one in lieu of it, which left town on Monday morning at nine o'clock, answered the requirements of the majority of visitors, landing them as it did at their destination soon after eleven. Of course there were grumblers, to whom a lounging Newmarket Sunday, combined with the study of 'Tales of the Touts,' 'Musings on Nothing,' 'Serious Stable Suggestions,' and other little devotional works, is second nature; but 'the parliamentary' conveyed them and their wrongs, and save for an occasional protest at a late hour of the night in the Rutland Bar, no one heeded them. And the aspect of that bar—a great focus of attraction towards the small hours, for thither gravitates talent of various kinds and degrees—told a tale of Newmarket declension. An agreeable place is the bar of the old house under its present tenancy, presided over by all that is charming and pleasant to look upon; but there was a lamentable falling-off on Monday night in the circle gathered there. Of course Albert Gate was represented by one of its chiefs, anecdotal, voluble, and vivacious, its more taciturn Secretary, and several members of the room. A Special Commissioner or two shed whatever light there was in them on the scene, and an occasional 'plunger' and an occasional 'leg' chaffed each other over their S.B.'s. But there was very little corn to be gleaned in that field, and though it was ripe to the harvest, no one could with a certainty point to the reaper. Mr. Hodgman and John Davis were the popular favourites, and people got a perfect furore about Phantom, which developed itself into a mania the next morning, when rather than not leap, people took 4 to 1 about him. It was said Tom Jennings had the management of the horse, but the manager of the commission on a brute who could scarcely get through 'chake jade' deserved all the encomium he received. The eagerness to get on him that night drove

John Davis back, and Sylva too,—the only horse at all in demand with the exception of Phantom being the Miss Peddie colt, who, despite the broken blood-vessel, had all Newmarket at his back, as is the wont of that well-judging town when the Baron has a favourite. One would have thought it had learnt wisdom by this time. Mat Dawson, in familiar converse with his couriers, said Chèrie was a plater, and that he had backed her for 60*l.*,—the undoubted fact, which could not be considered encouraging, though there were people *after* the race who were quite proud of the judgment they had evinced in standing her. We failed, while giving them credit for their luck, to see their judgment. The Cesarewitch day was as regarded weather, all that could possibly be desired, but as regarded all other things, flat and dull. There was no great crowd, for which let us thank the Jockey Club, if it was the 10*s.* toll on carriages put on that day that stopped them. We can hardly think, however, that such was the case, for the class of people one generally sees in carriages on the heath are not to be kept away by an additional five shillings, neither did horsemen or pedestrians make up for the carriages; and though there were plenty of 'roughs' it was the respectable or *quasi*-respectable who were the absentees. 'The roughs' enjoyed themselves very much. On Tuesday night they took Mr. Jarvis's inn, the Greyhound, by storm, invaded the bar, and smashed and broke furniture and glass to their hearts' content, the Newmarket force being unable to prevent the destruction. Mr. Jarvis and his family may be said to have had a very lively time; but failing to quite appreciate the playful humour of their visitors, they closed the outer gates of the inn the next evening at seven o'clock and suspended business for the night,—a very creditable state of things for the metropolis of the Turf. To the complexion of the A division must the authorities come at last, if purse and property is to be sacred. But the race—what shall we say of the race? A leading journal remarked that never had such a lot of 'non-'stayers, cripples, rogues, rips, and platers of every degree' ever gathered together for a great race before, and though the opinion was strong, we are inclined to endorse it. Most of them had been in hospital,—bandages were the rule, and to be sound in wind and limb the exception. When The Palmer broke down and See-Saw was *(proh pudor!)* beaten in his trial by such a thing as Sylva, the racehorses were out of it, and the platers had it all to themselves. To be sure, there was The Starter, but Woodyates had made a mull of that; and very wonderful is it, let us here observe, the extraordinary number of mulls and messes that have occurred this season. Where was Woodyates' guardian angel—whence arose those 'financial difficulties' which, when Vacuum broke down, beset the course of the Goodwood Stakes winner? The lamented illness of Lord Frederick has much to answer for. Every one felt sympathy for Captain Day when the mishap to his horse Vacuum was announced. He had been so highly tried, that as far as a thing can be a certainty on the Turf, the Cesarewitch seemed one, and they were equally confident of the Cambridgeshire. His owner is a good sportsman, but no favourite of Fortune, and for him the long lane has not yet had a turning. Failing The Starter and Vacuum, the Hampshire stable relaid their hopes on that distinguished animal Our Mary Ann, and she was backed, too, at the last moment for some little money. The truth was we were all at sea, and if Martin Starling's big brown horse had had a few gallops, some people would have backed him, so sorely put to it were we how to lose our money creditably, and with decency. The fact that Taraban found 'substantial support' (the phrase is not ours) at 14 to 1 ought to show to what straits backers were driven,—but Phantom was *the* horse,—the walker in, against whom bookmakers were entreated to lay,—the pathetic appeal of a Yorkshire baronet inducing Mr. William Nicholl, who had 'done,' to lay 4 to 1

as a special favour at the last moment! Fortunate Yorkshire baronet! How we passed (we may as well admit the soft impeachment that we were 'on') down the R.M. to catch the first glimpse of the crimson jacket with the straw belt, as the body of horses emerged out of the dip, and how we found that Phantom was a phantom indeed, boots it not now to tell. Old John Davis ran considerably better than we gave him credit for, and he was beaten for speed at the finish by the 'plater' Chèrie. The result nearly gave Dr. Shorthouse a fit, but he was brought to by the timely administration of stimulants, and even entertained the idea of congratulating Mr. Naylor and smoking the calumet of peace with him, but was dissuaded by his friends. No great amount of money was won on the mare, and the bookmakers, despite their protestations, must have had a good race.

But the Middle Park was a different affair. The last year of Mr. Blenkiron's splendid donation gave us a race worthy of the gift and the giver. Rarely, if ever, has such a magnificent struggle been seen, and the three-year old form of 1869 will not soon, we fear, be repeated. It was a moment almost to hold your breath when Kingcraft, Sunshine, and Frivolity came out of the dip, Lord Falmouth's colt with apparently the best of it, and breasted the hill for the severe finish. The time-honoured tablecloth—who was the wonderful genius who thought of that useful domestic article in conjunction with a close finish?—has been lugged into the description of the race; but seeing that Frivolity lay a little off the other, though on their left, we think, erroneously. And equally wrong, we take leave to think, are the opinions that Sunshine, but for the cannoning against her of Kingcraft—French maintains that Sunshine was the offender—would have won. It is true that Daley might have been too much hemmed in on the right to use his whip, but it is also true that the mare was in difficulties as she came up the hill, and that while Kingcraft was tiring under his penalty, it was only gameness that enabled her to struggle on, and get where she did with hers. Frivolity, also affected by the same cannon, finished, to our thinking, with more in her than the other two, and, moreover, she was not touched with the spur. There was very little between the three; but to say that Sunshine would have certainly won but for the mishap—a mishap, be it remembered, which more or less affected the trio—is a very rash assertion. We believe the race was a true one, and, if run over again, that the result would be the same. There was very little money won or lost on Frivolity. The clever people—alas, for too much knowledge, equally fatal as too little!—did not back her, because they were aware that Joseph Dawson did not much fancy her, and had only a pony on, while Mr. T. V. Morgan and other followers of the Bedford Lodge Stable eschewed her altogether.

'Faithful among the faithless, faithful only he.'

Mr. Lyndon, her owner, stood her like a man—told all his friends that 'he 'didn't know whether he should quite win, but that he should beat Sunshine,' and presented his disbelieving trainer with a monkey after the race. 'Single-'speech Hamilton,' we think it was, who some fifty years since earned himself a reputation that lasted his life; but what shall we say to 'Single-horse 'Lyndon,' who wins Althorpes, Fern Hills, and Middle Parks with his one solitary purchase of last year? Not an expensive purchase either—a modest five hundred secured the beautiful daughter of Macaroni, and the only pity is that Mr. Lyndon has failed to engage her. Save for the One Thousand, the Yorkshire Oaks, and the Park Hill Stakes, her name is not to be found in the Calendar. It is always an unpleasant thing for a jockey to run a close second, because Brown, Jones, and Robinson always maintain he ought to have won.

Daley found his 'head' no exception to this rule, but we believe Mr. Merry was perfectly satisfied, with any unprejudiced spectator, at his jockey's performance. The next day there was the match between Friponnier and Blue Gown, which looked and read exciting enough on paper, but when the pair appeared, the big appearance of Mr. Pryor's horse, and the remarkable fitness of Blue Gown, whom Wells declared never to have been in such form as he was then, showed us that, if ever there was a real good thing, Blue Gown was it. Friponnier looked grand as he cantered down to the post (nobody but Landseer ought to paint him), but then he did not look like racing. The bit of blue ribbon and the gold medal at Islington you might have 'put your shirt on,' but not get over the Ditch Mile. So Blue Gown won as he liked, and Wells handed the little sum which he modestly requested his employer to put on for him. When Sir Joseph made the match (for 500*l.*), he, according to his custom, asked his trainer and jockey what they would like to stand on. 'Fifty, if you 'please, Sir Joseph,' said Porter. 'And you, Wells?' said the baronet, turning to that individual. 'Well,' replied the Brusher, 'I think, Sir Joseph, '*I'll have the rest of the money.*'

Reform is gradually edging its way into the councils of the Jockey Club. Mr. Alexander's important motion for the abolition of selling by auction the winners of selling races was carried by a good majority of nine in a house of nineteen members. There are some other 'reforms,' too, which, unless the jade Rumour lies, seem much needed. Wars and rumours of wars—'rows and 'rumours of rows' between men of rank and position, undignified ebullitions of temper, and contradictions (we use a very mild term) clothed in language more becoming the Cat and Bagpipes than a society of gentlemen—such were the *on dits*—we fear only too true—that floated about the Heath during the week. We are no advocates for duelling, but if it is only the sword and pistol that can bridle the tongue, and protect a man from insult, let us fight, say we. Then there were grumblings about the handicappings, and some pungent remarks on the 'interference' of a certain member of the Club therein, and one noble Lord declared that he retired from the Turf mainly on account of that interference. So we were not all very good-tempered; and what with the sudden change in the weather, and the bad sport, every one was rather glad when Friday and the Special, 'one hour after the last race' arrived, and we returned to civilization and Pall Mall. Sir Robert Peel is, they say, going to form a small stud again, and 'the popular Baronet,' we are told, has already secured, or is about to secure, Canoe as the 'nucleus' thereof. We congratulate him and the Turf. Lord Stamford has left Finden and come back to Joseph Dawson, and, we must say, we wish him joy on the change. His Turf successes have all been associated with his old trainer's name, and we trust a renewal of the connection will bring a renewal of the luck.

The Devon and Somerset Stag-hounds, under the management of Mr. Bisset, have had rare sport, and attracted more visitors than ever, and their doings have been most graphically described by the new Special Correspondent of the 'Field,' to whose interesting letters during the coming season we look forward with eagerness. This gentleman, who clearly knows all about hunting, writes, as it were, from the saddle; and his letters are not pompous platitudes and ponderous genealogies concocted in an arm-chair miles away from the scene of action. A new two-days-a-week pack has been started in West Wiltshire under the management of Colonel Everett, of Greenhill, who will have almost the same country hunted about forty years ago by the late Mr. Codrington. The new Master has been greatly assisted by the Duke of Beaufort, who gave him twenty-five couple of hounds, as he was reducing his

hunting from six to four days a week. Robert Pattle, who last season hunted the North Warwickshire, is huntsman, and John Southwell, who has seen lots of service with the Craven and Tiverton, when with Mr. Cooke, and with the Vine with Mr. Whieldon, is whip. We think that it would be a great accommodation to some of our hunting readers if our correspondents would from time to time recommend good hotels and hunting quarters, for, after many years' experience, we really hardly know any place where the horses are not much better done than their masters; and we are sure that we cannot name three places in the Midland Counties where a man can get a good bed and a tub, a good breakfast, and dinner, with wine at fair prices; for we have tried them nearly all, and in some respects they are all wanting; for if the beds are good the breakfasts are beastly, and *vice versâ*. The Bell, at Leicester, in the days of Mr. Boyer, was certainly by far the best, and the George, at Grantham, the next; but at Market Harborough, Rugby, and Leamington there is still much room for improvement, more especially in the victualling department. Banbury used not to be bad, but Oxford during term time is intolerable. At all these places a good business might be done by an active, willing landlord, who would strive to please his guests, first, by getting a really good cook, instead of the usual underpaid kitchenmaid, and then by supplying fluids which are not outrageously dear and nasty. But we have lost all patience with the modern British landlord, and can only pity his obstinacy and stupidity.

This appears to have been the worst cub-hunting season ever remembered for scent in Hampshire. The weather, at one time hot as in summer, and the ground dry and hard, and at other times tremendous rains, and the wind blowing a hurricane. The H.H. have done wonders, taking all things into consideration, for Mr. Deacon was not able to go out for a month in consequence of a very severe accident, which happened in the following manner: Going to covert one morning very early there was a dark place under some trees at Alresford, and a hound got between the fore legs of his horse, and turned him over on his side, and Mr. Deacon fell with his leg underneath, and injured his ankle most severely; but as he is a hard one, he will come round quicker than most people; as Davies, the Queen's Huntsman, once said of Mr. Assheton Smith, when hunting in the New Forest. Mr. A. Smith was galloping alongside of Davies, when Mr. Smith's horse swerved at an old sand-pit, and he went over his horse's shoulder on to his back, on the ground, when some gentleman near him having said, 'I hope you are not hurt?' when Davies hallooed out, 'I should think *not*, he is much too hard a one for that.' With all these difficulties, the H.H. have managed to kill twelve and a half brace; and at the meet on Tuesday, the 26th, at Blackhouse, they had a wonderful performance, for the hounds killed their first fox in Brookwood Park; they then found another in the Brookwood Coverts, and Mr. Deacon, having said he did not wish to kill another, and he would not help them at all, the hounds, a mixed pack, stuck to their game for an hour and twenty-five minutes, and killed their fox. It was wonderful to see them hunt. They hunted him in the open, through hedgerows, and thick coverts, never over-running the scent a yard—richly they deserved their fox. The hounds are in beautiful condition, muscle well up on the loins, thighs, and arms, but well showing their ribs. In short, their condition is like a race-horse. The Hambledon have killed fewer cubs this season than was ever known, they having been very unfortunate in their foxes getting to ground. Although they have had a bad spell of sport from such wretched scenting weather, they may get their turn when the regular season begins. John Hollins, who was first

whip last year, is now Huntsman, and Joe Sorrell, who was with Mr. Marriot, of the East Essex, is first whip; and he looks as if he knew his business well. The Hursley have been doing very well. They have a most capital pack of hounds, and, no wonder, as they came from Captain Morant, of the New Forest, who is a first-rate sportsman and houndsman, who it is most surprising should be now without a country. They have lots of music, a great thing in the present day, when the crying evil is meekness in hounds. Their entry, too, is very good, and Morris is a capital kennel huntsman, and has got his hounds in excellent condition. So the chances of sport with the Hursley this season look very rosy. They had a capital twenty-five minutes on Monday, the 25th, running their fox from scent to view, and fairly racing into him. Great credit is due to Colonel Nicoll, who has been indefatigable in getting the kennels in order, and in getting hounds. The N. F. H. have been doing well. The New Forest will carry a better scent in dry weather than almost any other country. The Master and men are particularly well mounted, and Summers has the hounds in first-rate condition.

In our last we chronicled the crowning success of Lord Poulett's famous Steeple-chaser Benazet in winning the Great Race at Baden Baden; and in doing so, we little thought of the fate that awaited him on his next appearance in public. But it is sad to relate that a fortnight back, on being brought out at La Marche, in a steeple-chase there, he blundered at a small fence, and Mr. Edwards failing to recover him, he unfortunately fell, and broke his back. It was at once perceptible that recovery was hopeless, and that death could alone relieve him from his miseries. So his noble owner, almost heartbroken at the circumstance, gave a reluctant order for his destruction, which was effected as soon as a gun could be obtained for that purpose. And so finished the best Steeple-chaser of modern times—as it were, on his battle-field. To Lord Poulett the loss is irreparable, as he was almost as good as a Banker to him, having, we may almost say, kept him in ready-money while alive, for he won for him no less than twenty-eight races, and in bets and stakes cleared for him fifteen thousand pounds, which must be considered a fair return for the four hundred pounds which Lord Poulett gave Baron Niviere originally for *him*. Benazet was a most gentlemanly horse; so much so we were not surprised at his being formerly called Gentilhomme, and he was, moreover, the best-looking Dutchman we ever saw. He never looked better than with Mr. Edwards on his back, when horse and rider may have been said to have been moulded to each other.

A curious circumstance occurred in the north the other day, which has excited some amusement in military circles. Some officers in a crack Cavalry Regiment A bought a horse B for the purpose of winning a Gentleman Rider Race at a northern C Meeting. The horse was backed by the regiment for pounds, shillings, and pence, until it became 2 to 1 on The Flier. This had the effect of scaring away opponents, and it became necessary to enter a regimental charger to make up the race. At first Dame Fortune seemed inclined to favour our military friends, for the only opponent broke a blood-vessel in running, and had to be pulled up, but she is a fickle jade; and the charger, ridden by a subaltern in the regiment, who had never ridden in a race before, took the bit in its teeth, and ran away from end to end, winning by twenty lengths.

Rosebery

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BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

LORD ROSEBERY.

AMONG the young Noblemen who lately came on the Turf, and of whom great expectations were formed, was the subject of our present Memoir, the Earl of Rosebery, who will be immediately recognized from the fidelity of his Portrait, which is one of the happiest efforts of our Photographic Artist.

Lord Rosebery was born May 7th, 1848, in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, and succeeded his father in the title. His mother was Lady Wilhelmina Stanhope, who, it will be recollected, was one of the fairest Bridesmaids of Her Majesty, at the celebration of her nuptials; and she afterwards married the present Duke of Cleveland, the brother of the late Duke of Cleveland, so well known in the racing world. Lord Rosebery, like most of his friends, was educated at Eton, from whence he was transferred to Christ Church, Oxford, where he remained as long as his innate passion for racing permitted him to do. He then accompanied the Marquis of Bute in a tour of some duration abroad, and on his return he joined the Turf, and became the owner of Ladas, the best two-year old of the day that he could lay his hands upon at the time, whom he purchased of Mr. Cowen, a North Country Breeder, for a large sum of money, and he sent him to Dover's at Ilsley, where he was trained for the Derby of last year. Ladas, who had been a fair public performer, however, did not train on as had been expected, and, although he showed a good turn of speed at Epsom, he was, in the language of Turf Reporters, lamentably deficient in staying powers. Of course Lord Rosebery—although disappointed with the running of his horse on his first Derby—had too much of the old Cleveland blood in his veins to cry out about it, like a child when he loses a new toy, and pursued his favourite sport with eagerness from the pleasure he derived from it; and his stay on the Turf seemed to promise a long continuance—when the 'eccentric running' of one of his animals at Stockton suddenly caused him entirely to abandon it, and to indicate a resolution never to own another racehorse. The facts of the case were these: Lord Rosebery tried Mavela and

Lady Beaconsfield for the March Stakes at Goodwood, Lady B. winning in a canter by thirty lengths, and subsequently she came out in the Stewards' Cup and March Stakes, and was nowhere in each race. He therefore at once determined to get rid of Mavela; and, without communicating to Dover, at once entered her for a Selling Race at Stockton, which he thought she could win, as she was a better class than the others: and he backed her for a pony; and, although it was hinted that Better Half—another in the field—was a superior class, the public stuck to Mavela, who was, we should add, bred in the neighbourhood; but Lord Rosebery not backing her for more money—which was rather an unusual case with him—she, as a matter of course, went back in the market, and could only get second to Better Half. The next day she did not improve, for she ran last in much worse company; and was ultimately sold for seventeen guineas, by public auction. A disappointed growler then, who dropped a fiver over the race, addressed a hostile letter to the Newspapers, commenting upon the suspicious nature of the transaction, and insinuating that Lord Rosebery must have had some knowledge of it. The answer he got was an announcement that his Lordship's horses would be immediately put up for sale. For he imagined—and rightly, we think—that if he could not lose a paltry Selling Race without rendering himself liable to a suspicion of connivance in it, racing was not worth following as a pastime. This single incident will at once show of what an honourable and sensitive nature the mind of the subject of our Memoir is composed. And notwithstanding the Newspaper in question immediately afterwards retracted the observations that were made at the time, and requested his Lordship to reconsider the question of his retirement from the Turf, all was of no avail—Lord Rosebery remained firm in his determination 'to retire from the service,'—not by the sale of his commission, but by that of his Stud. As Ladas and a few of his horses were left on hand, however, we trust he may yet alter his mind; and, having the excellent precedent of General Peel before him, try, for once, a second innings. And he may rest assured that his first retirement from the Turf, far from diminishing him in the estimation of the Racing World, has only served to increase the loss they feel they have sustained by the premature withdrawal of his horses.

AT HOME.

By the time these lines meet the public eye, the last legitimate 'silk' will have been folded away for a short three months' repose, though steeple-chasing, that hybrid between silk and scarlet, will hold its own during the interregnum at petty ventures in the country, or the more ambitious gate-money meetings of metropolitan notoriety. Horses which have been hard at work from Lincoln Spring to Warwick Autumn, will have well earned that comparative holiday in

which most of them will be indulged, though the drudges of the stable will still be kept at work to rough up the youngsters, while jades, and those troubled with slows, will be seen at the covert-side with a view to their initiation into the jumping business. Yearlings, to whom a ten weeks' extension of time has been granted previous to the possibility of their *dehût* in public, will, nevertheless, be kept moving briskly about, and will be undergoing a preparation for their 'previous examination,' for we take it most of them matriculated some short time since, inasmuch as dates of nomination for the important races of the year have not been postponed in proportion with the commencement of two year-old racing, and owners are naturally desirous of sifting the wheat from the chaff as early as ever. Strong work will, of course, not commence so soon as formerly in the year, but the youngsters will be kept moving nevertheless; and before Christmas a pretty accurate class list will have been forwarded to owners, if the latter do not come down to examine for themselves, as the more enthusiastic will doubtless do, though it may long ago have been decided from appearances of youthful promise, which of them shall be candidates for the highest honours. Some, perhaps, unfit at present for examination, will be postponed, many will be tried and found wanting, and more than one of those magnificent 'cracks,' who has evoked sensation bids at Hampton Court, or Middle Park, or been led out of the Doncaster ring amid a suppressed murmur of Yorkshire delight, will be found to have 'gone 'to pieces' like a 'Rupert's drop;' while 'that little brown colt the 'governor only gave our neighbour here a hundred for,' will be found quite the pick of the bunch, and the Sporting Press will condole with his owner upon the melancholy fact, 'that unfortunately he has 'omitted to enter him for any of the great races of the year.'

The mild sunny November day is waning off into the promise of a frosty night, when the string of young hopefuls winds away from the snug homestead towards yonder rolling down. The 'special cor-'respondent' of the district is painfully elaborating his morning report in the ease of his inn, a couple of miles or so distant; or dreaming over a glass of something hot, while he drops mysterious hints in the bar of the village hostelry where he has taken up his quarters. Perhaps his listeners had better not question him too closely, for the mornings are coolish now, and he may have contented himself by taking his pen quickly and writing down, 'This being a cold morning, 'nothing much was done by the various strings, most of whom took 'healthy exercise; the yearlings cantered briskly two or three times. 'Our Derby nags are looking in the pink of condition.' No telegram has reached him announcing the probable visit of the owner to his racing stable, but that gentleman is on his way to the downs now, and talking earnestly to his trainer as they ride together in rear of that 'ordered line' which the old horse leads in such a steady, business-like style, as if he knew what was going on well enough, and wished to get over the ground as quickly yet as quietly as possible. After him walks the 'examiner,' whose form the stable knows to an ounce,

and has accurately measured it a score of times both at home and abroad. Never mind inquiring too minutely into his capabilities; perhaps he is no great shakes as a public performer, but for all that he runs as true as steel, and they have kept him up to concert pitch for this occasion. Perhaps his assistant examiner, who comes next, may be called upon to take his part, either in making the pace, or being told off for a trial on his own account with certain youngsters who have been 'ploughed' two or three times, and who are not thought worthy to be put into competition with their more promising rivals. These will be 'sent down at the end of their first 'year,' not for being too fast, but as not being good enough for the company they are expected to keep here. Half a score of good-looking yearlings bring up the rear, some of whom have already acquired the dignified bearing and stately carriage of their seniors, while others, who ought to know better, being out of the nursery, play untold pranks, and provoke the anger of their attendant sprites, by breaking the line, and indulging in all sorts of forbidden vagaries. What a wicked eye that white-legged chesnut rolls anxiously about! He is in a bit of a fuss already, and has not the confidence and solidity of the sturdy brown who walks behind him. Then there is a precocious young gentleman, who bears himself like the little dandy that he is, full of life and elasticity, with a more muscular and set look than all the rest of his compeers; how vastly different to that tall, unfurnished, lanky-looking bay, with his rough, patchy coat, and lazy, loafing movements. He is quite a baby yet, and has only just begun to learn to gallop, and commences his work so slowly and clumsily that his little friend is a furlong off before he has well got into his stride. That handsome dark bay which follows next is most terribly high bred and high priced, but the trainer has pretty well made up his mind about him, and 'wants pace' is the mental note registered against him. The last one, with arched neck and rather peacocky deportment, is already under suspicion for roaring, though he is the handsomest of the bunch, and an especial fancy of his owner's, who was buying, the day he purchased him, on his own account, and as yet will believe nothing against his pet; while the trainer rather chuckles in his sleeve, and will perhaps one day remind his master of his sole responsibility in investing in such doubtful goods. Now they tread the turf for the first time off that steep, winding, chalky road, and more than one of the youngsters commences to feel his feet rather too 'rampageously,' as their boys would describe it; and owner and trainer pull up at the top of a gentle incline, which rises gradually from the smooth expanse of undulating downland, like the finish of the Rowley Mile, while the head lad on the old horse goes down to lead them a canter, 'in 'Indian file led by the assistant examiner,' as the training reports would have it. The clear sky reddens rapidly westward, the blue mist is stealing over the valley, and the far-off tinkle of the sheep-bell rings drowsily through the frosty air, and see, already the short springy turf is tinged with a thought of hoary rime, as the horses

start for their canter. The old horse, who usually leads works so methodically, pulls a trifle harder to keep himself warm, and the yearlings are going in all sorts of shapes and fashions, now yawing out of the track, now fighting with their heads in the air, or pulling the lads out of their saddles in the exuberance of healthful spirits. Now the spin has begun to sober them down a bit, and you can mark their action better as the incline is reached, and the trainer shouts out to their leader to 'send them along a bit.' Like a well-regulated piece of machinery is the action of the veteran, as he sweeps along in the van; and what magnificent paces does the fiery chesnut show as he presses in his wake, though his tail works rather suspiciously, and there is the least trifle of temper, nervousness, or cowardice in the ears laid back, and the white of the eye more conspicuous than desirable. The powerful brown shows not so much quality, but moves along stealthily, close to the ground, his lean, well-shaped head extended to the utmost, his ears pricked gamely, telling a tale of staying, and answering to the last the appeal of his rider. The little 'swell' was pulling over all of them just then, but he follows steadily enough now, with lightning-like action, vigorously thrusting his hind legs under him, and with as rapid recovery collaring the hill; active as a cat, and with muscular development and finished symmetry beyond his years. The long, lurching bay has been rolling about like a ship at sea, but he gets more collected towards the finish, while the 'gentlemanly' nag of the high lineage plods on perseveringly behind, seemingly unable to quicken his pace when required. Was that really anything we heard when the 'showy one' with the arched neck strode past us? perhaps merely a little 'high blowing,' though he seemed to mount the hill rather languidly, in spite of the bold front he showed as he strode along across the flat.

Now let them 'walk round' a bit: this canter has warmed up both horses and boys, and both will be all the better for having had their pulses quickened up before the examination. Owner and trainer are in anxious debate, a little withdrawn from the 'magic 'circle,' which would rather remind us of a zoetrope, with such regularity are its gyrations conducted. Onwards now to the rubbing house, for the order has been given to strip the young ones, and there is not overmuch daylight left to spare for asking the momentous question. Two stable light-weights are up, one on the examiner, and another on that rather self-willed chesnut, which is pretty generally agreed to be master of the juveniles 'at home;' the head lad goes down to that little patch of gorse, about four furlongs away, on the old horse, to start the spin, and the lads are anxious and silent as they trot down towards to where the old stager is waiting to take them in hand. What weight he is carrying none but owner and trainer can tell, and there will be no fear of anything getting abroad out of stable hours beyond bare results, a discovery not always altogether profitable to the inquiring mind. Perhaps some loafing yokel, taking a short cut across the Downs, and bent on some distant errand, may come upon them as they saunter down, but a pro-

longed stare is all the luxury he dare afford himself on his slow plodding journey. The larks flutter up in the twilight before the horses' feet, only to settle again after a short flight, and the rabbit bowls into his earth when the voices of the lads reach him, as he sports on the outskirts of the gorse-patch. From some distant hamlet in the valley comes the low clear chiming of a church clock, or the sound of a train on its screeching passage rattles frostily into fitful echoes as it rises ever and again on the listening ear. The chesnut hope of the stable is fretfully fidgetting at the post, and shaking the flakes of foam from his bit, as he is pulled up after a flying start, or wheels round short, and throws the line into confusion again. They are in a line now, and off they go, Mr. Professor taking them along a duster, the little dandy pulling double by his side, the chesnut well up on the other hand, the 'piper,' the brown, and he of the blue blood in a cluster about a length off, and old 'Legs and Wings,' as they have christened the tall unfurnished bay, another length in their rear, having thought about starting too long. Nearly half way on their journey now, and no very marked change in the 'order of their 'going,' save that the chesnut has made up a little ground, and the dandy is hardly pulling *quite* so strongly. 'Legs and Wings' has nearly got on terms with the aristocratic bay, and settles down in his long lurching stride all the better as he warms to his work. Now, as they mount the hill, about a furlong from home, 'the 'piper' will have no more of it, and is soon in rear of everything, while the brown is alongside with the dandy, about a length in rear of the Professor and the chesnut, the former of whom is done within twenty strides from home, and the 'crack' seems to be winning in a canter. But hold there; what is that rolling up in windmill fashion, and coming with a rush past the brown and the dandy? The chesnut's jockey turns anxiously round, and there is no help but to sit down and ride for it; and at it he goes, much to the youngster's disgust, who would like to go any way but straight, though he does manage to get his head in first, close-pressed by 'Legs and Wings,' who seems to relish the affair altogether, and is ready for another furlong if need be. The 'examiner,' pulling up, is two lengths in the rear, and close up with him the dandy and the brown, the other two beaten off. It is nearly dark now, and one bright star gleams through the mist like a beacon light, as the string walks briskly home looming like a procession of ghosts through the dim uncertain light. Nearer and nearer come the sights and sounds of the valley; here and there a light glimmers in the village, whence is borne the sound of voices, and the 'swinkt hedger' growls them a gruff good-night as he toils homewards. The nags quicken their pace a trifle as they near their stables, and the lads break the long silence with merry laugh and jest. Owner and trainer will discuss more fully the details of the 'rough-up' when the snug cottage in reached, and will debate earnestly the phases of its decision, dreaming of future successes, or hinting at the painful reversal of private trials by public form, and the fruitlessness of dependence on a 'crack' from the knowledge of what he can do 'at home.'

AMPHION.

THE RÉUNION AT MELTON.

HARRY CLIFFORD continues: 'No disparagement is hereby in-
'tended towards other contemporary masters, such as Osbaldiston,
'Musters, and a few more of celebrity in his time, whose lamps
'were burnt out, long before his smouldered in the socket; and
'taking this into consideration, he fairly earned the epithet given
'him by the Hampshire people of "the hard gentleman." "Sic
'"transit gloria mundi." He and his gallant leaders of the chase
'have most of them passed away, leaving a vacuum in the annals
'of foxhunting which will probably never be filled up. The cry
'is still they come—still are gaps which death has made in this
'noble phalanx occupied by ambitious aspirants, who seek for
'laurels to adorn their brows in this hazardous game, reminding us
'of those lines in Horace—

'"Sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum
Collegisse juvat metaque fervidis
Evitata rotis, palmaque nobilis
Terrarum Dominos evehit ad Deos."

'The chief pastime of the Romans appears to have been in
'driving—that of Anglo-Saxons in riding horses—since the time of
'the ancient Britons, and although Jehus of the past and present
'generation may have obtained celebrity by their skilful handling of
'the ribbons, this is a very poor accomplishment when in comparison
'with those feats performed by handlers of the horn. A certain
'degree of science is requisite to hold together and keep together
'twenty couples of foxhounds, and assist them in their fluctuating
'movements over a country, irrespective of the power of mind and
'body in steering a horse without doubt or hesitation through all
'opposing difficulties.'

'Granted, Harry,' said Matthews; 'tooling a team is not to be
'mentioned on the same day of the week as hunting a pack of
'hounds. Pigeon-shooting is a poor, miserable, tame affair in com-
'parison to making your bag of grouse over an unpreserved moor in
'the highlands of Scotland—the one is lifeless, the other requiring
'every energy of life. We are becoming a very soft-skinned set of
'sportsmen, in this so-called progressive age, when, notwithstanding
'all the trash published in some sporting papers about athletics and
'gymnastics, the rising generation are, in comparison with the past,
'mere milk and water. Do men ride better now than fifty years
'ago? If so, why do they not surpass in their achievements the
'Tom Smiths, Jack Musters, Osbaldiston, Lords Kintore and
'Ducie, *cum multum aliis* of the old school. No doubt there are
'many enthusiastic masters of foxhounds *now*, but the majority
'assign the responsibility of the hunting field to their huntsmen.
'We applaud their discretion in this respect. It is an easy mode
'of shifting blame from their own shoulders. When things go well
'they are not slow to take the good the gods send them, as evidence

'of their own cleverness in the direction of affairs—reverse the case, 'and all falls upon the head of the huntsman. Well, Harry, we 'cannot alter things, although entertaining certain opinions which 'will be set down by New Englanders as obsolete and out of 'fashion. Let that pass. Did you, or the field generally, consider 'that any improvement had been made on the management of the '"Old Squire?" Did Jack Fricker represent him in the field?'

'This seems to me an unfair question. Nobody could represent 'Assheton Smith in the field, certainly no huntsman of the present age '—imitate him he might in a very humble way; that is all he could 'do; but I did not think that the huntsman of the Tedworth was 'likely to improve upon Tom Sweetman. The Tedworth is, in my 'opinion, a rougher country than Mr. Garth's; the flints proving 'more formidable than the fences; and then those interminable 'coverts, Collingbourne, Southgrove, Westwoods, Fackham and 'Doyles appear to preclude the prospect of a run. Under the 'master mind, however, of the "Hard Gentleman," these big woods 'yielded to his perseverance, in affording the runs of the season. 'On the south side of his country, however, lying about Salisbury 'Plain, he could obtain those bursts in the open, from gorse or 'spinney, to which he had been accustomed in Leicestershire, 'without the fencing, all being plain running over this elastic down 'land, save an occasional dip into a bit of a ravine—valley it could 'not be consistently called. Well, whatever may have been the 'opinion of the late Squire of Tedworth, a month's floundering 'through flints and fallows disgusted me with this sort of country, 'especially as three of my six horses were *hors de combat* from cuts 'and bruises inflicted by the glass bottles over which we had to 'gallop or trot according to circumstances. That there are many 'quite first-class sportsmen in these rough hunting grounds nobody 'can deny, and that they thoroughly enjoy a good run when they 'can get it, is perfectly intelligible; but not being wedded to this 'sort of soil, and without an acre to call my own there, I turned my 'thoughts to more verdant fields and pastures green, and accordingly 'retraced my steps to Leamington, where I had a little time to 'recruit my stud before attempting an essay with the North and 'South Warwickshire. Here was a wonderful change for the 'better. No flints, not very many fallows, fences enough to gratify 'any glutton, and fields of sufficient extent to admit of tolerably 'plain sailing. Subsoil clay and sticky; brooks not wide, but deep 'and murky; gates breakable without much trouble; occasionally 'a bullfinch, which heavy weights could crush through, though 'almost certain misery to light ones. Warwickshire, taking it 'altogether, is an old-fashioned fox-hunting county; the north 'side having been considered the worst side, until Leamington 'sprung up to its rescue, and since fox-hunting has become the 'fashion, hunting men resort thither, where they can find amuse-'ment for bye days as well as hunting days. A man with a family 'of grown-up daughters goes there in the expectation of shifting

'some of them off his hands, making the best appearance he can 'afford at the covert side, and, to strain a point, mounts Julia or 'Clementina to exhibit their figures at a good meet, to show their 'accomplished riding across country. Spoonies, Matthews, may be 'caught by such demonstrations, but heaven protect me from daring 'horsewomen! they are quite out of their element there, in my 'humble opinion, and I should never think of marrying an Amazon: '"Sunt certi denique finis," Tom; you know the concluding 'lines.'

'Well, Clifford, I don't think the hunting field exactly the arena 'from which a sensible man would consider it likely to select a 'steady partner for life. 'Tis the fashion, however, and that with 'some people is everything; so "a hunting they will go," and the 'North Warwickshire are graced with the presence of some 'clipping Dianas, who don't cry "Murder" when brought to grief 'by misadventures; in short, we need not be informed that women 'can and do bear misfortunes with more equanimity and patience 'than men; also that when engaged in any extraordinary enterprises 'or dangers, they exhibit courage and tact not surpassed, if equalled, 'by their supposed lords and masters.'

'Well, Matthews, being an idle man about the town, on non-'hunting days, numerous cards of invitation to dinner parties, 'balls, &c., began to make a show upon my drawing-room table; 'but not intending at that time anything so serious as matrimony, 'or an early engagement for Hymen's bonds, I thought it the wisest 'plan to add three more nags to my stud, and hunt five days per 'week, by beating out a little into other hunts, such as the South, 'or old Warwickshire, Pytchley, and Atherstone, all comeatable on 'easy terms; and I did intend, when the days lengthened, to have a 'peep at the Quorn occasionally; but in adding to my stud, Mat-'thews, I found an additional increase to invitations for parties of all 'kinds, some fool of a fellow having spread abroad that my annual 'income amounted to a clear thirty thousand. Here was a fix out 'of which no efforts of my own could extricate me. True it was 'that I paid all my bills with regularity once a month, and truer still 'that the tradesmen with whom I had dealings demurred to this 'mode of payment. "We want your custom, sir, not your ready '"money," was the reply I received from many quarters; but 'knowing what that implied, the overture was declined. Then, 'of course, butchers and bakers, tinkers and tailors, echoed to the 'cry of a millionaire in disguise. Confound their impudence and 'ignorance! ragged urchins, as I passed them in the streets, would 'point their fingers at me, muttering, "That's the chap from Cali-'"fornia, eats gold dust on bread and butter for breakfast, instead of '"anchovy paste." Then such a set was made at me by mammas 'who had marriageable daughters on hand that I really began to feel 'very uncomfortable, and matters were brought to a crisis at last, 'by a peppery old colonel insisting upon my having paid so much 'attention to the prettiest of his three daughters, that there remained

'only one course open for a man of honour to pursue. You may 'imagine my astonishment at such an unexpected assault for storm-'ing my castle—knowing that the young lady in question was 'already engaged *sub rosa* to her cousin, Captain Middleton, who 'had made me his confidant in this delicate matter. Middleton, 'though of good old blood, was the fourth son of a poor country 'parson, who had exhausted his justifiable resources in obtaining for 'this member of his family a commission in the army, upon which 'he must depend for a subsistence, without any prospect of further 'pecuniary assistance—in short, his father had not the means of 'doing more for him. He could not purchase his promotion. It so 'happened that Middleton came to dine with me that same evening, 'after my fiery passage at arms with the father of his betrothed, and 'observing an unusual seriousness in my manner, said, "Why, '"Clifford, what's the matter? you look as if you had been attend-'"ing a family lecture!" "True enough," was my reply; "so I '"have;" and without further circumlocution, I related the con-'versation which had passed between the colonel and myself relative 'to Miss Alice.

'"Well, Clifford," he said, "I am a poor captain in a foot '"regiment, without any prospect of promotion, and the wisest '"plan she can adopt is to consent to this arrangement."

'"Middleton!" I exclaimed, in utter amazement, "are these the '"candid feelings of your heart? do you believe me capable of such '"a despicable action towards any man, much less towards an old '"schoolfellow and friend? if so, we had better part now, never to '"meet again but as strangers to each other."

'"No—no, Clifford," was his reply; "forgive my petulance, and '"make some allowance for my feelings under these unexpected '"circumstances."

'"Yes, Middleton, I can and will make every allowance for your '"position; one question only will I ask: are you as truly attached '"to Alice as she is to you?"

'"Yes, Clifford, upon my honour."

'"Very well; now we can sit down to our dinner in something '"approaching complacency. I can manage the colonel to-mor-'"row; so set your mind at rest upon that subject."

'"But how?" he asked, nervously.

'"No more questions, and no answers," I replied. To cut a long 'story short, the colonel, although exceedingly irate when first made 'acquainted with his daughter's attachment to Middleton, saw in a 'moment that there was no chance of proceedings against me for 'breach of promise; but expressed his determination that Middleton 'should not obtain the hand of Alice until he obtained the rank of 'colonel, believing that to be a very remote contingency. Well, 'somehow or other, Middleton obtained his majority a short time 'after, and last week a huge piece of wedding cake was sent me 'from London, and two cards, with Col. and Mrs. Middleton's kind 'regards.'

'Ay, ay, Harry,' laughed Tom Matthews, 'I can guess whose 'hand was employed in tying that lover's knot. Now—and more 'to the purpose—sport with the N. W. and adjacent hunts.'

'We had our share of amusement with them—nothing calling for 'particular mention, but, on the whole, Mr. Milne and his huntsman, 'Robert Pattle, catered for us to the best of their abilities. Our 'meetings proved pleasant and agreeable—a fair show of men in 'pink jackets, on the *veni, vidi* system, omitting the *vici*—the great 'majority consisting of those who rode out for coffee-housing pur-'poses—chaff and cigars being evidently their first consideration. Well, the N. W. occupied a prominent position in a certain 'sporting paper, every trifling event being particularly chronicled 'therein. Some men possess the *cacoethes scribendi* to an inordinate 'extent, and it appears now the fashion to issue bulletins of every 'day's proceedings, good, bad, or indifferent, like the movements of 'our most gracious Queen.'

'Yes, Clifford, I agree with you, there is a vast deal too much of 'this sort of thing nowadays. I like to see a good run when 'classically described on paper, nearly as well as on grass, but "non '"cuivis contingit"—there is not one fellow in a hundred out of 'these scribblers who can do this as it ought to be done—and many 'good sportsmen may handle the horn with more effect than the 'pen. But what about the Pytchley?'

'Here, to use a vulgar adage, I met with a horse of a very dif-'ferent colour. Anstruther Thompson is a Master Huntsman of the 'old school, although quick enough for the new; in short, he needs 'no leaf out of any man's book, and those who would aspire to the 'distinction of genuine foxhunters may take many out of his. You 'know of what materials a Pytchley field is composed—some two 'or three hundred fellows going away *en masse* as soon as the fox 'breaks covert, and scarcely a dozen left on the line of the hounds 'within as many minutes, if the scent holds good. Having heard a 'good deal of the Pytchley and its large fields, I confess to feeling 'great misgivings on my first meeting them at Braunston Gorse—a 'tidy little covert lying on the side of a hill, with a bit of a stream 'at the bottom of it, resembling rather a ditch than a brook. Our 'field took up their position on the north-west side, from which a 'full view might be had of all ulterior proceedings, and what with 'coffee-housing, smoking pipes and cigars, with a concourse of 'pedestrians to boot, a fox had as much chance of breaking in 'that direction as of forcing his way through a regiment of foot 'guards in Hyde Park. Well, at this time of year—February—there 'was a brace of vulpines on the move—the dog evidently a visitor, 'who had come from the North to pay his devoirs to the black-eyed 'Susan of Braunston Gorse—but not relishing the reception given 'him there by the Pytchley intruders, to retrace his steps to the place 'of his nativity, and failing to obtain egress in this direction, after 'two or three unsuccessful attempts, he made up his mind to a dé-'tour eastward, and with a screech from the first whip, he was over

'the lane and away before you could say Jack Robinson. "Shrill
'"screams proclaim his flight," and away go the three hundred and
'fifty or thereabouts of the Pytchley conspirators. Now, "thinks I
'"to myself," comes the tug of war. These fire-eaters will ride me
down, and murder me if they can; so, considering discretion the
'wisest part of valour, I resolved to watch how these fellows would
'set about their business, and by taking a line of my own, to steer
'clear of the throng, of course expecting that every fence in the
'line of the hounds would be riddled with gaps, so that a boy on a
'donkey might ride through them. Having noticed that our fox had
'twice made an effort to break in a northerly direction, I became im-
'pressed with the idea that he would—barring his being overtaken
'and eaten in the first ten or twelve minutes—make good his point,
'and with this expectation, I kept upon the high ground, leaving
'the field to negotiate their business in the valley, through which
'the hounds were now rattling away at a clipping pace. There
'was nothing to excite my admiration in the riding of this large
'but heterogeneous field of hunting men—following my leader being
'the general order of the day, and at gates universal pressure; few
'men know how to take or keep a line of their own; and as the
'pack turned sharp to the left, after passing a farmhouse, and came
'racing up the hill, there were not a dozen horsemen within a hun-
'dred yards of them; and your humble servant, waiting his chance,
'then took the lead, which he resolved to keep as long as possible.
'Our Master was soon to the fore, and our fox went straight from
'this point over about three miles of stiffish country, chiefly grass, to
'a tolerably large wood, called Badby, or something like it, a strong-
'hold for the vulpine race, and containing, as I was told, a strong
'head of earths. From these being burred out, our fox, after trying
'them twice in vain, and failing to shake off his pursuers, again
'broke away for Crick. The two turns in Badby Wood gave time
'for the scattered column of cavalry to get up with us; but scarcely
'had they the opportunity of congratulating themselves upon their
'luck, and half smoking a cigar, when a scream from the farther end
'of the covert set all again in motion. Not knowing an inch of
'the country, I knew my only chance of seeing the end of this run
'was to keep close to the pack, without over-riding them, which I
'could not have done if so inclined—and I had learned now another
'lesson, that I stood in no dread of being ridden over by a Pytchley
'field, which I fully expected in the morning. Tailing or tailoring
'commenced *de novo*, as soon as running began, and half the field
'were left coffee-housing on the left side of Badby Wood, when he
'had got clear away on the right, without changing scents—some-
'thing notable, where a leash of fresh foxes were on foot. Our
'Master, however, on this occasion proved himself equal to any
'emergencies—in short, he knew what a huntsman ought to do, and
'did it. Moreover his first whip knew a hunted fox from a fresh one,
'which so many officials of this class do not. A brace of fresh foxes
'broke, within fifty yards of his horse's head, but they were per-

'mitted to go silently away, as if undeserving his attention. At last 'a scream reached the Master's ear, which set every pulse in his 'body beating. Toot-toot went the horn, and with a screech, which 'seemed to lift them off their legs, every hound in the pack pressed 'furiously forward.'

'"All right, sir," said the whip, as his Master approached his posi-'tion; "that is the line of our hunted fox—but mind there's a brace '"before him to the left."

'"How long has he been gone, Tom?"

'"Not five minutes," was the response.

'"Then he is ours."

'Down went the noses for a few seconds, to make sure of their line, 'and then up the heads and down the sterns, as the pack raced away 'at the top of their speed. For a couple of miles they kept free from 'all interference, when in a large grass field, a herd of bullocks were 'met with, careering wildly amongst the hounds, bellowing and snort-'ing, with their tails in the air.

'"Confound those brutes!" cried the Master. "They ought to '"have been eating roots and cake in the homestead."

'A holloa to the right, and another to the left at this critical 'moment, did not appear to mollify the Master's temper.

'"No skirmishing, Tom," he said, resolutely. "I shall stick to '"my text—drive those devils out of our line;" and holding his 'hounds forward, the Master set them going again in good earnest.

'"That proves him to be a huntsman of no mean capacity," re-'marked a first-class rider. "It will be all right presently."

'And so it happened. The point of our fox was Crick, which he 'reached with the hounds not two hundred yards from his brush. 'There sprung up a friend to help him in his distress, but the pack 'held firmly to their game, rattled him round the covert, which he 'soon felt it expedient to leave, and they pulled him down in the 'open, some short distance from Cold Ashby—ten miles from point 'to point on the map, with a margin for variations—executed in first-'rate style.

'Well, hearing of the doings with the Quorn under their new 'Master, I changed my quarters for Leicestershire, and felt agree-'ably surprised when watching the proceedings of Mr. Musters in 'his new country. His pack, although very quick as well as fast, 'are not above putting down their noses, when that is necessary; 'and I believe the general opinion was, at the close of the season, 'that such good sport had not been seen with the Quorn for many 'years. What think you, Sackville?'

'That is my opinion also; although at first I began to think our 'new Master a trifle too prosy.'

'Ay, ay, Jack,' laughed Matthews, 'you missed your friend 'Wilson's flights of fancy across country, when there was no fox 'flying before him; but don't you see by the "Field" paper that all 'this wild work is now to be changed *in toto?* Some new writers 'in that journal complain of want of nose, with the present packs of

'foxhounds, and advocate a change to the bloodhound or Welsh 'foxhound. Now all this savours of *vox et præterea nihil.* Delmé 'Radcliffe and "Scrutator," both experienced Masters of foxhounds, 'have gone over this same ground, and given us the benefit of their 'experience and knowledge, years ago, and for their efforts to place 'the matter in its true light, have been ridiculed as old fogies. Now 'we have new writers following on the same line, and evidently 'adopting their principles, if not quoting exactly their own words '—which might lead the uninitiated to suppose that a new light had 'suddenly sprung up on the "Science of Fox-hunting." The idea 'of improving the nasal qualities of foxhounds by bloodhound cross 'has been proved by both these authors as a futile experiment, and 'both—if my recollection serves me—declare, that no dog in the 'creation can surpass a thoroughbred foxhound, as regards hunting 'a low scent.'

'I remember the opinions so expressed, Matthews, and they are 'entirely endorsed by me. The hounds are not so much in fault as 'the present system—*exempli gratiâ:* suppose, as suggested by one 'writer, we bring a lot of half harrier half foxhound blood from 'North or South Wales into our boasted shires, leaving their hunts-'man behind—the most prudent and merciful course to pursue—'who would have no more chance in the fast countries than a cat 'in a certain warm locality without claws. Well, what would be 'the inevitable result of this experiment under different circum-'stances, with a sharp quick huntsman and two whippers-in of the 'present fast school, and two hundred and fifty of the finest fellows 'in the world, clattering at their heels, and bent upon riding their 'tails off? Why go they must. Dogs are the most sagacious of all our 'domestic animals, and hounds are not slow to enter into the fancies 'and follies of new Masters; your Welshmen soon find out that 'their old habits of hanging and pottering upon a low scent will not 'be tolerated—*sauve que peut* is now the order of the day—they must 'get forward to hark holloa, or a brilliant cast of their new huntsman 'without hesitation, or they would be trampled into the ground. 'Within a month the characteristics of these hounds will be entirely 'changed. They become quite alive to this new system, and as 'ready to go off at a tangent as any of our badly educated foxhounds 'of the present age. Now let us reverse the picture. Send any pack 'of your flighty fast foxhounds into the mountains and woods of 'Wales, with a Welsh huntsman, and a Welsh field to control them, 'and keep their noses down, and they will become as steady on the 'line as a lot of beagles. In support of my assertion, I will mention 'a fact, which was related to me by an old Master of Harriers, some 'years ago. At the sale of the Duke of Cleveland's foxhounds at 'York in the year 1840, he purchased two couples of bitches which 'had been hunting fox for three or four seasons; namely, Garcia, 'Grievously, Gadabout, and Latitude. Now these hounds in their 'own pack had been perfectly steady to fox scent, but my late friend 'assured me that when blooded to hare, they could stoop to a lower

'scent than the oldest harrier in his pack. He was not a man 'given to romantic effusions, and I have also additional confirma- 'tion as to the truth of this fact, by another friend who saw them 'continually at work. What need have we, then, to go to Cuba or 'Cambria to improve the nasal qualities of highly-bred foxhounds? '"Quod petis hic est, est Ulibris animus si te non deficit æquus." 'With a right judgment you have the means of rectifying the grow- 'ing evil, without recourse to foreign aid. We are told by the same 'authority, the "Field," that Mr. Hall, of the Heythrop, has deter- 'mined that his hounds shall not be in future lifted off their noses to 'halloas, and a wish is expressed to know the result of this decision 'or alteration in the usual *modus operandi* in such cases, when the 'pack is at fault from want of the *sine quâ non*. The continual 'lifting of hounds to halloas is manifestly most injurious, inducing 'them to trust more to assistance of this sort, when in difficulties, 'than to their own exertions. Beckford has said that "a foxhound '"which will not bear lifting, is not worth keeping;" but he did not 'mean to imply by this observation that foxhounds were *always* to 'be lifted. His was not a general, but an exceptional rule. So long 'as hounds can hold to the line of their fox, lifting them to halloas 'is not necessary or judicious. Yet there are times for all things, 'even in fox-hunting—a time to bear and a time to forbear. Begin- 'ning in time at the commencement of the season, Mr. Hall may 'reasonably expect the most favourable result to his pack, from this 'prudent resolution, if he can get it carried out by his officials and 'his field. Here will arise his great difficulty. People who have 'been accustomed to halloa will halloa unless garotted. Huntsmen 'and whips educated in the new school will have always their hearts 'in their mouth on viewing a fox. Clods and bird-keeping boys are 'not compelled by any law to stifle their sweet voices, when a fox 'attracts their attention; halloa they will; and it is equally certain 'that fast huntsmen, when in trouble, will be silently, though not 'perceptibly, creeping up to the point from which the signal issued. 'A Master of Hounds must possess a vast deal of resolution and 'moral courage, to carry out such a plan as this (quite right though 'it be) in the present age. Done it may be, of course, by patience 'and perseverance, when he is independent of his field for pecuniary 'assistance; and it is quite certain that his hounds, if not more de- 'pendent upon their ears and eyes than their noses, will give a good 'account of their foxes.'

'Well said, Clifford,' replied Sackville. 'You will, I see, be a 'first-class man in our profession. But what are our prospects here 'for the coming campaign, to be opened on Monday?'

'Not over exhilarating, Sackville. Unsatisfactory reports from 'certain quarters, where they ought to be the reverse. Confound 'that battue system! it is running hard against fox-hunting, unless 'the wings of our feathered game are clipped by Bright and Co. in 'the next session.'

'I don't see,' added Sir Edmond Bourke, 'what right these con-

'founded cotton-spinners have to dictate to me, whether I shall feed 'hares and pheasants upon my own property or sheep and bullocks. 'Legislative enactments, indeed, with such a crew to man the 'ministerial boat, are perfectly farcical! Well, if they pass this mea-'sure, I shall join in the cry of "Ireland to the Irish."'

'More wine, Bourke?'

'No, thank you, Sackville.'

'Then we will adjourn to the drawing-room.'

THE SIRES OF THE PERIOD.

(*Continued from* p. 246.)

In attempting to draw definite conclusions from the observations and arguments I have used in the two previous papers, it will be necessary to classify the 'Sires of the Period.' I do not intend to adopt any new classification, the family divisions invented and adopted by previous and abler writers will suffice for my purpose. I shall be content with the division of the English Stud into the Birdcatcher, the Blacklock, the Touchstone, the Melbourne, and other lines into which it is customary to treat the subject. But the Birdcatcher branch is so numerous, that a subdivision of it has appeared to me to be desirable for the sake of precision. In the following *résumé* I have not, of course, included all the stallions which are advertised or announced to be at the service of the public; some of them are so obscure, others so utterly undeserving of patronage, and a few so utterly worthless, that they will never rank amongst the 'Sires of the 'Period.' Indeed, the list I have given might be pruned down considerably, and with much advantage; but I have thought it politic to include all those horses of established repute—all those which have been largely or fairly patronised—those who, without any particular merits of their own, have been lauded to the skies by their owners or their owners' friends, and, lastly, those who are so well bred, so grandly shaped, or whose performances were so conspicuously superior to those of their contemporaries, that though comparatively unknown or entirely untried at present, they are pretty certain to obtain a fair, perhaps a large share of patronage.

All really good performers on the Turf are certain to be well patronized when they retire to the Stud. Some of them prove very unworthy of that patronage. As I have no wish to depreciate any man's property, I will not mention several notorious recent failures of horses who have had good chances, but will content myself by referring to two really first-class horses, whose day has gone by, and whose owners cannot be injured, either in mind, body, or estate, by anything I may write. It would be unreasonable, not to say preposterous, to expect better horses than Surplice and West Australian. Yet these horses have failed at the Stud in the most unmistakable manner. But if a horse is not a good, or at any rate a pretty fair

performer, his chance of getting patronized by the owners of even tenth-rate mares is a very remote one indeed, unless he happens to belong to the owner of a large stud, who may sacrifice three or four of his worst mares to him, and take his chance what the result may be. There are also a few instances where horses, who had never performed at all on the Turf, or who had never even been trained, have had a stray jump once in a way, and with a result so astoundingly surprising, that they have 'awoke and found 'themselves famous' all at once. Two such cases occurred in the small stud of the late Mr. W. E. Hobson. His colt, Pylades, was indulged with a stray jump on Cherokee, a mare held in no sort of esteem by her owner, and the result was that magnificent horse North Lincoln. Unfortunately, Pylades died the year North Lincoln was foaled, or his son's exploits would have made his owner's fortune, and insured his own immortality. The other case is that of the promising young sire, Orest, who was also bred by Mr. Hobson, and who commenced his stud career when only two years old. The reason why he entered so early upon the cares and troubles of the world is to be discovered in the fact that he had injured his back when a foal by slipping up in the paddock whilst at play with Restes, and could never be trained in consequence. His owner, who was an eminently thrifty man, thought the colt might as well do something for his bread, and caused him to cover a mare who had been barren for three consecutive seasons. Orest stinted her, and she proved in foal with Rest, a good horse, and the winner of many races for Baron Rothschild and Mr. W. Baker. He was afterwards patronized in a small way, and served several half-bred mares, and occasionally a thoroughbred one or two, who were considered almost worthless. In this way he gradually worked his way to a little notoriety, and was sire of British Tar, Skipper, Epworth, and a few others whose names I now forget, and this year White Slave has proved a good passport to fame. But greater things are yet in store for him, for some of the finest foals I have seen this year are by him, and his yearlings, out of Keepsake and Princess Alice, are especially promising. As he has now a good chance, he need never look behind him again. But it is uphill work for a non-performer to force his way to renown at the English stud; there is so much competition, and the services of so many good performers may be had on easy terms, that an unknown horse has no chance whatever of getting fairly patronized until he is worn out with age, or has been ruined by some severe accident. With mares the case is different. Every one of them is put to the stud, however miserably they may have performed on the Turf; and as the good ones can only produce one foal a year, the bad ones have an equal chance, and if by accident, or by design, they are sent to a horse of the right cross, they are as likely to breed good foals as their more fortunate sisters; indeed it not unfrequently happens that the best foals are the issue of the worst mares, and, on the contrary, the really good mares turn out stud failures. But this,

by-the-way, now brings us to the divisions of the 'family tree.'

First and foremost, the Birdcatcher line stands out prominently. I have stated that it will be convenient to subdivide this line into two—viz., those stallions who are descended directly through The Baron, and those who trace their descent through other sources or direct from Birdcatcher herself. In the first division, Stockwell and his brother Rataplan hold prominent places, and their sons or grandsons are formidable in numbers if not in renown. Of these, some have had fair chances already, others have fallen in such pleasant places that a bright future is before them if they will only improve the occasion. Amongst the former may be mentioned Asteroid, Blair Athol, Camerino, Caterer, Citadel, Exchequer, Kettledrum, The Marquis, St. Albans, Thunderbolt. Amongst them, these horses throw in for a great number of foals, but, with the exception of those by St. Albans, they are a very mediocre lot. Those which have fallen in pleasant places are Breadalbane, Broomielaw, The Duke, Julius, Knowsley, and Lord Lyon. These are certain now to be well patronised. Some others, like Carlton, Elland, Honiton, The Miner, and Uncas, must forge their way in the world as best they can, for they are not likely to meet with any fashionable patronage.

It is always difficult to estimate the relative merits of horses of different ages, but such an estimate is really necessary, and must be attempted nevertheless. Without pretending to say what was the exact amount of superiority of one over the other, I think it will be admitted there was not a vast deal of difference between the racing capabilities of St. Albans, The Marquis, and Asteroid—all of them sons of Stockwell. The difference was not so great in themselves as is discernible in their stock. The progeny of The Marquis are very numerous, but have done little or nothing on the Turf, nor are the stock of Asteroid much better. Whence their inferiority to the stock of their half-brother St. Albans? The following explanation is made with diffidence, and must be taken for what it is worth. I think it probable that as Asteroid and The Marquis were both of them out of Touchstone mares, the success of the union of the two bloods had reached its culminating point. Those two horses were as good as the two strains of blood could produce, and their stock must necessarily deteriorate, the *ne plus ultra* having been attained. St. Albans, on the other hand, was not out of a Touchstone mare, though collaterally he had the elements of the Touchstone blood in his composition. His dam was by The Libel, a son of Pantaloon; he has consequently been put to several mares by Orlando, Cotherstone, or other sons of Touchstone, and with a success which has not awaited the amours of his brothers; and, singularly enough, some of his best foals have been those which were from mares of the Touchstone descent. Rodomonte, Blucher, Grimstone, Julius, Ninny, Caithness, Verulam, The Duchess, must be included in that category; whilst Seville, De Vere, St. Mungo, Martyrdom, The

Parson, and The Primate stand outside; and St. Ronan was inbred to the Birdcatcher blood, his dam being by Birdcatcher out of a Touchstone mare. Whatever may be the correct explanation, there can be no cavilling about the fact that St. Albans, so far, stands a long way ahead of his brethren as a successful sire; though, with the exception of Julius, St. Mungo, and Martyrdom, we are not indebted to him for a remarkably good horse—a very inadequate return for the patronage he has received.

Blair Athol, who stands next on the list in the amount won by his progeny, is mainly indebted to Scottish Queen and The Swift for the respectable figures placed opposite his name; and, singularly enough, both these animals were from mares of the Touchstone strain, The Swift's mother being Terrific, by Touchstone, and Scottish Queen's dam Edith by Newminster, a son of Touchstone. It would seem, then, that the sons of Stockwell (when not out of Touchstone mares themselves) 'nick' with mares of that strain as well as did their sire, and beget better foals than their brethren whose dams happened to be Touchstone mares. The table of the winnings of the stock of the various sires lately published in the 'Sporting Gazette' tells its tale as to the stud success of Stockwell's sons in plainer terms than any descriptive writing could do. I would refer my readers to it, and then ask them to compare it with the list of foals published in the 'Book Calendar' at the end of each year. Of those young horses, like Lord Lyon and The Duke, who, I have said, are certain to be extensively patronized, it is not necessary for me to speak further than to hint that as their dams were both of them granddaughters of Touchstone, their stud success must not be booked as quite a matter of certainty. Of the two, I should prefer Lord Lyon; but comparisons are odious, and I may be mistaken after all.

Of those horses like Honiton, Carlton, and The Miner, it is not required that I should say anything; and after mentioning that Costa (son of The Baron) and Master Bagot (son of Faugh-a-Ballagh) may be included in the same category, I pass on to mention those sires who are directly descended from Birdcatcher, without passing, as Stockwell and Rataplan do, through The Baron.

They are Brother to Bird on the Wing and his son First Flight; the three 'Knights,' viz., of the Thistle, of St. Patrick, and of the Crescent; Oxford and his son The Student, Saunterer, Vengeance, and Warlock. Brother to Bird on the Wing has not been a success, and his failure may perhaps be accounted for by the fact that he is out of a Touchstone mare, and that the perfection of breeding was reached in his case. He was also cursed with a frightful temper, and many of his stock took after him. Knight of St. Patrick has been moderately successful, but the best specimens of his stock have ultimately become afflicted with roaring. Warlock and Saunterer have both of them had good chances, with not encouraging results, though this year the two fillies Gamos and Gertrude have done much to keep Saunterer's head above water; and I have heard a

good account of Exciseman and son of Mr. Blenkiron's 'elegant black.' But still, if the fame of the Birdcatcher line is to be perpetuated, Oxford and his handsome son Student are more likely to do so than any others I can call to mind. Student was quite a first-class horse himself, and, unlike most of the Birdcatcher tribe, as docile as a lamb, and Kennington is another trump card in Oxford's pack. This youngster is not far behind the best of his year; and did it not unfortunately happen that he cannot run in many of his more important engagements, in consequence of his nominator being so deeply down in the forfeit list, we should find him figuring in the quotations in company with Kingcraft and Camel. To summarise this commentary, I believe Stockwell's name will be mainly transmitted to posterity by means of St. Albans and Blair Athol; Rataplan's through Elland; and Birdcatcher's through The Student. These were all good horses themselves whilst on the Turf; they have the shape and make of good horses, though St. Albans is cursed with a fretful disposition and an erratic temper; and they are bred in such a way that the best qualities of the Birdcatcher blood are not stultified or neutralised by something more powerful than itself. Most of the others I have named are either deficient in quality, or when put to the test on the Turf were wanting in racing capabilities.

The Touchstone line is also a numerous one, but as there are not such distinctive lines of demarcation between the stock of Touchstone himself and the stock of his two famous sons as there were between the progeny of Stockwell and the other descendants of Birdcatcher, I shall not subdivide the family, or I might treat of the immediate descendants of the old horse, and of his grandsons, viz. Newminster and Orlando. From Newminster sprang Adventurer, Bonus, Cambuscan, Cathedral, Dr. Syntax, Kildonan, Lord Clifden, Newcastle, Strathconan, Victorious, and Yorkminster.

From Orlando sprang Canary, Chevalier d'Industrie, Crater, Diophantus, Fitz Roland, Liddington, Lacydes, Marsyas, Moulsey, Orest, Trumpeter, and Verdant. The other descendants of Touchstone are Atherstone, Bacchus, Claret, De Clare, Dundee, Glenmasson, Lord of the Isles, North Lincoln, Scottish Chief, Surplice, and Toxophilite.

Except Adventurer, Newcastle, Surplice, Chevalier d'Industrie, Marsyas, Trumpeter, De Clare, Dundee, and North Lincoln, none of the above have had much of a chance. With the remark that the Touchstone blood has been found to nick best with the strains from Melbourne, Emilius, Bay Middleton, or Jerry, and that it is possible the climax may be reached in the cases of those horses included in the above category who are bred in this way. Surplice and Chevalier d'Industrie, who are both of them compounds of the Touchstone and Priam (Emilius) blood, have had chances of distinguishing themselves, and my readers know the result as well as I can tell them. If there be no such bar to improvement, then the best performers will, in all probability, prove themselves the most successful sires. Adventurer, Cambuscan, Dundee, Fitz Roland, Crater, Lord Clifden, Moulsey,

Scottish Chief, and Victorious have better racing credentials than the others, and whilst the almost despised Orest may be supposed to have 'winged his flight to fame,' North Lincoln, and a few others, though, largely patronized, have not been so successful as was expected, and they have yet to redeem their Turf reputations.

The Touchstone blood stands in—breeding uncommonly well, better perhaps than most of the other strains, and it crosses best with the Melbourne, Bay Middleton, Jerry, Ion (Tadmor, &c.) and Emilius strains. It is not so successful when crossed upon the Birdcatcher, Blacklock, Weatherbit, or Harkaway blood.

The two lines of Birdcatcher and Touchstone have as many scions at the stud as all the other families together, and a consideration of the latter must remain over for another paper.

NORTH LINCOLN.

(*To be concluded.*)

THE CHRONICLES OF HEATHERTHORP.

XIV.—CONJOINTLY INSPIRED BY HIS MASTER'S EXPLOIT ON THE MOOR, THE RESULT OF HIS OWN WAGERING, AND MARTIN SILLERY'S UNEXCEPTIONABLE COMMISSARIAT, CRISP POURS FORTH HIS SOUL IN SONG. THE DOCTOR, ASSISTED BY HIS SERVANT, BEGINS TO TAKE A LEADING PART IN A MODERN—AND PROSAIC—VERSION OF THE BALLAD OF YOUNG LOCHINVAR.

If there was one accomplishment upon which, above all others, Mr. Essom prided himself, it was his carving. Not as a carver of wood, like Grinling Gibbons, nor of Carrara marble, like Gibson, did he deem himself superior to his neighbours; but as a deft dissector of toothsome birds—an artistic slicer of juicy joints. Severely impressive when dealing with the church-rate question, wearing an air of shrewd knowingness during his disquisitions on sporting matters, and appearing quite masterful while he manipulated those instruments of Sheffield manufacture wherewith he earned his bread and cheese, Mr. Essom looked, and was, Great when, presidentially seated at the head of the table, he operated on haunch or saddle or bird. Nettled at his losses over the principal event of the meeting (for so the match was considered), he had resolved to mortify the flesh by absenting himself from what mine host of the Sursingle was pleased to denominate 'the spread.' Mine host was in despair. Who the devil *was* to carve, goodness knew! (Herein please to observe that dining *à la Russe* had yet to find favour in the eyes of Heatherthorp.) *He* could not, that was a certainty. What with having to keep an eye on the bar, and an eye on his daughter—deep in the little bills of those gentlemen who were obliged to depart by the up express—and an eye on the kitchen, and an eye on the head she-cook—a clever person, but in business prone to imbibition—and another on the stables, with certainly another on the master of his

horse (otherwise the head ostler), whose most objectionable trait, at vespers—when he became a conspicuous proof of the potency of the Sursingle tap—took the form of undue familiarity with his clients, he (even Martin Sillery) was just about at his wits' end as it was. Indeed, if he could manage to look in upon his guests for a few minutes after dinner, that would be all. He begged and prayed of Essom, not to forsake him in the hour of his need. Come now!

Essom had bowels, and he yielded. But though his vanity was tickled by the fervour of Sillery's appeal—wherein he saw nothing comic; carving was too serious a subject to be laughed at—he was too acute a diplomatist to over hastily betray his subjugation. If he had yielded, Essom should not be made aware of the fact yet.

'You know, Mr. Essom,' piteously continued the landlord, 'that 'there's never a one among 'em fit to handle a carver as it ought 'to be handled; and it cuts me to the bone to see my best joints 'haggled as though they had been dug into with a hay-spade at a— 'pic-nic. And as for the birds! Lor blesh you! Ask for a wing, 'and I'll bet you ten to one they send you—oh! yes, *they'll* send you 'a wing!—and half of the breast, and a small bone, and about two 'inches of the back into the bargain! Mr. Essom, it's awful! I 'repeat, it's awful! Now don't leave me in the lurch.'

'Well, well, Essom, we will see,' replied our friend, with an air of lofty yet complacent condescension. 'If my luck was only to 'turn I would not mind; but when a fellow has been dropping it, 'and dropping it as I've been dropping it, what heart has he for 'enjoying himself? It takes all that sort of thing out of him, you 'know.'

'Oh, never fear! Come and have a nip out of my private 'bottle.'

This agonizing conversation took place on the moor during one of those provoking lulls which occur at the best-regulated race-meetings, and are the conspicuous feature of meetings not the best regulated. The local starter was testing the patience of his public by performing with a red flag a series of experiments of a bull-baiting character. He was striving hard to discover the best means of not despatching a field of seven sober-minded horses for the penultimate race of the meeting, and success was crowning his efforts. He had kept the horses at the post, dancing an irregular saraband, for so protracted a period that bettors of every degree had calmly abandoned speculation; while the officials (amongst whom Sillery may almost be included, since he was responsible for what is elegantly termed 'the catering') were enabled to take breath—and something to give it a flavour.

Essom's speech lubricated, and his communicativeness augmented, by the nip from Sillery's private bottle, he informed the host of the Sursingle, in the highly metaphorical language of the Turf, that he had put the pot on that journey, and if it came off crabs he was stumped up. He had backed a reg'lar nailer, a cove that could give tons to any of the others.

'What's more,' added Essom, as, in genial acquiescence to an earnest request to moisten that other eye, he raised his elbow, '*my* '*cove's spinning*. I have had it from the owner as straight as a bolt. 'He has only to stand up to walk in!' The intelligent reader is under no misapprehension as to the application of Mr. Essom's pronouns. His cove was a quadruped.

Sillery, professionally anxious about the carving, yearned for Mr. Essom's owner's cove to stand up and win. His yearnings were satisfied. Mr. D. E. could now boast a trifling balance on the right side of his book.

'All right?' queried Sillery, as Essom emerged from the weighing-room, whither he had hurried to see his cove safely past the scale.

'All right!' replied Essom, with emphasis. They were happy.

Thrice in the course of this veracious history has the chronicler, moved thereto by a stern sense of duty, exhibited the leading actors therein at dinner. Marvel not; wonder rather that he feels it incumbent upon him to mention the fact deprecatingly. Great is the institution of dinner; but, alas! great only in a gross and Philistinish sense. Who ever heard of dinner developing sweetness and light? Yet is not dinner, or at any rate eating and drinking, to say nothing of smoking, the pet 'situation' of the pattern novel that circulates most actively from Mudie's?—the 'hook' (as a word, pivot is not to be compared to hook) upon which the strong chapter of the pattern play of the season is hung? Carp not at terms. What is the use of arguing the point involved in the words situation and chapter? Modern plays—pasteboard Oxford and Cambridge crews, canvas oceans, and 'telescope' locomotives are *not* plays —have become nothing more (and are occasionally something less) than jerky chapters of Mudie, neatly spoken by well-dressed but languid multiplications of—say Mr. and Mrs. German Reed and John Parry. Nothing more, believe me, and pardon the digression.

The dinner—the thoughts of which had so grievously oppressed natty Martin Sillery—went off, as the reporter to the county paper subsequently expressed it, in whisky hot, 'with con-sid'ble eeclaw. 'Yessir, he begged t'repeat the observ'shun—con-sid'ble' heeclaw!' But, marry come up! we anticipate.

'Twas a banquet in honour of their noble selves, only, unlike certain 'civic' noble selves, and the noble selves of hospital boards, the party over which Mr. Essom presided would not have scrupled to admit that they had met for the purpose of mutual admiration whilst indulging in creature-comforts and miscellaneous melody. The thirst which came in with the fish, and was unallayed when the quivering ruins of an extensive blanc-mange (Miss Sillery's contribution to the banquet) was borne from the board, was provoked anew by the oratorical efforts of the chairman; yet the time for the inhalation of tobacco and the incontinent consumption of spirituous liquors had not arrived.

Essom placed unquestioning reliance on the dignity he so well knew how to assume as a means of maintaining in perfect subjection the con-

vivialities placed under his control: and with reason. Thus far it had never failed him. Feeling deeply the responsibility that rested on his shoulders, he discharged the functions that belonged to his office with an air that would have told with a pragmatic local board of health: would have been nearly adequate to the requirements of a powerful association of self-sufficient freemen. He was a born vestryman, and his presidential qualities, not altogether untinged by the asperities of his political creed, were loftily 'pronounced.' It was at the peril of an ebullient 'jolly good fellow' to set at naught *his* decrees! Radical though he was, he was loyal. Hear him dispose of the 'usual loyal and patriotic toasts,' et cetera, which, according to the newspapers, invariably precede, et cetera. As thus:

'Gentlemen all,' a pause, succeeded by silence so profound 'a pin 'might,' et cetera—'gentlemen all. The Queen: God bless her! 'Bumpers, gentlemen, and—wine.'

Essom held it to be an unpardonable desecration of the festal proprieties to quaff to Royalty in aught but the foreign wines of commerce. Even so: the august formalities incidental to his present office becomingly discharged, the waiters were vouchsafed an entrance, whereupon the noisy jingle of substantial rummers, and the rattle of superior churchwardens afforded presumptive evidence that the company were about to make a night of it in downright Yorkshire earnest. During the few minutes' confusion that attended the characteristic hesitancy of the various Ganymedes as to the precise destination of the several 'orders' with which they had been entrusted, Mr. Essom, daintily poising his straw the while, mentally arranged the programme. A rich experience had convinced him that the best possible start in the shape of harmony was 'something with a chorus.' He therefore promptly marked down his chorister, and the chorister, a melodious plumber-and-glazier, knew it. He, the chorister, rejoiced in one of those distressingly bland visages that are incapable of expressing anything but gentle joy. He knew he was about to be called on ('called on' is the phrase), and he vainly strove to assume an air of unconsciousness as he cleared his thorax for the purpose of making the usual pulmonary excuse. Peradventure he felt that the excuse was expected of him: at all events free-and-easy Heatherthorp would have deemed it more than passing strange if Mr. Turps's solitary lyric had *not* been preceded by a cough from Mr. T. and a piteous desire on his part for bronchial sympathy.

However, the president rose and begged to observe that in his humble opinion the time for harmony had arrived. (Hear, hear.) He would, therefore, exercise his prerogative by calling upon his esteemed friend Mr. Turps to oblige with Twankydillo. (Vociferous applause, mingled with exclamations of 'A noble call!')

Mr. Turps would have been most happy, he was sure, but he was at that moment suffering from cold. They would notice his hoarseness. ('No, no!' 'Come, Turps!') Well, he would *try*, and *if* he broke down, they——utterly spoilt the roundness of his 'period' by a burst of applause.

Mr. T.'s mode of carolling was peculiar. Unlike most amateur minstrels, he refrained from fixing his gaze on a crack in the ceiling, or a globe of the chandelier. He bent his beaming face full on the audience, and with philanthropic impartiality distributed the beams all round. The effect of this effusion of gentle joviality was rendered more impressive by the waving of his right hand, not as a means of marking time, but to 'knock down,' as it were, the points of the song. Upon Mr. Macarthy and the other strangers present Mr. Turps's gestures exercised a somewhat disturbing influence, by causing them to burst forth into chorus at inappropriate periods. The touching expression of pity which the minstrel bestowed on the erratic choristers failed to add to their composure. The aim of the ballad was twofold: praise of the British blacksmith, and the glorification of the beverage manufactured by the British brewer. A national song, my masters, the burthen whereof ran—phonetically—something like this: 'Which it makes my bright ham-mer for to rise 'and to fall says the old coal to the young coal and the young coal 'OF ALL' ['of all' *fortissimo.*]. 'Twankydillo, twankydillo, 'twanky-dillo, dillo, dillo, dillo, dil-OH! Oh, he who drinks good 'ale is the prince of good fel-LOWS!'

The company were now warmed through and through, thanks to the concerted rendering ('rendering' is the word) of the cabalistic word Twankydillo. Everybody was delighted, because everybody felt assured the grand success was chiefly due to his individual exertions. Thenceforward the chairman's task became easy enough. Mr. Turps 'made good his call,' and a thick cheesemonger with a thin organ forthwith hung his harp on a willow-tree and was off to the wars again. Then came a shower of toasts and sentiments, varied by an inspiriting scena called 'The Maniac,' for which a mild draper's assistant was responsible; and 'Old Towler,' trolled right manfully by Emsden King.

The toasts and sentiments were not equally successful, a circumstance attributable to their remarkably extensive scope. 'May the 'hinges of hospitality never grow rusty,' fell flat in comparison with the wish that those who love the crack of a whip might never want a brush to pursue. If a resolution condemning all vulcipedes to capital punishment had been put to the vote the ayes would have had it by an overwhelming majority. 'May our friends always possess the 'three H's: health, honour, and happiness,' suffered rather in the enunciation in consequence of the proposer omitting the crucial letter. But a letter, especially such a shadowy customer as H, was neither here nor there at that time of night. The latent patriotism of the assembly found vociferous vent when a true-born Briton in the leather interest called for 'Short shoes and long corns to the 'enemies of Great Britain;' whilst the homicidal wish—'May the 'poor man with a bad wife soon have a wedding day!' was emphatically, if murmuringly carried. Then a close-fisted contractor warbled forth his desire for them 'all to love one another,' with a view to their 'flying up to heaven like birds of a feather;' and then, the con-

gregation augmented by the presence of Sillery, the chairman rose to propose the toast of the evening.

He said he felt assured they were all genuine sportsmen. (Hear, hear.) He was, and he was not ashamed to own it, either there or elsewhere, as they knew. (Applause.) On other matters, especially in respect of the vital political questions of the day, they might, and, in fact, did differ; but in respect of the great question of sporting he would dare to affirm that there never was a Quaker among 'em. (Laughter, and a voice 'One for old Barjona.' The voice was Crisp's.)

'You are fully aware, gentlemen,' continued the chairman, 'that 'I stood the wrong one in the match which was decided yesterday.' (Crisp: 'That thou did!') 'I can cheerfully pardon the remarks of 'our friend Mr. Crisp; but I must ask him to subdue his enthu-'siasm until I have concluded, when he will be afforded an oppor-'tunity of expressing his sentiments, *without interruption*.' ('With-'out interruption,' severely emphasized; cheers, and—'Gan on wi' 'thou,' from Crisp.) 'Very well, gentlemen, having bestowed my 'bullion—I say having bestowed my bullion on the loser, you will 'at least give me credit for thorough disinterestedness if I ask you to 'drink, with all the honours, the health of the winner.' (Loud cheers, and *sotto voce*, from Crisp, 'Thou's a better bred 'un than I 'thowt thou was,' followed, in the same tone, by a 'Whisht, can't 'thou?' from Golightly, his next-door neighbour.) 'The oldest and 'most sagacious turf campaigner could not have managed his horse 'more admirably than Doctor Sutton managed Kelpie ('True'), and 'he rides like an artist. (Applause.) I dropped a tidy sum over the 'match, but I am happy to say that I got round on the meeting.' (Macarthy, *sotto voce*, 'And isn't it myself wishes I could say the same!') 'But whether that were so or not I should never have but one 'opinion about Doctor Sutton. He is a sportsman, gentlemen, of 'whom Heatherthorp is justly proud. Here's his jolly good health, 'and long may he live to play cricket as some of us have seen him 'play' (Crisp—very low in tone—'So thou's convarted at last, is 'thou?' Golightly: 'Haud thy tongue, can't thou?') 'and ride as 'we have seen him ride. Doctor Sutton's health; and permit me 'to couple with his name that of his trainer, Mr. Crisp.'

So loud and prolonged was the noise that cheered the chairman on the conclusion of his speech—Essom had made a great point by adroitly coupling Crisp's name with the Doctor's, and the company saw it—Sillery thought to himself, 'Well, it is lucky I let them 'have this room, and *not* the other to kick up their row in.' This room, fortunately for the landlord (if the truth must be told, he was a little put out in consequence of having had sundry 'little bills' taxed by certain racing men who had uttered expletives during the process), was so situated, in relation to the main portion of the hotel, that it might have been turned out of the windows without in the least disturbing the slumbers of the temporary sojourners beneath his lintel. The hall (of course it was a hall) was supported on one side

by a fragment brewery and on the other by an extensive range of stables; it commanded a comprehensive view of the Sursingle yard, and boasted a convenient, if complicated, right of way from the Wimpleside. Now Martin Sillery was liberal, in the most exhaustive sense of that most ill-used word. Hence the spacious hall in question was, 'for a consideration,' at the disposal of any well-behaved person or persons who might chance to require it. In addition to the highly talented ('see small bills') but incomprehensibly impecunious wanderers, who occasionally 'took' the hall, it was periodically occupied by one of the brassiest of brass bands from the dales, a flourishing society of Free (and Easy) Gardeners, and a Young Men's Temperance Association, who took unwarrantable liberties with Shakspeare and Campbell, and indulged in teetotal melodies adapted to the seductive strains of burnt-cork minstrelsy by the poetical pastor of an Independent church.

Ready enough of speech on ordinary occasions, Crisp could scarcely find a word to say on this. He felt awkward; his legs were heavy to move, and his hands were a trouble to him. The fact is, the rare old boy was touched by Essom's eloquence. The circumstance of its *being* Essom's did not weigh with him an atom. Somebody had praised his beloved master, and that was enough. There was a half-lugubrious expression in his Ribstone-pippin face, a suspicion of humidity in his eyes, by no means assignable to the recent enjoyment of spirituous liquors, or a distaste for the task Essom had rather maliciously set him. He rose deliberately, carefully removed his glass, as if to give himself more room, as carefully restored it to its original place, spilled some of the contents, sipped the rest, traced a diagram of nothing at all upon the table, raised his eyes to Essom, and began.

'Mr. Chairman: gentlemen all——'

'Hear, hear,' observed the plumber and glazier, who had erewhile distinguished himself in Twankydillo; whereupon there was, firstly, a disorderly request for 'order,' and, secondly, a desire on the part of Golightly, who spoke in a peremptory and personally-outraged tone of voice, for them to 'give him time.' The chairman waved his hand.

'I'm nobbut a moderate speech-maker, but if I was as glib at it 'as our friend the chairman I'd ha' to pick and choose my words 'terribly afore I could tell you half of what I feel about Mr. Arthur '—about Doctor Sutton.' Here he looked round with a glance of pride and straightened himself. The mention of his master's name appeared to do him good, to inspire him with fresh confidence. As for his hearers, they—forgot to applaud. 'I have pretty much my 'own way, gentlemen, up yonder,' suggesting his master's residence by a slight movement of the head, 'but I'd need: I'm an old servant 'of the Suttons, and as for Mr. Arthur—I've known him for so 'many years, nineteen come Lady day—I say I have known him so 'long, I look upon him, if you understand me (*be* wad if he was 'here), more like a son, having neither chick nor child of my own,

'than a master.' Another pause, during which Crisp refreshed himself from Golightly's grog.

'In a manner of speaking I may say he was nobbut a yearling 'when I took him in hand, and off *and* on he's never been out of 'my hands sin'. Surely there's verra little of his sporting he does 'not owe to me, as he'd tell you if he was here. I was the first to 'put his little fat legs across a horse; the first to show him how to 'handle a creckit-stick.' Another pause.

'Never mind that. He's no 'casion to be ashamed of his bring-'ings up i' that way: an' ye knaw it!' The last three words with emphasis.

'However, he went away, and I—I fancied I wanted a change—'took another place. But I was back in t' owd place when he re-'turned to help his father i' doctoring: then he cam' here and I 'cam' with him. Mr. Chairman and gentlemen all, I'm nearly 'done. My master's a gentleman upright, downright, *and* tho-'roughbred. Gentlemen are not common now-a-days, remember. 'There's never an individual that ever was under him wouldn't go 'go through fire and water to serve him, and if t' dumb animals 'that have him for master could speak they'd say the same.'

He sat down, but, recollecting himself, rose again, thereby putting a stop to the applause his simple garrulity had provoked, and said—

'I am much obliged to you for mentioning me with Mr. Arthur. 'I can say nowt about myself, but if you have no objection I'll just 'try a bit of a sang.'

'Weel done, Mat: thou could pipe a bit years syne,' exclaimed Golightly.

'That's not now, John; but never mind, I'll do my best.'

'Bravo!' patronisingly ejaculated the chairman; 'perhaps Mr. 'Sillery will pass the word for the waiters to remain without until 'the conclusion of Mr. Crisp's song.'

In a voice somewhat cracked in its upper register but sturdy and musical withal Crisp sang—

'Let the cobwebs of age bedim eyes that once twinkled
With joy at the peal of a loud tallyho!
And feet which at sunrise spurned uplands dew-sprinkled
Prove false as through turnips and stubble we go:
Though life's springtide leave us, the Michaelmas grieve us,
The winter old-womanish service compel,
We will not knock under—we sportsmen—believe us!
Breeding will tell!

'In the thick of the scrummage, at football or fighting,
Behold the brave youngster, whose breeding is true!
Or across a stiff country, well mounted, he's right in
Advance of the field with a stout fox in view.
Steady stayer, fleet-goer—rough wrestler, fine rower
(As you judge of the kernel by bruising the shell),
We cry, when the pinching he stands without flinching,
Breeding will tell!

'A handsomer colt never danced on the daisies!
That satin coat covers tough sinews: yet hold!
Let him collar the hill ere you carol his praises:
Base metal will glisten as grandly as gold!
Behold him! he's cut it! ears drooping, flag working;
The beauty's a craven! That other runs well:
Yes, she's plain and three-corner'd, but—hasn't learnt shirking!
Breeding will tell!

'Never sneer, though the oldster who handles yon willow
Has white in his whisker; just wait till he's warm!
There's a drive! can you beat it, my eager young fellow?
Though his joints have grown rusty he hasn't lost form!
Then stand to the bowling, boys! spank it or snick it;
Earn a score, if 'tis fated for you to excel;
And, warned of the bowler who must take your wicket,
Think—breeding will tell!

'How dare you enter the room in such a noisy manner while a 'gentleman is singing?'

'After you and the others were expressly forbidden?'

'I waited for the chorus, sir——'

'You waited for the chorus, sir! Don't reply to me. Don't 'bandy words with me! There is something you will not have to 'wait for, let me tell you; and that is notice to leave my service. 'Understand that.'

'I really beg your pardon, but if you will only hear——'

'I will do nothing of the sort, sir,' hotly rejoined the landlord, who was not at all sorry for an opportunity of dispersing the ire that had been raised by the taxing of his 'little bills.' The pilloried waiter, a supremely negative person and a useful, could not get in a word edgeways. 'Hear you, indeed! Are my orders to be dis-'obeyed and my guests disturbed to suit you? You heard the chair-'man request me to keep the waiters out of the room until the gen-'tleman had finished his song, and, nevertheless, you rush in without 'a with your leave or a by your leave, like an uncultivated cow. I am 'surprised, Williams; you of all my men ought to have known better.'

'But, sir——'

'Don't sir me, sir! I am disgusted.'

'Although your master has every reason to be annoyed at your 'unpardonable contravention of his orders,' observed the chairman, mediatorially, 'I might say of *my* request *and* his orders, if you have 'any explanation to make I have no doubt Mr. Sillery will listen to 'it, and perhaps for this time look over the offence.'

'Oh bother the offince!' exclaimed Mr. Macarthy, who, overflowing with whiskey and music, was burning to sing the song of the Blunderskull Blazers; 'sittle it afterwards. Here's your jolly good 'health and song, Misther Chrisp! Misther chairman, some more 'harrmony!'

'If you will allow me, gentlemen, I would like it settled now. 'Though I *am* a waiter, I am a Briton and have a right to fair play.'

'Oh! go on,' said the landlord, peevishly; 'my mind is made up.'

'And so is mine,' replied the Ganymede, who by this time (remembering his value in the establishment) had managed to stiffen his

back, 'so is mine, Mr. Sillery. If you would have permitted me to 'speak before you would have heard that Doctor Sutton galloped 'into the yard while Mr. Crisp was singing, that he wants Mr. Crisp 'immediately, and that he wants to see you at the same time about 'a trap to drive him to Billingham Gimlet to see a patient, for he 'says the mare is knocked up and Kelpie wants rest.'

'Why the deuce didn't you tell me all this before?' exclaimed mine host of the Sursingle.

'Yes, why could you not tell him before?' added the chairman. 'Who knows but what Doctor Sutton's getting speedily out to Bil-'lingham Gimlet is of the last importance?'

'Well,' replied the amazed waiter, opening his wondering eyes as much as the lids would allow, 'well, I'm——'

The victim of overwhelming tyranny was not permitted to complete his may-be highly improper remark. Sillery hustled him from the room.

'Good night, gentlemen; I must be off,' said Crisp.

'Good night!' in concert replied his boon companions: the plumber-and-glazier adding, by way of a parting greeting, 'I should 'have been glad to hear another song from you, sir: but duty— 'duty. *I* know.'

Crisp hurried down into the yard and found the Doctor impatiently pacing to and fro, as though powerfully excited. Widow Malone stood hard by, and it was evident from the steam that enveloped her, and the flecks of foam that here and there speckled her coat, that she had not been over-indulged during the journey from Wimpledale to Heatherthorp.

'Come, come, Mat!' exclaimed our hero, 'what have you been 'dawdling about? I am quite tired of waiting. There—don't ex-'plain; I can conjecture the cause. But first of all let me have a 'good look at you.'

Taking Crisp by the sleeve he hastily led him to the bar-window. In the blaze of light which lit up that portion of the main entrance to the hotel Crisp stood for a minute while his master peered closely into his face. The Doctor was tolerably well satisfied with the inspection, for he exclaimed—

'Yes—you will do, Matthew. At the same time you will be none 'the worse for drinking a bottle of soda and dashing a little cold 'water into your face. See to this, at once, Mat, and ask no ques-'tions—yet. While you are bracing yourself up a bit, I will run 'home and get some medicine. Never mind the mare. She must 'wait. By the time I return let the trap be quite ready, for there is 'not a minute to spare. You will have to drive. Now, Mat, if ever 'you were wide-awake and up to work you must be now. I ask 'this as a favour. I will explain when we get on the road.'

'What is the trap, Dot?' inquired Crisp of the under-ostler—a gnarled specimen of the species who, by reason of possessing what were locally described as a short leg and a shorter, answered uncomplainingly to the name of Dot, a convenient abbreviation of Dot-and-carry-one.

'Brome' (meaning brougham. He should have said 'broom,' but being an unfashionable under-ostler, he didn't).

'Light?'

'Middling. 'Tisn't heavy. I'll go that far.'

'Oh! Good nag?'

'The mare we got frae Yarm last week.'

'Fresh?'

'As a daisy. She hasn't done a mite of work this day.'

'That's right. Now leave them traces half a minute, and give 'us a turn at the pump.'

Dot-and-carry-one obeyed, and Crisp, all the better for his primitive but copious refresher, assisted the ostler to yoke the mare, and then departed in search of soda-water.

Sillery, who had been unable to exchange words with the Doctor, encountered Crisp at the bar-door.

'Dot has been smart, I hope, Crisp,' observed he. 'Ah! then 'we shall keep our character. And now is there anything I can do 'for you? You will have a cold drive, although not an unpleasant 'one,—there's a splendid moon.'

'Give me a bottle of soda—*and* a drop of brandy in it. Mr. 'Arthur said nothing about the brandy,' he added to himself—'but 'he surely never intended me to take the other stuff alone.'

The Doctor was not long absent. In fact, he had merely tied up Widow Malone, written half a dozen words of a note to Mr. Robson, provided himself with a further supply of the current coin of the realm, and slightly changed his raiment when he returned. But how absent-minded he was, to be sure! What was he thinking about? Not only did he forget to properly prescribe for Crisp—a mistake that individual took the liberty of rectifying, as we have seen—but now he had actually omitted to bring the very medicine he signified his intention of bringing.

'Now, Crisp, my man, are you perfectly ready?'

'Yes, Mr. Arthur.'

'That is well. How do you do, Mr. Sillery? Oh no, nothing 'very serious: only it might be if I lost time. I suppose your ostler 'here will sit up until Crisp returns with the brougham?'

'Yes, Doctor.'

'Then, look here—take this key—Mr. Sillery will oblige me by 'sparing you for half an hour or so—run up and look after my 'mare. I had no time to attend her at all myself. Be careful of 'fire. Now, Matthew, lose no time. Good night.'

In three minutes the brougham was outside the town at a point where the main road diverges into one that leads to Billingham Gimlet. Doctor Sutton pulled the checkstring.

'Straight on, towards Wimpledale Place.'

Crisp whistled—inaudibly.

'As fast as you can go without breaking down. Don't pull up 'till you reach Squire Wilson's gate.'

'All right!'

Was it *all right?*

A QUIET BIT OF SCHOOLING.

A FEW weeks ago I happened to be staying, with other guests, at the country house of my friend, Stansby. We had several good days amongst the partridges, not a few of which were brought to hand, besides nailing such pheasants as could be worked with spaniels out of the outlying gorse and hedgerows. One young fellow of the party particularly struck me for his quiet, unobtrusive demeanour. Almost a boy in appearance, he was slightly though strongly made, and there was a quiet look in his eye which, despite an all but diffident manner, seemed to give promise of sterling coin within. We were perfect strangers, and I for one had never even heard the name of George Hatherley; but there was something from the first moment of our meeting that caused me to take an interest in him. As a shot he was first-rate, and proved it on one occasion: when shooting in some gorse, with no one near him, a rabbit bolted, and a pheasant rose behind him at the same moment. He first rolled over poor bunny, his nerves not the least disconcerted by the whirr of the pheasant, and then quietly turning, dropped him also. On another occasion he 'wiped the eye' of the whole party, who had successively missed a woodcock, and brought him down with a long and difficult shot. At the end of about a week we were strolling with Stansby through the stables, and commenting on the horses; when in the stalls devoted to hackneys we came on a magnificent chesnut, fully sixteen hands high, and whose long sloping shoulders, powerful quarters, and big second thighs gave him the appearance of being a veritable clinker across country.

'Why is this horse in the hack stable?' asked George, running his eye over the chesnut's fine proportions.

'To tell you the truth,' replied his owner, 'he has no business 'here. I bought him for a hunter, at a long price; but no power on 'earth can make him jump. He will do anything else pleasantly and 'well, but that he will not do. I sent him to the Kennels, and all 'the best men in the country have tried him to no purpose. Jump 'he will not.'

'What a pity! he looks like a thoroughbred, and good enough 'to win a Liverpool.'

'He is by Flatcatcher, dam by Cotherstone, out of an Emilius 'mare,' said his owner. 'He was bred by a man who entered him 'for nothing, and did not even have him broken until his third year; 'then I fancy it was imperfectly done, and as he got the better 'of them, he went through an operation, and was again turned out. 'On his breeder's death I bought him at Tattersall's, thinking 'to make a hunter of him. That he declines, though he is a 'capital hack, and worth a good sum for that purpose.'

'A great pity,' remarked George, lifting up the horse's quarter-piece, and once more scanning his powerful quarters.

'I wish you would let me ride him to-morrow at Finchley Gate,' said a young fellow of the name of Waters. 'I never yet saw 'the horse I could not make jump.'

'With pleasure; but send your own horse on, as I can assure you 'this one will not carry you beyond the first fence, and you must 'not lose the day in our best country.'

'You would not sell that chesnut, Stansby?' asked George after dinner.

'Well, I really do not want him, as I am full of hacks; I would 'take what he cost me at the hammer—a hundred.'

'He has never been tried, I think.'

'Never.'

'I will throw my leg across him to-morrow, and if I like him I 'will give you the hundred.'

'Agreed; he is worth all the money for a young fellow like you to 'ride in the Park.' George smiled, and said nothing.

The next day, as Finchley Gate was under five miles, we rode our own horses to the fixture. If we were pleased with the son of Flatcatcher in the stable, his appearance quite took us all by storm as he trotted with gay, jaunty step along the greensward at the roadside. He was quite up to fourteen stone, and with his shape and breeding it was impossible for him to be anything but a flyer across country, provided he would take it into his head to go.

Arrived at the meet, Waters had no small amount of chaff to encounter; it seemed every one in the field knew the horse, and each had some little anecdote of his obstinacy to relate.

'Take a good look at the pack,' said an elderly gentleman, who had shot with us a few days previously, 'before they find, for 'you will never see them afterwards.'

'Are you afraid of your friend breaking his neck?' asked another of Stansby, 'and have put him on that brute that he may not have 'the chance?'

'It is his own doing; he thinks he can make him jump, but I fear 'he will find himself deceived.'

Somehow Waters did not look quite so confident as when he mounted; and as Dick trotted the hounds away to a small gorse cover, I detected him making more than one application to his flask. A quick find, however, gave us very little time to look at him; the fox was away at once—seemed off, indeed, as we came up. An old customer who heard us, and stole away no doubt. Dick improved the occasion to the utmost, sent his horse over a stiff flight of rails, to shake off the field, and did so, all but some half-dozen (amongst whom I was surprised to see George on a two-year old), and got his hounds well settled on the line, and running hard ere the crowd made their way through the nearest gate. For a mile or two there was no time to look for any one; the scent was good, the country grass, and our fox went up wind, so the pace was a regular cracker; but at the end of that distance our fox showed that he had good reason for making the move he did, an unsuspected earth in a wooded bank

giving sanctuary from his foes; but he had not made his exit from the gorse one moment too soon, as the leading hounds were not fifty yards from his brush as he went to ground. Another moment's consideration on his part would have been fatal.

'Rather quick,' said George, who had sent his two-year old bang in front all the way. 'I don't see our friend on the chesnut any-'where.'

To tell the truth, although the distance was so short, a great many were missing. They very seldom dug out a fox in that country, so Dick mounted his second horse, and once more trotted away to the gorse.

Here we found Waters, in the same field from which we started, cursing the chesnut in the most orthodox manner; he had gone through the gate with the rest and then stopped short at a small hedge and ditch. Over this he tried all he could to force him, without avail, and after selecting various other places in the fence in vain, he, like every one else, was fain to give it up for a bad job.

'Well, Waters, won't he jump?' asked George, as he cantered up.

'No. He is, without exception, the greatest brute I ever 'crossed.'

'Then get your own horse, and let me see how I like him as a 'hack. I suppose it's no use thinking to make a hunter of him, if 'you can't ride him. But my young one has had nearly enough for 'to-day.'

The young one was sent home; Waters mounted his hunter, and Hatherley walked the chesnut quietly about, in conversation with his man, who was on a made hunter, while the gorse was being drawn. He gave him one canter round the field, just to feel his mouth and action, and settle into his seat, and then once more dropped down by the side of his man. The gorse did not hold another fox, so we trotted away to some woodlands a few miles distant. Going through the green lanes, we noticed George and his groom turn into a large field and canter side by side across it, the groom on the left-hand; before them was a large high quick-fence, black as night; in the centre a gateway hedged up from post to post, with a new stiff stake and bound, not very high, but strong as a gate; straight for this they went neck and neck, faster and faster, George feeling his horse's mouth, and just letting him know that he wore spurs.

'There's something up,' said Stansby, and the greater part of the field stopped to watch the result. At the fence they went, their knees touching, and the horses going stride for stride, and over sailed the groom, but the chesnut stopped short.

'Bring that horse back,' shouted George; and again they cantered round the field, and, putting on more steam, sent them once more at the fence with a like result. Then he pulled him round, and the fight commenced. The spurs that had before only pricked him, now went in to the rowel heads, the straight, cutting whip fell sometimes

on his ears, sometimes on his quarters, now behind the girths, this side, now that. No one could have believed it was the quiet little fellow George Hatherley thus exerting himself. The horse reared, bucked, and kicked, but all to no avail. Once more the old horse was brought back, and this time there was no mistake about the pace they went at it. The spurs well in, and three side binders in the last two strides was how the question was asked. The old horse flew it as he had done before, but the chesnut and his rider lay rolling on the other side.

'Come, that's better,' said he, mounting almost before his horse recovered his legs; and getting to work once more raced at the fence. Down again, but no sign of a refusal. 'One more try, and we shall do it,' said he, as he extricated his foot from the stirrup in which it had hung, and mounting as quickly as before. No respite, however, but at it again, this time with a bound like a deer, clearing about twenty feet the other side. Hatherley turned him at once, and, with a 'Come up!' was over again; turned still shorter than before and back safely.

'There,' said George, 'I think he will make a hunter after all,' as he dropped the reins, and the horse stood with distended nostrils, and the sweat trickling away from his hoofs in streams. 'I will give 'you a cheque for him when we return, Stansby; and if ever he 'should win the Liverpool, you shall know of the good thing in 'time to be on.'

'We must get forward,' said Stansby. 'Dick has already drawn 'half Dropdell Wood, and if he gets away with one of its wild 'foxes we shall never see them again.'

The grass was left behind us now, and we trotted on through wide arable fields, divided by live fences and rather wide ditches kept well clear of grass and weeds. As we approached Dropdell Wood we heard the deep notes of the pack shaking the last lingering autumn leaves from the trees, as they made the underwood crash and bend before them.

Entering the broad green riding that crossed the centre of the cover, a view halloa was heard at the far end.

'They are away,' said George, and set the chesnut going. The cover was nearly half a mile in length, and it was evident, as he stole with easy action over the turf, that he could gallop if not jump. Reaching the far end, he turned, waved us on, and pointed forward with his whip. The pack was well away, and beyond the first fence a strangely ragged hedge and bank; in the centre was a hog-backed stile with ditch and foot-board beyond, and straight for it he went.

'Another cropper for George,' said our host. But to every one's astonishment the horse faced at it as if he had been the kindest of jumpers all his life, and hog-backed stiles his especial vanity.

'Well done, old boy!' exclaimed Hatherley, patting his neck, as he landed a good three yards beyond it. A low gate into a green driftway, and another out of it, he did, of course, and sailed straight away for a live fence and wide ditch on the rising side, at which he went like

a lion. George steadied him all he could, but he had not forgotten his previous drilling and rushed. The consequence was another case of grief, as he never saw the ditch; they fell the right side however, and were soon on again. Our fox was a good one, and went straight; hardly a check occurred to give us puff, and by the time the plough was passed, and the grass reached, more than one began to hold out symptoms of distress. Still, on went the chesnut: he had now found out that he must jump, and nothing came amiss to him.

'Done at last, I fear,' said his rider, when a long line of pollards appeared in view, and we knew that there was a deep and wide brook meandering through the bottom. He nursed him along three headlands, and got all the pull he could before coming into the deep ground; then sitting down in earnest went at it.

'Only two over,' said Stansby, as he pulled up his regularly pumped-out horse, and trotted away to a ford, 'and one of them is 'my chesnut that won't jump. Confound it, how that young beggar 'does ride!'

It was true: five thought they had enough left to go at it, but only Dick (on his third horse) and the chesnut got over, the other three went in and stayed there a considerable time. The rest of us got over the bridge, and found they had killed their fox half a mile further on, ran into him in the open after fifty-five minutes best pace without a check. 'Where is Waters?' was the general query; but he was nowhere to be found. George declared he had never ridden a better horse in his life, and if he does not win a good stake next spring will be contented to eat him. We found Waters returned early, and started home at once. The servant said he left word that a letter on business called him away. We decided he thought it better not to wait for the chaff with which he would have been saluted. The chesnut is going on well, and has never refused a fence since.

N.

CRICKET.

THE SCHOOL AVERAGES—(*continued*).

SINCE our last number we have received the Marlborough and Rugby averages for 1869, which we now subjoin:—

MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE BOWLING AVERAGES.

In foreign matches only.

NAMES.	Balls.	Overs.	Runs.	Wickets.	Runs per Wicket.	Wickets per Innings.
J. A. Kempe	1201	296	386	40	9·26	1·17
R. M. Inchbald	1486	368	568	49	11·29	3·4
W. E. Leach	1121	278	444	38	11·26	2·8
W. A. Dawson	1019	233	377	31	11·36	2·3
F. S. Copleston	406	100	117	10	11·7	1·1
A. C. G. Hervey	205	51	105	7	15·5	1·1
R. Leach	81	20	41	4	10·1	2

Marlborough College Batting Averages.

In foreign matches only.

Names.	Runs.	Innings.	Times not out.	Most in an Innings.	Most in a Match.	Average per Innings.
R. Leach	311	12	7	81	81	25·11
W. E. Leach	380	20	0	67	76	19
H. B. Carlyon	189	15	1	38	38	12·9
J. A. Kempe	284	23	1	72	72	12·8
R. M. Inchbald	61	10	4	10	15	6·1
C. B. Woollcombe	214	24	1	37	52	8·22
J. Kingsford	209	19	2	55	55	11
W. A. Dawson	47	10	2	12	16	4·7
A. C. G. Hervey	224	18	3	46	46	12·8
F. S. Copleston	172	13	5	31	35	13·3
A. F. Robinson	66	11	1	14	14	6

Rugby Bowling Averages.

In foreign matches only.

Names.	Innings.	Balls.	Overs.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Runs off each Over.	Over.	Runs for each Wicket.	Over.	Wide Balls.	No Balls.	Average per Innings.	Over.
C. K. Francis	37	3808	952	1051	447	165	1	99	6	61	9	0	4	17
S. K. Gwyer	10	680	170	279	48	37	1	109	7	20	1	0	3	7
J. R. Walker	20	2044	511	647	204	64	1	136	10	7	0	0	3	4
H. Tubb	23	1956	489	675	199	90	1	186	7	45	0	5	3	21

Rugby Batting Averages.

In foreign matches only.

Names.	Matches.	Innings.	Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Most in a Match	Average per Innings.	Over.	Times not out.	Least in a Match.
C. K. Francis	17	22	258	61*	61*	11	16	1	0
S. K. Gwyer	12	18	296	78	84	16	8	0	1
J. R. Walker	15	17	170	53*	59	10	0	4	0
W. O. Moberly	6	9	234	84*	84*	26	0	1	13
E. H. Warner	15	17	185	47	47	10	15	3	0
H. W. Gardner	16	19	407	136	136	21	8	3	0
E. A. R. Benham	15	20	326	83	83	16	6	1	0
A. Gray	7	9	38	10	19	4	2	2	0
H. Tubb	16	19	286	57	67	15	1	2	0
G. R. Westfeldt	15	17	284	52	54	16	12	3	1
T. S. Pearson	15	20	201	29	29	10	1	0	0

* Not out.

The School played 17 matches: won 10, lost 4, drawn 3 all in their favour.

We have now published all the averages that have been sent to us, and it is not our fault that some, which we should have gladly received, are wanting. We have obtained a sufficient number, however, to afford our readers a fair view of the condition of cricket at our great schools, and of the standard of excellence to which the leading players in each eleven have attained. We remarked last month that Mr. Ottaway's average was far above all the rest that we had then received, and those of the Marlborough and Rugby elevens, that have since come to hand, have in no way deprived him of his pride of place. Indeed, there are not very many heavy scores among these last two elevens, and the three cracks of the season are Mr. Ottaway, with his average of 75, as mentioned before; Mr. Wise, of Cheltenham, who played 25 innings for an average of 36 runs per innings; and Mr. Nepean, of Charterhouse, who played 18 innings, and obtained an average of 39 per innings. Of course, school averages must be taken for what they are worth; we mean that the scores are often obtained against very indifferent bowling: but Mr. Ottaway showed sufficient form when playing at Canterbury and elsewhere during the vacation to prove that his pretensions to be a really good batsman were well founded. Mr. Wise obtained nearly 1000 runs in school matches; but we should fancy many of them are of a kind that does not demand an exhibition of the batsman's highest art. Mr. Nepean has been the bulwark of Charterhouse cricket, the highest average after his being only 15, and he is a really fine cricketer. Cricket is played at Charterhouse—or we should say has been played, for the old school is, we believe, a thing of the past—under great difficulties and disadvantages, and we have always wondered at the number of good cricketers who have come from so uncongenial a ground. Though there is nothing very extraordinary in the Rugby batting averages, Mr. Moberly's 26 being the highest, and that for 9 innings only, yet there is a most respectable uniformity about the eleven, no fewer than ten of them having got a double-figure average. Rugby has always been a good nursery of cricket, and the Rugby boys have the advantage of being annually tackled by some very strong antagonists, such as the Rugby Club and the Free Foresters. A boy who has sufficient steadiness and patience to play Mr. Buchanan's bowling, and who can get runs off it when favourable opportunities offer, must be pretty well advanced in his cricketing education. To see some school elevens play slows, or rather not play them, is supremely ludicrous. They have been duly coached by professional bowlers, and they can play a good length straight ball with precision; but directly some dodgy slow bowler comes against them, with now a ball a few inches from the off-stump, and now a ball to leg, and now a long hop, and now a 'yorker,' they are fairly bewildered. We believe that most people who have carefully watched school cricket will agree with us that schoolboys play straight, well-pitched bowling much better than loose uncertain bowling. They have learned their lesson well that their professionals have taught them, namely, to save themselves from being

bowled out by a fairly good ball; and when they come out for the trial, they repeat their lesson with considerable accuracy: but they have not learned, in the great majority of instances, how to save themselves from being caught out off a more than ordinarily bad ball, and to such a system of attack they frequently fall easy victims. In the Eton and Harrow match this year, for instance, straight ball after straight ball was played, to use a common expression, 'like a 'book;' while the number of loose balls let off, or badly hit, or only half hit at, was extraordinary. One reason of this is, that boys attempt, and are often encouraged by their mentors in the attempt, to play *at practice* too accurately. Not content with saving their wickets when a good ball is delivered, they play at the loose ones with as much constraint as if there were clever men waiting to catch them out, and their cricket reputation was at stake. Now we have always been of opinion that the great object of practice is to open the chest and strengthen the arms, and put the whole body in good trim for batting when the occasion may arise. After the first and second week of the season, one's eye begins to be sufficiently in to prevent an ordinary straight ball from disarranging one's wickets; the great thing in practice afterwards is to make as much as possible of every ball off the wicket. And this is to be done, not by any cut-and-dry rules of playing for safety, but by resolutely hitting out at every ball within one's reach with one's utmost strength. No matter whether the balls go up in the air or not; observation during practice will teach how strength should be used or modified in play; and we are perfectly certain that the more men hit at practice, the more freedom and confidence they have in matches. This opinion may be heterodox, and may be strenuously opposed by those purists who look to style above everything; but though style is a lovely thing, runs are better; and we have more than once seen a batsman play over after over in faultless style, and then retire without (as the newspapers say) troubling the scorers—which unsatisfactory result must be attributed to his inability, or unwillingness, or fear, to let out (even though he knew he could guard his wicket well enough), lest perchance he should make an incorrect hit. For our part, we believe that bad balls get the most wickets, and bad hits the most runs.

In regard to bowling, Mr. Dunn, of Charterhouse, has the best average, having taken 140 wickets for 800 runs, or an average of something over 5 runs for each wicket. Mr. Francis, however, is better known as a bowler, from having been more before the public; and one of the best judges of the game told us that he never saw school bowling superior, if equal, to that of Mr. Francis in a match at Lord's. Lord's is a bowler's ground, and, moreover, some bowlers have every now and then a day to themselves. Mr. Fellowes's day will long be remembered by Cambridge men; and this year, Shoesmith, of Sussex, was quite irresistible in the only match he ever played at Lord's, though since then he has been quite useless. We must not, however, forget that Mr. Francis's bowling average is good

throughout the season, he having bowled in 37 innings and obtained 165 wickets for something over 1000 runs, or an average of rather more than 6 runs per wicket. The Eton and Harrow bowling was generally considered to be only moderately good; but it may be noticed that neither Mr. Walker nor Mr. Buller has bowled a wide during the whole season. On the whole, the averages are a gratifying proof of the success with which the noble game is cultivated at our great schools.

ROWING.

In the December number we do not often obtrude aquatics upon the readers of 'Baily,' who are usually more seasonably occupied with hunting and steeplechase items; but this year the home and home matches of Thames *v.* Tyne demand passing notice, especially as the cream of each river was presumed to be engaged. The four-oared races arose out of the Thames Regatta, where, after a very hot struggle from Chiswick, Hammerton's crew beat Renforth's with very little to spare. All which was duly recorded 'in these 'columns,' to use a pet formula of Mr. Hotspur. The Northerners, being dissatisfied with their late defeat, as our dear departed friends, the heroes of the P.R. used to express it, challenged the winners to row the next day for a hundred a side; but the latter, having, possibly indulged in a wet night after their victory, declined this proposal, and subsequently two matches were arranged, the first on the Thames and the other on the Tyne, for 200*l.* a-side each. The Newcastle men got fit, and came to Putney in due time, and the Londoners, having taken Kelley instead of Pedgrift, were reasonably confident, and at the start decided favourites at 5 to 4. A worse day could not have been chosen, heavy rain falling all the afternoon; but however unwelcome to spectators, the weather was not so bad for the rowers themselves, who had a good tide, a smooth course, and—thanks to the arrangements of Mr. Lord of the Thames Conservancy—a clear one. London had the station, but the others getting well off, showed in the first few strokes a lead, which they kept without rapidly increasing for a quarter of a mile, the steering in both boats being somewhat vague. This was specially noticed off the Point, where the Northerners were far too much out, and Hammerton being now in a good course, had apparently come all but level. Renforth's crew, however, in spite of this disadvantage at the most critical part of the contest, were well away again at the Crab Tree, and though the others were, so far, working admirably, the Northerners had already the race clearly in hand, and during the remainder of the distance kept easily in front, finishing with a short burst, to show they were fresh. Towards the end, the course of the Thames crew was decidedly zigzag, for which the coxswain has been freely blamed; but though he showed a lack of judgment in not keeping more out of the wash in the middle of the race, he was certainly not responsible for the deviations at the finish, which appeared to us and many more to arise entirely from the bowside oarsmen, Sadler and Messenger, being exhausted, while Kelley and Hammerton, who worked like lions throughout, as a natural result, pulled them all over the river, and nothing but violent tugs at the lines prevented the boat running into the bank. So much for Hammerton junior who has, we think, been unjustly maligned. During the

first, which is usually the critical part of a boat-race, he certainly steered better than the north-country boy, who took so erratic a course, that nothing but the immense superiority of his crew prevented the Thames getting clear by the Point. As to the oarsmen, the Tyne were undeniably the better men, and the fact of their being non-favourites arose not from local partisanship, but was fully explained by the announcement that they had never tried to row their best since their arrival, except once 'on a Sunday morning, before 'the bells did ring.' How Renforth's philosophy reconciled this sabbath-breaking to his conscience we know not; unless on the old principle—better day better deed. The Thames crew were manifestly overmatched, as even at the beginning, before the struggle could have told on them, their rivals had superior pace, and showed more dash and liveliness. The crews were—

Tyne.	Thames.
J. Taylor	J. Sadler
T. Winship	H. Kelley
J. Martin	W. Messenger
J. Renforth (stroke)	G. Hammerton (stroke)
T. Wilson (cox.)	G. Hammerton, jun. (cox.)

After so decisive a defeat on their own river, it showed, we think, great pluck in the Thames men to go northwards at all; but, nothing daunted, or rather hoping against hope, they kept at work, and by altering their positions attempted, and not without success, to improve the crew. Young Rushbrook, of Wandsworth, was shipped as coxswain, Kelley took the stroke, Sadler No. 3, Messenger No. 2, and Hammerton the bow oar, so that the two gluttons were now on opposite sides. The Tyne men had, of course, no occasion to change, and only desired a fac-simile repeat of the previous spin. As the day approached, both teams were in good work, and reported fit; but we may notice as a coincidence that Kelley's sabbatarian experiences afloat were far less satisfactory than his rival's, for the Southerners, while out for practice on the Sunday preceding the race, were swamped by the rough waters, and very narrowly escaped drowning. What a delightful theme for the 'unco guid' of Glasgow and elsewhere to orate upon! The race-day itself was but little more favourable, as a strong wind blew, and the water was decidedly lumpy; added to which, the tide had turned before the start. The Thames men had the best station, and got away, but were collared after a fine struggle by the home crew, who won in about the same style as on the Thames. No other result could be reasonably expected, for though the Londoners were improved, the others when fairly at work still showed a marked superiority.

The second of the three gala days was devoted to the sculling match between W. Sadler and W. Brown, the American, who came to this country to row the champion, but after sundry disputes was matched with J. Sadler. Owing to illness, however, Brown declined to start, and Sadler rowed over. A match on the Tyne was since arranged between Brown and the younger Sadler, who is much inferior to his brother, and the American was fancied for this, as, though clearly no flyer, the man who came to try his mettle with Renforth ought at least, it was thought, to be equal to the task of disposing of a second-class man like W. Sadler. As, indeed, it proved, though Sadler pushed him so hard, that the American champion had very little in hand, until Sadler, who was scarcely fit, gave up a little way from home.

The last, and, perhaps, altogether the most attractive day's sport, was devoted to a double-sculling match between Kelley, with one of his crew,

i. e., his old rival, Joe Sadler, and Renforth and a member of his crew, J. Taylor; and if the Thames men deserve *kudos* for coming north to be licked in the fours, Renforth is assuredly entitled to every praise for going on with this affair. Kelley issued a challenge to the Tyne men, which was accepted by Renforth with the idea that a pair-oared match was intended, but when it was clearly explained that it was to be double-sculling, he pluckily adhered to his bargain, though this style of boat is utterly unknown on the Tyne, while Kelley has become an expert at the work from constant practice with the City Leviathan, who first introduced this style of outrigger, which is generally rather despised by practised oarsmen. Gigs of this rig are, however, much affected by lardy-dardy up-river gents, who think it looks pretty, and lack the watermanship required to steer a pair by the bow oar. Kelley's was a capital craft, nearly new, while Renforth had to row in a transmogrified pair, rigged up for the occasion; and though the northern champion is undoubtedly a better sculler than Kelley, Sadler is far more superior to Taylor, who, judged through Percy, is a long way behind him. Altogether Renforth had his work cut out, but his previous doings have shown him so vigorous, that we were not surprised at his party standing him, though why sporting talent (?) should jump at laying 2 to 1 on him, as we hear they did in London on the day, does puzzle us. Everything was favourable for the match, which was well contested for some distance, the Tyne leading at first, but the others, going better together, went by, and kept a good lead until close home, when Renforth, with a grand spurt, drew up, and over-lapped the Thames boat, which he unfortunately fouled. Kelley then went away again, and led by a length and a half at the finish, the race being very properly awarded to him. This brought to a close the best succession of sport seen on the Tyne since May, 1867, when Percy, Kelley, and Bright were the heroes of the hour. We have to look much further back to find its parallel here, but hope there are better days in store for the London river, whose men, though unsuccessful, have certainly shown every desire to uphold its reputation. *Apropos* of the Thames, as the appeal in the Sadler *v.* Smith case is again decided in the plaintiff's favour, we hope to hear no more of this *cause célèbre*.

OUR VAN.

The Invoice.—November Notes.

NOVEMBER, the darkest, dreariest, foggiest month in the year, is nevertheless one truly welcomed by the fox-hunter, who will put up with any of the *désagrémens* at which a Londoner growls, for the sport which comes with it at the opening of the month, when M.F.H.s commence advertising their fixtures, and the effigy of the wretched Mr. Fawkes is carried round from door to door, with the charitable intention of keeping alive the original hatred between Protestant and Catholic. November also is the advent of the Coursing Meetings, and the greyhounds have almost been doing as much work as the racehorses. So the betting men have been kept hard employed with their pencils, and favourites and outsiders have won in their turns. The only advantage that seems to arise to our minds from what are termed the Autumn Meetings, is that they cause the third editions of the evening papers to be got

through, which they rarely are, without they contain the racing telegrams of the day. But the game has now been nearly played out for the season. The 'Racing Calendar' is on the eve of publication, and the 'Forfeit List' is almost ready; and in a few weeks we shall be flooded with racing statistics of all sorts and descriptions, so that everything will be done that industrious editors can devise to educate the public in what is pompously termed 'the 'Sport of Kings.' The month can scarcely be termed a sensational one; for the events that have been signalised during its continuance have been of the most commonplace description, unrelieved by any romantic incidents. But before we proceed to comment upon them, we must, in the first place, apologise to our readers most frankly and sincerely for the extremely negligent and faulty manner in which 'Our Van' was packed last month, when three-fourths of the parcels were left out, and which caused to ourselves more vexation and annoyance than we can well express. But we have made such arrangements, that the like will in all probability never occur again, and this month we trust to despatch our little vehicle without dropping a single parcel. Liverpool commenced as Warwick ended the Autumn Meetings, of which Shrewsbury was the sandwich, and eagerly devoured by many hundreds. At Aintree, from all appearances, the Clerk of the Weather was dead against autumn racing; for he gave them at the opening of the November diversions, a regular Magna Charta storm, the effect of which still lives in the memory of those who of necessity were compelled to undergo it; and if all be true that has been represented to us, 'the hatters' of Liverpool are under as many obligations to Mr. Topham, as the 'Licentious Victuallers,' and ought to mark their gratitude by a testimonial of an adequate character. As at all places of a similar sort, the good things are kept for the last, so the Autumn Cup did not come on until the last afternoon, and thus people were compelled to remain in Liverpool from the Monday to the Friday, greatly to the satisfaction of the Hotel-keepers, who regard a living racing man as a prisoner of war, and treat him accordingly. The Cup was, as usual, one of Mr. Topham's light handicaps, which annually provoke so much criticism, and are annually continued under the same circumstances as before, regardless of the expostulations of racing critics and prophets, who have for years predicted the erasure of the Autumn Meeting from the Calendar. However, it would seem to keep its place, and, in spite of every endeavour to crab it by allusions to racing in 'arctic weather,' to hold its own. This year it will be ever memorable for exhibiting both a good race and the example of an owner of horses determining to assert the right of doing what he likes with his own, and not taking into his confidence the contributors to the cheap Sporting Press. And as this matter has been so fiercely discussed elsewhere, we trust we may be pardoned for alluding to it in full, while we tell a plain unvarnished tale, from which we will allow our readers to draw their own inferences; because, as the matter is at the present moment *sub judice*, any further allusion to it would be improper, and might lay us open to the charge of favouritism, to which we plead not guilty. Well, it would seem that Sir Joseph Hawley had three different animals engaged in the Liverpool Cup, [illegible]ashing with 'The [illegible]bility could have won with either of them. But it appears [illegible]naccountably over-

 [illegible]nds, especially among

the doctrine that a man has 'a right to do what he likes with his own' is almost obsolete, and that now he is compelled to listen to the advice of the 'Ciceros,' 'Pisistratuses,' and 'Tiresiases' of some of the cheap Sporting Newspapers, if he would race in peace. For these writers will calculate the weights for him, guess his intentions, and regulate his course of action in the most obliging manner, presuming that the unhappy owner must be extremely grateful for being favoured with so much kind advice gratis. These writers, therefore, in the exercise of what they considered their duty to the public, who can hardly be said to have been sufficiently grateful for their self-imposed obligation, accordingly analyzed the handicap, and announced it to be their firm assurance and belief that Siderolite was the best of Sir Joseph Hawley's lot, and would certainly carry the Cup to King's Clere. But unfortunately there was another person whom they had not taken into their confidence, and that was Sir Joseph Hawley, who had a strong predilection for Lictor, and who manifested that feeling by, on learning from his trainer that he was well, striking out Blue Gown and Siderolite within three hours of having intelligence to that effect. This act of ownership, by which the reputation of these Grecian prophets was rather dimmed, came like a thunderbolt upon these would-be educators of the people, was received by them, as may be imagined, with heaps of the choicest Billingsgate. And it being whispered that some persons having casually gathered from Sir Joseph's own lips that he fancied Lictor, operated accordingly, bringing down coals of fire upon the head of the devoted Sir Joseph, whose racing transactions, we will answer, might be read out at Charing Cross or the Royal Exchange without bringing the blush of shame upon his cheek. This took place on a Monday, and the British public was left until Friday to 'follow the 'tip' which Sir Joseph had so good-naturedly given them, which, although at the time the correct one, was hardly as much appreciated as it deserved to be; and the sporting writers would seem to have been more engaged in vituperating the Kentish Baronet, as they term Sir Joseph, than in following the suggestion he had so kindly thrown out. We venture to say—and we have no hesitation in doing so—that there is not a member of the Jockey Club, or indeed any owner of horses, who is more a friend to the Sporting Press than Sir Joseph Hawley. He allows them free access to his stables on the eve of a great race, details to its recognised members the fullest account of his transactions, and he makes no secret of his intentions, being as open-minded as the late Mr. Drinkald was mysterious. But when he was stigmatised as great a robber as ever stood at the Central Criminal Court, it was hardly surprising 'if he showed a little 'temper,' and 'let out,' which he did in rather an abrupt manner. His action was quick as usual, being what is termed 'an excellent beginner.' He first retained Mr. George Lewis, that Wells of London solicitors, and whose engagement was an assurance to the friends of the cherry jacket that he would most assuredly spin. Accordingly the lot were soon got off before Judge Henry, who remitted the hostile critics to run over again at the Old Bailey course on the 13th of December, when the final heat will be run off. The event, as may be expected, excited the greatest curiosity, and in our next impression we shall give a full return of it. And, in taking leave of the

question until then, we would fain express a hope that the result will prove a lesson to young and amateur writers on racing topics not to impute to noblemen and gentlemen who own racehorses practices, which exist only in the imaginations of the writers themselves, and which, if they were adopted to the extent imputed to them, would render the actors worthy of being advertised in Stables' Protection Circular. And thus a far healthier tone will be given to the Sporting Press, and the two classes of society in the Sporting World reconciled more closely than they have been before. As we said before, Lictor proved equal to the occasion, and his victory showed how correct Sir Joseph was in his conclusions about him; but his success would not have created such a sensation but for the circumstances attending it, and which we have endeavoured to relate.

From Aintree the next move was to the quaint old town of Shrewsbury, which, although nominally under the government of a Mayor and Corporation, is in reality under the sole supervision of Mr. Frail, with whom is popularly supposed to be invested the powers of life and death in Shrewsbury. The present Meeting was invested with more than usual interest, because it was rumoured that it would be very nearly the last held under the present Lessee, whose political friends are understood to be straining every nerve in their power to remunerate him for the services he has rendered his party. Fortunately, a precedent has been discovered for such a step in the dignity bestowed upon Sir R. Dalrymple by the present Ministry, which the Opposition will be only too glad to follow when circumstances permit. Certain it is Sir John Frail will not disgrace his forthcoming honours by his appearance or manners, and we congratulate his colleagues on the recognition of their orders as offering no impediment to the enjoyment of the highest dignities of the Crown. The weather was, like that of Mr. Frail's demeanour, soft and genial, and the attendance sufficient to take up all the accommodation to be obtained in the town, the walls of whose cottages are painted like the colours of Mr. Payne's racing jacket. Of the handicapping we can make a favourable report, several of the events requiring no little trouble on the part of the conquerors to solve the knotty point involved in them. But what excited the greatest admiration and astonishment was the perfect squareness with which the proceedings were conducted, and which could not have been exceeded had it been under the auspices of Old Burlington Street. Fortune was as fickle as ever in the distribution of her favours, and Lord Westmoreland, who has had a horribly bad year, was just done out of the Shrewsbury Cup, to whom, with the added money, it would have been most useful, and come in as handy as a gimlet, by a bare head in consequence of slipping at a few yards from Mr. Clarke's box. However, the noble lord, although defeated, was not discouraged, and was to be seen at Warwick the following week trying fortune as adventurously as ever. At Warwick the talent assisted in great numbers, but the falling-off in the general attendance was too conspicuous not to attract general observation. This was to be attributed to the fact of Mr. Merry's Meeting clashing with 'The Twelfth Mission Week,' which that gentleman somewhat unaccountably overlooked, and which deprived him of some of his best friends, especially among

the Household Troops, who were zealous observants, as might be imagined, of the solemn ordinance in question. The racing was abundant both in point of quality and quantity, and none but a man of business of Mr. Merry's business calibre could have got through the sport in the appointed hours. Time is not thrown away usually at Warwick, and the sound of the starting-bell was so continually ringing in one's ears the whole of the day, as forcibly to remind the attendant of being the guest at a monastery, when masses are being continually sung for the repose of departed patrons. And here we come across, for the first time this season, the crack steeple-chasers of the day, who creep out of their egg shells to hear the gossip of the hour and to advertise their entire willingness to risk every bone in their frames for fee or reward upon every hard-pulling brute they may be called upon to ride. Several old flat-racers have come out to fill existing vacancies among the steeple-chase cracks, and among the best candidates may be said to be Brick and Xi, both of whom are not unknown to fame at Newmarket, and their jumping powers when fully developed are in the highest degree encouraging. But from so many neophytes having to appear this season, we fear the commencement of it will not be so brilliant as the termination, when Messrs. Edwards, Thomas, and Crawshaw have got into their full swing. Betting men are preparing to go into winter quarters, from which they are not likely to emerge until we find them at the 'George,' at Northampton, with fresh-cut pencils and virgin-lined books to underwrite their investments. But from the signs in the Turf horizon, it does not seem as if the Derby of 1870 is likely to become a great betting race, and in our opinion 'the Ship of the Desert' appears more likely to bring home the Blue Riband in his cargo, than any other nomination, and we adhere to this opinion, even if the day be a 'sunshiny one.' But with Hester and Frivolity in his stable, if Joseph Dawson can make a mistake about Camel, he ought at once to resign the seals of office, and be glad to become head lad to one of his brothers. But we believe the Fates have other destinies in store for Joseph. Racing news is not very plentiful, and the 'Accountants' at the various training stables are beginning to study afresh the rules of addition, subtraction, and division, greatly, no doubt, for their own employers' benefit. The jockeys are a little behind the trainers, for they are waiting for the appearance of 'the Book Calendar,' as, until that work is issued from Old Burlington Street, many of them, who do not keep private secretaries, have no reliable clue to their engagements.

The large majority in the Jockey Club in favour of the abolition of Selling Races, as proposed by Captain Alexander, has been deemed 'a heavy blow, 'and great discouragement,' to the various Clerks of Courses and enterprising Lessees connected with them. And they are reported as being determined to offer the most strenuous resistance to it, despite the penalties said to be inflicted by the Act. In fact, 'the infant Colonies,' as they may be termed, seem determined to throw off the yoke of 'the Mother Country.' The struggle, however, we do not imagine, will be either long or successful, as the Jockey Club, determined to assert their rights, it is given out, are resolved to strengthen their position by an application to Parliament, which will be only too anxious

to grant them plenary powers on the subject of all matters appertaining to the Turf. And, although Captain Alexander's measure strikes at the root of the evil complained of, and curtails in a very serious manner the profits of the managers—we believe 'caterers' is the 'regulation phrase,' of these Suburban Meetings—we are only surprised that the frauds connected with the Selling Races at them have not before engaged the attention of the legislature of the Turf, and been put down with a high hand. And if the Nobleman, whose loss the whole Nation is now so deeply bewailing, had been spared to bring in a new Turf Reform Bill, we are quite sure that Selling Races would have been placed in Schedule A. We would beg Clerks of Courses also to bear in mind that if they should feel inclined to set the rules of the Jockey Club at defiance, they cannot anticipate any of that body acting as Stewards of their Meetings; for such a course would be giving encouragement to the malcontents, and add to the difficulties of the situation. We shall therefore look with no little avidity to the commencement of the racing season of next year, with the view of discovering who will 'bell the cat.'

Relative to Hunting, we may observe that, owing to the unusually hard and slippery state of the ground, rendering riding to hounds really dangerous, coupled with an absence of scent, we have nothing extraordinary to report in the way of good runs from either Northamptonshire or Warwickshire; and in addition to the above, we never remember having before seen the ditches so dry and so blind, or so much foliage on the trees at this time of the year, so that there have already been numerous casualties. From these causes the fields have as yet been very small in comparison with the usual after-Christmas mobs.

The Pytchley, under the management of the new master, Mr. Craven (who seems fully determined to maintain the reputation of that hunt), are very nicely turned out; as the horses are quite up to the mark, and the servants' clothes the best made we have ever seen. There is a good show of foxes all over the country, although we think they have been rather too hard on them in some places during the cub-hunting season, and Roake's spirit to show sport is very willing. These hounds had a fine day's sport on Wednesday, the 24th. They met at West Haddon, and, strange to say, drew Watford Gorse blank. This surprised many, as there were at least four brace of cubs left behind a month ago; but it may be accounted for by a brace of their brothers being killed in the covert, which frequently has the effect of frightening the survivors away entirely. They then went to Crick, and found directly; but what with the impetuosity of the field, and a lot of bullocks soiling the ground, this fox was soon lost. They then went to Yelvertoft-field side, and found a good one, who went well away over that very fine country by Winwick, to Cold Ashby and Thornby, then by Naseby to Purser's Hill, where the hounds ran into him. But before they killed near Thornby, poor Dick Roake, who was riding a rather raw green horse, had a very bad fall, from the effects of which we fear he may suffer some time. How it happened we do not exactly know, but the poor fellow was seen running round and round in a field, and screaming with pain, or to bring somebody to his assistance. His head was dreadfully cut and bruised. He was carried to Captain Cooper's house, and attended by

Doctor Bucknill. For some time he was delirious, and told stories of former runs, and was very garrulous, which proved how hard a blow he had had; for those who know Dick well, would say that in ordinary life he is not loquacious, and that he resembles the sailor's parrot, who was celebrated more for his reflection than the brilliancy of his conversational powers. But what will the Pytchley do for a huntsman? That is the question. Several others came down, among them Mr. Craven, who, on getting up, found he could get no more music out of his horn for that day.

The Warwickshire, who look as neat as ever, are this season hunted by the master, Mr. Spencer Lucy, who is always with his hounds, and from his quiet manner with them seems destined to take a first class as a gentleman huntsman. The North Warwickshire, under their new master, Mr. Lant, and their very civil and active huntsman, Tom Firr, have also made a good beginning, and augur every prospect of plenty of sport. We hope, during the ensuing season, to report many good runs from these countries; and to enable us to do so we hope the new masters will not only be seen, but frequently heard, addressing the cut-me-down gentlemen, in the imperative mood; and if they are unable to cope with these nuisances, single-handed, we suggest that they should appoint one or more gentlemen of known position, to assist them in the maintenance of order in the field, and we feel sure that they would be supported by all true sportsmen. In nearly every country there are some well-known delinquents, who, the older they grow, the worse they become, who season after season invariably spoil everybody's sport; and the only way to deal with them is for the master to address them individually and imperatively. We hear complaints of a lack of foxes in the Quorn country, Lord Archibald St. Maur, who resided in the very centre of it, and who himself used to hunt six days a week, no longer preserving. On the forest side of the country there are not as many foxes as there ought to be, although pheasants abound. These hounds had a fine run on the 22nd from Gaddesby, but Musters had the misfortune to kill his horse. He has begun the season in this way unfortunately, Gillard having killed one the week before. On the same day, Mr. Tailby met at Burton Overy. The hounds found at Glen Gorse, and ran fast to Staunton Wood. During the run, Mr. Tailby and Dick Webster, who were side by side, rode over a very big nasty fence: Mr. Tailby's horse made a peck on landing, threw him, and dragged him some distance before he was stopped. Mr. Tailby was quite knocked out of time, and did not know where he was; however, by the assistance of Richard, who stayed with him, and was quite the Good Samaritan, he came round sufficiently to be able to remount, and get up to the hounds. It was a very bad fall, and would have cooked nearly anybody but Mr. Tailby, who perhaps has as many falls in the hunting season as a pantaloon during the run of a pantomime. Lord Coventry has not done particularly well with the North Cotswold. At least the promise of cub-hunting has not been sustained from his capital entry, for the present month has been the worst scenting one almost ever seen. However, on Saturday week they had a capital run for an hour and forty minutes, which, from its pace, might be well termed a 'Saturday Review.' The scent in Hampshire last month seems to have been totally gone, with the exception of Friday the 19th, and Monday the 22nd, and the latter day only in the afternoon. The Hambledon have had no running and no killing. The H.H. have had no running, but plenty of blood, and if the scent is ever so bad they still keep upon the line of their fox, till they bring him to hand. On Tuesday the 16th, there was a grand Meet of the H.H.,

at Brookwood Park, the seat of Col. Greenwood, to make a presentation of a service of plate to Mr. Deacon, subscribed for by the members and farmers of the H.H. and others who are in the habit of hunting with him. Col. Greenwood, on presenting the plate, made a most excellent speech; and Mr. Deacon, in returning thanks, made a speech, like a quick run—short, sharp, and decisive. Well does Mr. Deacon deserve this handsome testimonial for his quiet, mild, patient manner with an unruly, field. The 'Admiral' if he could only see him would handicap him at even weights with 'Job.' The hounds, since Mr. Deacon has taken them, have improved full five hundred pounds in value; as once, at a Hunt dinner in Dorsetshire, when some one proposed the health of Treadwell, Mr. Farquharson's huntsman, some one else got up and proposed that Mr. Codrington's health should be joined to it, he having made the huntsman, so the pack that Mr. Deacon derives the greatest part of his blood from should be mentioned—which is Lord Portsmouth's; and it makes his Lordship's pack to be second to none in the kingdom. The Hursley have felt the effects of the season the same as other packs. On Monday the 22nd they ran from one o'clock for twenty-five minutes: they did not kill; they had one fox dead beat, but a fresh one jumped up and saved his life, and they changed again afterwards, when the hounds were stopped. It is worth riding some miles to see the sporting way Morris throws his hounds into covert. If the scent changes the Hursley will show sport; and everything appears to go on prosperously under the able management of Mr. Chamberlayne, Col. Nicoll, and last, but not least, their invaluable Secretary, Mr. Fitt, of Westley. It is quite a treat to see him in the field; he is the perfect picture of the old Sportsman, and there is not a fault to be found from the top of his cap to the hoof of his horse.

In Yorkshire, the York and Ainsty being now an entirely new establishment, no man belonging to it left who knows the way from cover to cover, there is plenty of opportunity for growlers to make their little silly remarks. Still, on all sides it must be admitted that Sir George Wombwell showed a proper spirit in coming forward to keep together this useful but unfortunate pack of fox-hounds. He has a good stud of well-bred horses, and his servants are turned out in a business-like form. 'Peter Collinson,' his huntsman, is a remarkable-looking man, quite a character; his hounds look well and appear to work for him as kindly as can be expected. Some people say he is too hasty with them—a common fault amongst huntsmen; some busy themselves with the colour of his hair, and his peculiar dog language. He wants the luck to have a good run before he will be considered a great man. The City of York is in great force. Sir George and Lady Julia have rooms at Thomas' Hotel; Colonel and Mrs. Wombwell have a house for the season. Colonel Wombwell (the boy Arthur) has a stud of horses, hunts, loves, and is to marry. Rudston Read is hunting, and, his many friends will gladly hear, is strong and well. In the occasional absence of the Master, he takes the command, and if an opportunity offers, cheers the hounds with a power and tone that Dr. Monk could not arrive at if he let drive all the stops in his grand Minster organ. The Badsworth Hounds are all alive with their new Master, Mr. Hope Barton, a good sportsman, and first class-man over the country. We hope he will continue to keep up this old-established pack of fox-hounds for many years to come. They have had very good sport, but rather bad luck, amongst their fields, those old members of the Hunt, Messrs. Lee and Annes, having had bad falls. The Bramham Moor Hounds have been doing fairly well all along.

The huntsman, Morgan, was unlucky during the cub-hunting season; his horse fell on him, and injured his ankle. He thought little of it, and was at work again in a day or two. Unluckily on the 5th of November his horse slipped on the greasy grass, and injured the same ankle, and he has been shut up ever since. The Master, Mr. Lane Fox, is now determined to do his best to amuse his field, and has had three weeks' good sport, seldom going home without his fox. Our particular Correspondent—the fawn-coloured Rabbit of Bramham Moor—tells us that the day from Riffa, on November 8th, was most lively. After drawing the grand wild cover Riffa blank, they found at Almscliff Whin, got away close at him, and ran fast a good line towards Pannal, to ground in a drain—40 minutes. Found again at Walton Head Whin; ran 35 minutes, and killed. On the 19th, Atterton Wood produced a real good fox. The hounds found instantly, and ran for half an hour, in cover. At last they were got away pretty close to a fox, pointing for Mr. Brooksbank's park, then Wighill village, left Kelaugh on the right, and came to the first check on the Hutton and Angram road; 35 minntes—very quick. A judicious cast to the right, down wind, put the pack on the line again, and they ran on, leaving Swanns Whin and Askham village on the right, and ran him to ground in an earth near the York and Ainsty kennels; time out of cover 1 hour 30 minutes. Nov. 20th.—Found in a large Whin cover west of Harewood Woods, ran to Westwoods, near Bramham, and killed; 1 hour 13 minutes. These two runs are such as you only have with old foxes; the first is calculated to be about ten miles, the last eight, and straight. Nov. 22.—Harewood Bridge. Found in the Punch Bowl. A rattling 20 minutes round Kirkby to Swindon Wood; changed foxes, and lost on Spofforth Hags. Found again in Swindon Wood, and after hunting and running, and much patience and perseverance shown by hounds and men, got up to a tired fox, gave him a good bustling, and killed him, at the end of 3 hours' work. 24th Nov.—Hook Moor. Found in Payne Hall Wood, the property of that good fox-preserver, J. E. Bland, Esq., of Kippax, but not much scent. Found a second fox in Ringer Wood, ran hard through Wheat Wood, Micklefield Wood, Huddlestone Wood, forced him away, and drove him over the open without a check to Scarthingell Park, killing him under the well; a brilliant 40 minutes. Trotted back to Parlington, where Mr. Gascoigne strictly preserves the animals, all good fellows think of so much value. Before reaching the Park, a travelling fox was viewed; he had been on the move, and did not stand long before this bloodthirsty pack. Another was found and went to ground. Our curious Correspondent spins awful yarns, and is frightfully excited about all this sport. 'Such rattling good runs, and ending so well.' A quiet and forward observer tells us that Mr. Lane Fox carries the horn, rides sixteen stone, and does not profess to be 'with hounds' when they run fast; consequently he cannot take hold of them too soon. George, the first whip, is a quick, keen, promising young man, and he and his master strain every nerve to show sport, and back one another in the field like a brace of well-educated pointers. No jealousy, and the order of the day is, 'Do not interfere with the hounds if it can be 'avoided. Get them away quickly with their fox, and let them keep their 'noses down.' This is all very well, but in fox-hunting, what a grand thing luck is! Strangers like the little Spa, Thorp Arch, the hunting is handy. Lord Valentia, and Captain the Hon. C. Molyneux have been staying there. Lord and Lady Down, and a large stud of hunters are expected daily. A troop or two of the 5th Dragoon Guards are at Leeds, and their business-like coach and team at the place of meeting is a pleasure to old eyes. They are fond of hunting, and ride well to hounds.

If there has been an abundance of rain in many parts of England during the autumn, this cannot certainly be said of the Midland Counties, for in Leicestershire there has been such a remarkable scarcity of it that when they began regular hunting the first week in November, what with the unusual quantity of grass in the fields, the leaves on the hedges, and the extraordinary hardness of the ground, we have often known the country ride as well or better in July. But a hunting they would go, wet or dry, hard ground or soft. However, the long-wished-for change has come at last. On Monday, 22nd inst., and Tuesday 23rd, there fell a nice soaking rain, which has altered the state of the ground very much for the better, though in some places the grass is still very hard and slippery. And with the rain came the sport; for as before, there was nothing much worth recording; since then there have been two or three first-rate days. On Monday the 15th, the Quorn were at Baggrave, and finding a good fox in the afternoon at John of Gaunt cover, the huntsman, Gillard, and the rest of the field, were unable to get over the brook at the bottom of the cover with the hounds, and going round by the bridge, never set eyes on them again till they got to Owston Wood, which the hounds were seen to enter, running hard with no horseman within sight. Monday, the 22nd, a nice wet morning: the Quorn were at Gaddesby, found in Ashby Pasture, and ran a ring of 40 minutes to ground, bolted and killed. Gastree Hill next proving blank, they found again in that capital cover Thorpe Trussells, and coming straight away by Thorpe Village, leaving Twyford to the right and skirting John of Gaunt, by Marefield and Owston Village, to ground in Owston Wood. This was a really good gallop, and there were plenty of loose horses, for the fences in this line are not to be trifled with, as any one who knows the country is well aware. During this run, Mr. Musters had the ill-fortune to stake his horse so badly that he died on the spot, which is the more to be deplored, as it is the second horse he has lost this season from the same cause. On the same day, Mr. Tailby, at Barton Overy, had a narrow escape of his life. His horse slipped and fell with him, and his foot hanging in the stirrup, he was dragged a considerable distance head downwards before his foot came out of the stirrup. He escaped luekily without very serious injury, for though unable to hunt with his hounds the next day at Launde Abbey, where they had a good day's sport, he was out again, we understand, at Stawston, on Thursday last. On Wednesday the 23rd, the Belvoir met at Stonesby—a nice hunting day after the rain. Not finding in Burbidge's cover, they were more fortunate in Brentingby Spennies, and coming away over the Grantham turnpike-road, pointing for Thorpe, over the hill, and crossing the Scalford Brook and the Scalford Road, and on over the line of Hills for Welby osier bed. Leaving this to the right, the fox pointed for Grimston Gorse, but turning under Wartnaby, he ran through Cants Thorns, and was killed in a small plantation by Welby Churchyard in 55 minuses—the first 25 without a check. When these hounds do get a good straight fox and a scent, it certainly is a treat to see them do their work and to ride to them if you can. Lord Wilton was out this day for the first time, looking wonderfully well, and was with the hounds throughout the run.

In the Breeding World, the Leasing of the late Lord Glasgow's horses was the great feature of the month. The scene of action was laid at Doncaster, in one of the old paddocks, and most of the Breeders of the day, including Lord Scarborough, were present, and the exhibition proved most distinctly that the race of big, powerful English horses is not so extinct as some Sporting Writers have imagined them to be. Knowsley, one of the best-looking sons of Stock-

well at the stud, and who was well recommended by the running of his stock, realised the highest terms. General Peel, a great fine strapping horse, but who was put at too high a price the first season he came out, came next. A great many of the horses that had been previously advertised were withdrawn, and of the remainder Brother to Strafford and Rapid Rhone, who was got for Mr. Chaplin's Tenantry, may be described as running well up. General Peel joined Mr. Gulliver's lot at Banbury, where he will be associated with Chevalier d'Industrie and Neville, and Knowsley was removed to Tetsworth in the same county, his lessee being Lord Norreys. Among the young Stallions coming on from whom great expectations have been formed is Speculum, who is not, as is generally supposed, a small horse, but stands upwards of 15 3 in height. He has deep shoulders well laid back, and very powerful, and was the second-best horse of his year, as he ran no less than eighteen times as a two-year old, and as a three he was only beaten by Blue Gown and King Alfred. By the Racing Calendar we perceive that Thormanby is at the head of the poll of Winning Stallions for the past year, while Adventurer is a good second; and as Newminster, who made Rawcliffe, is dead, Beadsman may be said to have occupied the third place, which, for so young a horse, is highly creditable to him.

Racing news is very scarce, but there have been several large sales going on, Col. Astley, Mr. Saxon, Mr. Merry, and Mr. Heene having made very extensive drafts in their teams, and Mr. Pryor is announced as going to leave Joseph Dawson. In the West, we learn that the opposition to Dr. Temple's appointment as Bishop of the diocese has completely interfered with all Sporting matters. Great endeavours were made to induce Sir Lydston Newman to join in the demonstration; but the Mamhead Baronet was far too much of an old soldier to question for a moment the validity of an appointment made by the Crown, with whom, he is wisely of opinion, all nominations to Clerical Benefices should rest.

Our Obituary, owing to the many mistakes which occurred in 'the making-up' of the last Van, is rather an extensive one, commencing with the Earl of Derby, and concluding with Francis Ignatius Coyle; thus bringing within its limits, as it were, the Alpha and Omega of the Turf. Of these, the first-named has nobly earned a Gazette of his own, and ample justice has been already rendered to his merits. But the writers of Lord Derby's Sporting career have given an impression to the world that he was merely a sportsman in so far as he was connected with the Turf. Nothing could be more erroneous; Lord Derby delighted in all kinds of country amusements. So long as his grandfather kept staghounds in Surrey, Mr. Stanley was a constant attendant, and took an active part in their management. This was during the period between his leaving Oxford and his acceptance of the Secretaryship for Ireland. In Cooper's picture of Lord Derby's staghounds, Mr. Stanley is painted upon one of his favourite hunters, with Jonathan Griffin upon the celebrated Spanker, and the whipper-in upon Needle. As a partridge shot, Lord Derby was bad to beat, and until he became crippled by the gout he was an excellent walker. Nothing, however, would induce him to be prudent, and when a wine merchant sent him some Amontillado to try, with the recommendation that, if he drank nothing else, he would never be troubled with the gout, Lord Derby wrote to him in reply, 'I have tasted your sherry, and prefer the gout.' Still he retained his walking powers until the last ten or twelve years. Upon one occasion, Lady Derby was in too delicate a state of health to be moved from St. James's Square to Knowsley by the usual means of rail or road, Lord

Derby fitted up a barge for her accommodation, and she was taken by canal, Lord Derby himself walking the whole distance from London to Liverpool along the towing-path. In the days when farmers left long stubbles, no one had a better kennel of pointers, and he took great pleasure in their work, but, when modern farming came in, he exchanged his pointers for spaniels. Even when debarred by gout from taking an active part in field sports, Lord Derby still retained his interest in them. With each gun at Knowsley a scorer was told off, and the returns of killed and missed were read out by the host after dinner, with a running commentary of pleasant chaff, of which Lord Derby was such a perfect master. The deeds of Mr. Coyle have not been sufficiently emblazoned as they deserve. Be it our task then to supply the defect which, strange to say, none of the Sporting Journals of the present day have endeavoured to amend. Francis Ignatius Coyle was, as it were, a relic of the last generation of professional playgoers, and rather a valuable one also, as subsequent events will show. He was born at Blackrock, near Cork, and with his two brothers, on their arrival in this country, joined the Elephant's-Tooth Brigade, which at that time were doing a roaring trade in the Quadrant and Albemarle Street. Another brother joined the bill-riggers of the Metropolis, and subsequently emigrated to Australia at the suggestion and expense of Her Majesty's legal advisers: this will account for the obituary notice in the 'Times' requesting the editors of Australian papers to make a note of his decease, and from this we suppose that ticket-of-leavers have the privilege accorded to them of perusing the usual channels of information which are afforded to the general public. Francis Ignatius had a soul above buttons, and was no ordinary character. Originally educated at Maynooth, he no sooner came to the Great Metropolis, than finding the Roman Catholic religion to be somewhat unpopular, he immediately changed it, and embraced Protestantism. In taking such a step we are at a loss whether to congratulate the Church of England on the convert she had made, or to mourn over the loss which the Romans had sustained. In fact, his religion sat on him as loosely as his macintosh, and he changed it as readily. For some years, he led a sort of irregular life on the Turf, and verged between defaulting and bill-stealing, and numberless are the stories that old gossips tell of his daring attempts in the betting ring of the mighty Babylon to earn a precarious existence. The great Running Rein fraud gave him a fair opportunity for the display of his unrivalled talents and *sang froid*. The features of that celebrated trial, when a daring attempt was made to bring in a four-year old for the Derby, are familiar to every schoolboy on the Turf, so it is unnecessary to repeat them. The trial took place at Kingston before Baron Alderson, who, it will be recollected, was surprised to find the name of Maccabæus mixed up in such an affair; and at the end of the first day he ordered the horse into the custody of the police for the purpose of being subjected to a veterinary examination on the morrow. A cordon of policemen therefore surrounded the stable in which he was, and an 'active and intelligent officer' placed as sentry over him. Of course this soon got abroad, and liberal odds were offered on the chances of the second horse in the Derby. After he had been done up that afternoon, our hero, dressed in the height of fashion, rode into the yard on a chesnut horse, closely resembling Maccabæus, and after lounging about the place for a short time, he changed the saddle from the horse he rode to the animal in custody, whom he rode very quietly off the premises. Not the slightest suspicion being entertained that the changes had been rung, and the real delinquent had escaped, the threatened investigation by the Mayor or Field of the day, Maccabæus

was immediately destroyed, and the counsel for Goody Levi, admitting the next morning that he could not produce the horse, the jury immediately found for the plaintiff. Coyle's ready wit and cool audacity often stood him in need in times of difficulty, and had we space, we could quote innumerable instances of his availing himself of the slightest opportunity of defrauding his fellow-creatures. The last four or five years of his life, the Chief Justice of England's warrant for his apprehension, by some mysterious means, he contrived to evade, and which excited no little astonishment in the Sporting World. Since he underwent twelve months' imprisonmeut in Newgate for forging a bill of the late Lord Clifden's, and the sentence expiring on the eve of one of our great race meetings, he presented himself at it the very next morning, observing to a friend, that it would be 'a little change' for him. In conclusion, he may be said to have been one of the worst locusts the Turf has ever had in our experience.

Lord Westminster, the brother of the Earl of Wilton, though coming of such a Sporting stock, never evinced any predilection for racing, although he kept up the small breeding stud bequeathed to him by his father, from which sprung Macaroni, the winner of the Derby, and Carnival, whom with four others, he sold to Mr. Naylor for 750*l*. He died of rather an uncommon complaint among Noblemen of the present day, viz. a plethora of money. He was nevertheless an excellent man, and, despite his eccentricities, a warm and liberal friend to Education. He is succeeded by his son, Earl Grosvenor, who, we are glad to hear, intends to make the old Touchstone and Launcelot jacket more familiar to the public than it has been of late years, having sent two yearlings to Wadlow's, with a promise of further contributions from his Breeding Stud in due time.

Lord Foley was a very amiable nobleman, who at one time was devoted to the Turf; but he soon trained off, and gave himself up to whist and carriage horses, of which he drove the handsomest in London. Being rather deformed in figure, he seldom went much into society, which led to a good joke of the late Lord Alvanley upon his figure, and which not having seen in print for upwards of a quarter of a century, we are induced to revive it, for it was much talked of at the time of its occurrence. Meeting Lord Foley at Brighton, he asked him where he came from. 'Straight from 'London,' said the other. Upon which Lord Alvanley, alluding to his personal deformity, said, 'Then you have been horribly warped by the way.'

Lord Canterbury's figure and pale face will be missed on the most aristocratic race-courses, of which he was a constant frequenter, being passionately fond of racing, although he had never more than one or two racehorses in training. He was the last of the dandies, having flourished in the D'Orsay era; and at one time in his life he acquired rather an extensive notoriety for the number and variety of his waistcoats, of which he had a perfect Library. Although not generally popular, 'Old Bury,' as he was in the habit of being termed by his intimate friends, was very much liked, and his loss is much felt in his own immediate circle of acquaintances.

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

H.R.H. THE DUC DE CHARTRES.

HITHERTO we have illustrated our pages with Portraits of the most eminent English Sportsmen to be found on the Turf, the Chase, and the Road. Nor have we deviated from this rule because the supply of subjects is exhausted for our Gallery; but the subject of our present Memoir has so acclimatized himself to this country, and so distinguished himself in the pursuit of her 'Sports and Pastimes,' as to make ourselves oblivious of his country, and anxious to incorporate him in our own Walhallah with the *élite* of our English Nimrods.

Robert d'Orleans, Duc de Chartres, son of the Duc d'Orleans, and grandson of King Louis Philippe, was born at the Tuileries in Paris on the 9th of November, 1840. After the Revolution the Duc de Chartres spent some portion of his youth first in Germany, at Eisenbach, near the residence of his mother, the Princess Helena of Mecklenburg, godmother to the Princess Helena of England, and, after the death of the Princess, with his grandmother, Queen Mary Amélie, at Claremont. In the year 1858 the young Prince was admitted to the Military Academy of the Piedmontese army at Turin, and the Italian war breaking out shortly afterwards, he received an appointment in the Italian regiment of Nice Cavalry. The youthful Duc served throughout the whole of this campaign, and was present at the Battles of Palestro and Solferino, in both of which engagements he displayed all the characteristic fire of his race. At the conclusion of hostilities the Duc de Chartres next made the regular tour of the East, and on his return he embarked for America, at the beginning of the great struggle for Independence between the North and South, in 1861, urged by his sympathy for the Northern cause; and having a strong taste for military adventure, he joined the American army as Captain and Aide-de-Camp to General McClellan, who commanded the Army of the Potomac, and served in that capacity until July, 1862, going through that time the whole campaign, including the siege of Yorktown, the Battle of Williamsburg, and the seven days' battle at Richmond. Peace being concluded, the Duc de Chartres returned to this country, and in a short time was united in marriage, at Kingston-on-Thames, to Françoise, daughter of the Prince de Joinville, since which time he has resided at Ham, near

Twickenham. Such are the antecedents of Le Duc de Chartres; but it is in the character of a Sportsman he will most recommend himself to our readers; and in that capacity he stands out more prominent than any Frenchman who has ever hunted in this country before, for he can hold his own in any district, however severe the country may be, and turning at no obstacle that he comes across. Judging also from the nature of his seat, and the style in which he puts his horse at a fence, it would be naturally imagined he had begun his hunting on a pony in the Christmas holidays, like any other well-bred lad from Rugby or Eton. In point of devotion to hunting St. Hubert himself could not have displayed more than Le Duc de Chartres, no day being too long for him, or distance too far, as those who have seen him in the hunting field will testify. He was first entered to harriers in 1858 at Claremont, where his uncle, Le Prince de Joinville, maintained a pack for some years. Le Duc then hunted for three seasons with the Heythrop, in old Jem Hill's time, and keeping his horses at Moreton and Chipping Norton. And to show we have not in the least exaggerated Le Duc de Chartres' devotion to the Noble Science, we may state that he was in the habit of leaving Ham at 4·30 A.M. to hunt with the Heythrop, stop at Wood Norton Station, hunt with his uncle's harriers the next day, and return to Ham at night to be in time for the Surrey Stag Hounds the following morning. He has visited most of the hunting counties of England, and has been received in all of them with the courtesy due to his illustrious rank, and his merits as a Sportsman, which only need to be witnessed to be appreciated. But as one of the Committee of Management of the Surrey Stag Hounds Le Duc de Chartres is best known to the English public. Having hunted with that capital pack for seven years, and being always a stanch supporter of them, on the death of the late Mr. Arthur Heathcote, anxious the sporting farmers of Surrey should not be deprived of their favourite pack, he consented to be put in nomination with Mr. Robinson and Mr. Bowyer to form one of the Committee of Management, in which capacity he has rendered very essential service to the hunt. There are few established packs of longer date than the Surrey Stag Hounds, they having been kept for fifty years by the late Earl of Derby's grandfather, who used constantly to go out with them himself. And it was this circumstance which led Lord Derby last spring to offer Le Duc de Chartres four red deer from Knowsley Park for the use of the pack, but that not being the proper time to take them up, their presentation was deferred until last month. The Deer Park is at Carshalton, where a present of deer has been also received from France. The kennels are at Smitham Bottom, where the hounds are well taken care of by the huntsman, Jim Bentley, of whom it is not too much to say he is fully equal to any occasion that may present itself. In taking leave of Le Duc de Chartres, we may say, with great truth, that he is the best sporting Frenchman that ever went into a field in this country, and fully worthy of being reckoned a Leicestershire or Northamptonshire man, from the excellence of his horsemanship.

SUBURBAN SPECS.

About the middle of the month of December, the columns of the 'Times' were enlightened by a flash proceeding from the Turf horizon, and the Kingsbury Meeting, which had heretofore excited only the attention of the sporting journals, and attracted a casual notice in the columns of the lesser luminaries of the daily press, awoke to find itself famous (or infamous) in pages, where, upon ordinary occasions, the bare occurrence of its celebration would never have been admitted to notice. Nor, after the flash which indicated its existence and discovered its supposed shortcomings, was the pealing thunder of the Jove of Printing House Square long delayed; but upon the promoters, supporters, and camp followers of the obnoxious meeting burst an anathema, which, for a time, took by surprise the Sporting World, and evoked only tardy contradictions and long-deferred excuses for a state of things, from which, it might reasonably be presumed, any casual observer could not fail to draw unerring conclusions, and for which its advocates would not hesitate to urge ready and convenient excuses. Granted that the 'Times' has been contented to view sporting affairs from a slightly contemptuous pinnacle, that the interest which it professes to take in racing matters is of the most limited kind, and that its attempts at recording market movements and its reports of the races which it condescends to recognise are of the most meagre and unreliable description, we cannot entirely denounce its course of action in commenting upon the letter of a 'resident in the neighbourhood' of Kingsbury in such terms as were certainly consistent with the narration of their correspondent. The majority of the sporting journals have taken up their parable against the Thunderer for its declamation against 'suburban specs' or 'gate-money meetings;' but this is due, to a certain extent, to subsequent statements in explanation, by which it has been made to appear that the representations of the correspondent of the 'Times,' if not altogether without foundation, have been at any rate grossly exaggerated. We forbear to attach any undue importance to memorials signed by majorities of inhabitants, however respectable, and including even the clergyman of the parish; nor shall we be so inquisitive as to ask whether any benefit or profit, directly or indirectly, is derived by the scanty and scattered population of Kingsbury by the influx of men and horses at the season of Mr. Warner's annual gatherings; while, at the same time, tales of spoiled vineyards and highway violence fall but lightly on our unbelieving ear, in connection with those, with whose 'assistance' at the races, we could, on other and more important grounds, so well afford to dispense. We have taken the case of Kingsbury races, not because they are, or claim to be, placed on a different footing to other meetings held in the vicinity of London (and our succeeding remarks must be held to apply to all such meetings alike), but merely because the 'leading case' is furnished by

discussions arising out of the process of their management, which has been initiated or adopted by the general body of promoters of gate-money gatherings. It has been said, and with justice, that it is as lawful and as unobjectionable that the humbler folk should hold their meetings of pleasure or business no less than the great; and there has been an attempt to draw some analogy between metropolitan ventures and those small meetings merely of local interest, whose records from shire and province so often meet our eyes, not only in some obscure corner of the sporting papers, but in the pages of 'Weatherby' itself. We confess that, to our eyes, the distinction between these appears well defined and broad; and we would lead our readers with us, if only in thought, to the contemplation of both pictures, whose features have been so indelibly impressed upon our memory by frequent visits to both scenes of action. Look then, on this side, at the country meeting *par excellence*, which many a hunting county knows, where the sports are held in Farmer Mangold's pastures, and where the races, 'set' to commence at some indefinite time, consist of a hunters' stake, a steeple-chase, an open hurdle race, and a sporting match between the ponies of two well-known 'Bonifaces' of the district. The course is mapped out somewhat irregularly, like a schoolboy's map of Asia Minor or the Ægean Sea; and a pleasing uncertainty prevails as to the names, weights, and colours of the riders, the latter especially, which are not unfrequently adopted in imitation of those of some turf idol which their wearer obsequiously follows. Irregular lines of old world 'shandaradans' from the neighbouring town, interspersed here and there with a farmer's waggon, mark the finish of the course; a few well-mounted gentlemen, a good sprinkling of moderately-horsed farmers, with a seedy contingent of irregular cavalry of the Bashi-Bozouk type, and perhaps the huntsman or whip of the hunt which patronises the sport, told off to keep what little order is required, and to arrest the gaping yokels in their erratic wanderings over forbidden ground. A solitary drag, with a scratch team, a couple of carriages belonging to the local gentry, crowded with jovial faces, their inmates looking forward to the excuse for a picnic which the day's sport has afforded—and stretching above all the grey-blue November sky with its misty horizon, and fleecy clouds streaking its cold still surface. One solitary booth, perhaps, but the 'swells' have brought their hampers, and the tradesmen their baskets and bottles, and the farmers their thick-hewn sandwiches, and pocket-pistols, and sturdy jars of mellow October; while the labourer, mechanically munching his bread and bacon, stares vacantly over the hedge, or grins his approval of 'measter's' riding and 't' squire's 'handling o' that hot'un,' with as much satisfaction in his criticising tone as Payne upon Challoner's finish or Hodgman on some piece of 'kid' from the demon-chief. Betting there is, but not of a highly-remunerative nature to the gentleman from London, who sails under false colours, and comes in for more chaff than custom; though speculation in white money rules brisk, and the apple-

cheeked daughters from upland farm and lowland grange stake their modest plunge on friend, or favourite, or lover, handicapping each in the scale of regard, admiration, or affection. Most of the horses and their riders are as well known to the country side as the market town itself; and when the last race has been decided, and all eatables and drinkables consumed, the crowd quietly disperses, well content with their day's sport, and warmly discussing the incidents of the various races on their homeward road. Wayside taverns and halfway houses doubtless drive a livelier trade than usual; but the lanes are dark and muddy, and the weather a trifle threatening, so the homeward bound make no long sojourn with mine host, but hasten on their way to a warm finish of the day at their own firesides. Now take a glance at the other side of the picture, and imagine a black plashy high road crowded with vehicles *en route* to the course, flagged out in the grass fields, which in a few short years building speculators will convert into 'eligible 'sites,' or cover with 'desirable villa residences.' Take away the four-in-hands, the 'Newmans,' the greys, the barouches, and snug omnibuses, or dapper waggonettes from the road on the Derby Day, and you have left on their way to some 'Suburban Spec,' the hansom (aristocrat of that dingy cavalcade), the unicorn bus, with its freight of loafers, copers, and idlers, the publican's cart and trotting pony, the 'Westminster brougham' and its costermonger crew, and a vast accompaniment of tramps on the pathway, whose interchange of greetings and refined remarks upon the swells who 'ride in 'chaises' need no further description here. The damp dank fog, impregnated with the smoke of a million hearths, hangs gloomily over meadows ankle deep in slush, hiding the further side of the course, and making utterly undistinguishable colours which have no certainly-defined habitation or name on the correct card. Steeple-chases, 'Grand,' 'International,' or 'Open Diddlesex,' are the order of the day; and the competitors are walking round and round the limited precincts of a 'pound'-like enclosure, surrounded two or three deep by a frousty fringe of ruffianism, whose language is well-nigh strong enough to break down the rickety barriers through which they are stolidly gaping. A few carriages and carts perchance are drawn up opposite that sentry-box on stilts where the judge presides, and opposite that straw-littered enclosure whence comes the hoarse roar of the bagman responsive to the shouts of the welsher, who trades on some 'safe' name outside the sacred 'temenos' of the Stand. Look at that close-shaven villain, with coat be-frogged and be-furred, with greasy hat and hair and black fubsey fingers, whom even the ring here ostracises from its magic circle as welsher and thief; those long boots will bear him in seven-leagued haste from the bewildered backers' gaze, who seek him in vain under his assumed name: and mark that filthy mulatto, whose services are always at hand when required to best a flat, hustle a jockey, or bounce the victims of that long line of lists whose game is mere rapine and plunder. Here prowling about the temporary hostelries of *ci-devant*

champions of the P.R., and eminently careless of the features of the sport provided, St. Giles's has sent its sharps, Whitechapel its sharpers, and Houndsditch its sharpest, not admitted by the talisman of the 'splendid shilling,' but, like the barbaric hordes of old, breaking in wherever broken hedge invites or crawling under the canvas hoarding which shuts out this 'animated scene' from the gaze of outsiders. And the better-dressed and better-conducted crowd which fills the Stand, who are they, and what come they out for to see? A sprinkling of well-known ring faces, with whom pleasure, not business, is the object to-day, and a persevering cloud of lesser speculators anxious to improve the occasion, and to take the half-quids and dollars of the million while they can get them; a whole tribe of pettifogging owners, small trainers, clerks, apprentices, youths of the Champagne Charlie type, with sham sealskin 'vests' and flash chains; the 'publican' element strongly represented; one or two inveterate race goers, who in their comprehensive desire for 'something 'to speculate upon' do not affect to despise the Little Pedlingtons of turf fixtures; one steward—if the Meeting be lucky in securing a single representative from that highly-imposing body which 'by 'your leave' or 'without your leave' figures so prominently at the head of the card; and that heterogeneous mixture of persons whose motives in going anywhere are totally unfathomable, and notions about seeing anything equally indistinct. And what come they out for to see? A field composed of the pariahs of thoroughbred stock; weeds from the drafts of great and little owners; the rejected of racing stables, and worn-out crocks of the flat, whose 'altered' circumstances have compelled them to adopt the 'jumping business.' Their riders the lesser lights of the jockey firmament, whose only opportunities of sporting silk are at these 'chalk boy' carnivals, where all the lowest tricks of racing stratagem in higher places find ready and profitable imitation, even as underlings are content to cheat with the dirty cards of the charlatans they ape and serve, after their masters have cast aside the soiled pack.

Such are the features we have attempted to delineate from life of two phases of racing, which cannot by any process of reasoning bear comparison one with the other. We do not for one moment wish it to go forth as our belief that the great race meetings of the year are exempt, save in degree, from the noxious influences which surround Metropolitan 'gate money' ventures; while we maintain that so far as *sport* is concerned, we should most of us acknowledge ourselves willing to bear the concomitant ills of ruffianism and rowdyism for the sake of its enjoyment; but we hold that mere congregations of roughs are not to be tolerated without the adjunct of some kind of amusement and recreation, which the pre-arranged contests of dilapidated crocks and screws can never furnish to those who love racing for racing's sake alone, and who would rather see a good horse than hear of a good thing. The apologist who, in defence of 'Suburban Specs,' claimed for them the advantage of bringing racing home to his doors, was surely unmindful of the evils which

most undoubtedly follow in their train; while in his zeal for the gratification evidently afforded to him by such manner of sport as they proffer, he forgot that he was advocating the introduction of a feature into his immediate neighbourhood which its inhabitants might not appreciate so highly as himself. In other towns and cities, where important meetings are held and great races decided, their inhabitants derive certain benefits and advantages from the influx of visitors, as a slight set-off to any discomfort they may experience; and the army of the great unwashed cannot find the ways and means of invading their territories, while the scum of their own peculiar population, so vastly different from that of London, both in number and quality, is readily controlled by the properly constituted local authorities. London and its suburbs have to bear the assemblages, migrations, and depredations of the *canaille*, without any corresponding advantage in the shape of circulation of the Queen's images, excepting indeed that very equivocal one of the increased patronage accorded to the houses of licensed victuallers in the neighbourhood, and the consequent breaches of the peace among a lawless mob likely to ensue therefrom. No one will be found to maintain that the breed of horses is improved by these speculations, excepting indeed when one or two of those dilapidated animals are improved from off the face of the earth by broken backs, or other misadventures incident to steeple-chasing; and it is not unworthy of note, that in the flaming 'posters' of announcement, which blaze all over London on the eve of some 'grand' or 'international' meeting—a 'moving accident' over hurdles forms a prominent feature in the representation of the race which accompanies the programme. Finally, in all discussions relative to the great betting mania which still pervades all classes in the realm, it has been generally agreed that the inducement to gamble should be specially withheld from those in that station of life who can least afford to indulge in such an expensive amusement; and to this end—whether rightly or wrongly we shall not stop to inquire—has tended that action on the part of the Government to repress the business of commission agents and others offering ready inducements and opportunities for betting on horse races. And as a rider to this argument, we think that a still stronger one may be adduced against the existence of the many 'gate-money' meetings at present held in the vicinity of London. Granted, that in spite of every attempt to effect a contrary measure, the thirst for speculation has been in no degree quenched; obviously the next best proceeding to its actual repression would be so to regulate its indulgence, that a man should stand a fair chance of receiving his money if successful, and not be bound to accept the galling position of a loser in a winning cause. To this end it is necessary that his betting operations should be entrusted to safer hands than he has the chance of encountering at the many mushroom meetings which have latterly sprung up almost within sight of the 'little village,' where, as a rule, welshing reigns triumphantly rampant, and redress is rendered practically impossible, owing to the very unflattering attention of the many concerned in

the robbery. And of the number thus continually fleeced we can form no idea, for the victims are ever prone to conceal rather than to publish their wrongs, by reason of a false pride, which deters them from proclaiming themselves the dupes of those ever on the alert for novices and greenhorns. We have only touched incidentally on the injuries to person and property which follow in the wake of the 'rough's' progress as certainly as blight and desolation attend the path of war, because we do not wish to garnish our case with assertions which are more readily contradicted than established, and from the nuisance of which all great gatherings can never be considered entirely free; but we consider we have made out a sufficient case to show that Suburban Specs, however well conducted and influentially patronized, to the interests of the general public are as decidedly opposed as they are unnecessary; that the breed of horses is in no way benefited thereby, but, on the contrary, a legion of the infirm, decrepit, and old, merely kept on their legs to furnish a semblance of sport; that a large share of booty (as the world goes, honestly acquired) fills the pockets of spirited lessees and proprietors, and a still larger portion finds its way into the hands of those whose trickery and chicanery discover ampler scope and less restraint than at more pretentious and better-conducted meetings; and that the public, whose shilling contributions are the backbone and support of such gatherings, find in their celebration less protection and immunity from the predatory tribes of mankind, than their closer contact with, and greater chances of spoliation by, the dangerous classes would lead them to anticipate.

AMPHION.

THE COVERSIDE PHANTOM.

BY R. E. EGERTON-WARBURTON.

ONE morning in November,
  As the village clock struck ten,
Came trooping to the coverside
  A field of hunting men;
'Twas not the Quorn or the Pytchley horn
  That summon'd our array;
No; we who met were a homely set,
  In a province far away.

As there we stood, conversing,
  Much amazement seiz'd the Hunt,
When, spick and span, an unknown man
  Rode onwards to the front;
All whisper'd, gazing wonderstruck,
  'Who can the stranger be?'
Well might we stare, for man and mare
  Were sights for a queen to see.

A faultless mare his chesnut
  As was ever strapp'd by groom;
Nor fault could in the man be found,
  Nor flaw in his costume;
A silk cord loop'd the hunting hat,
  The glove's consummate fit
No crease disturb'd, and burnish'd bright
  Shone stirrup, chain, and bit.

The rider's seat was firm and neat
  As rider's seat could be;
The buckskin white was button'd tight,
  And knotted at the knee;
Above the boots' jet polish
  Rose a top of tender stain,
Nor brown nor white, but a mixture light,
  Of rose-leaves and champagne.

The heart that waistcoat buttons up
  Must be a heart of steel,
As keen as the keenest rowel
  On the spur that decks his heel;
We look'd the stranger over,
  And we gravely shook our heads,
And we felt a sad conviction
  He would cut us into shreds.

A glance I stole from my double sole
  To my coat of faded red;
The scarlet which had once been there
  My countenance o'erspread;
I blush'd with shame—no wonder!
  So completely was the shine
By the man and mare beside me
  Taken out of me and mine.

How his portrait, sketch'd for 'Baily,'
  Would the sporting world enchant,
By the pen of a Whyte-Melville,
  Or the pencil of a Grant!
An Adonis, scarlet-coated!
  A most glorious field Apollo!
May we have pluck and the rare good luck,
  When he leads the way, to follow!

So intense my admiration
  (What I thought I dare not say),
But I felt inclin'd in my inmost mind,
  To wish for a blank day,
'and a.
'ready at ' 'st a piece of such rare metal,
'account of ;o elaborately gilt,
'he rode the ,uld expose its polish'd surface
'home befor To a scratch by being spilt.

Sad to think, should such a get-up
By a get-down come to grief;
That a pink of such perfection
Should be crumpled in the leaf!
Sad to think this bird of Paradise
Should risk its plumage bright
By encounter with a bullfinch,
And be ruffled in its flight!

But all that glitters is not gold,
However bright its gleam;
Ere long a sudden change came o'er
The spirit of my dream;
No defeat myself awaited
From the man nor from his mount;
No ground for the alarm
That I had felt on his account.

A fox was found; the stirring sound
That nerv'd us for the fray—
That hallo burst the bubble,
And the phantom scar'd away;
We cross'd the vale o'er post and rail,
Up leaps and downward drops;
But where, oh where, was the chesnut mare
And the man with tinted tops?

He was not with the foremost,
As they one and all declare;
Nor was he with the hindmost,—
He was neither here nor there;
The last, they say, seen of him
Was in front of the first fence,
And no one e'er could track the mare,
Or spot the rider thence.

All turquoise and enamel,
Like a watch trick'd up for show,
Though a pretty thing to look at,
Far too beautiful to go;
He, the man at whose appearance
We had felt ourselves so small,
Was only the ninth part of one—
A tailor after all!

His own line, when he took it,
Was by railway ticket ta'en;
First-class, a rattling gallop,
And a burning scent by train;
A horse-box for his hunter,
And a band-box for himself,
One was shunted into hidlands,
T'other laid upon the shelf.

He has not since been heard of,
  Should we ever see him more,
He will stand, the model fox-hunter,
  At Moses and Son's door;
If not found there, I know not where,
  Unless, encas'd in glass,
Both man and mare in that window flare,
  Which Nicholls lights with gas.

THE SURREY STAGHOUNDS.

No one country that we could name, Berkshire perhaps excepted, where the Royal horn has been heard for years, can boast of greater stag-hunting experiences than Surrey. Long ere the Barons became famous in the vale of Aylesbury, those who delighted to hunt the deer turned their steps to its chalk hills and deep, strongly-fenced vales—why, or wherefore, we cannot say, but such is the fact, and now for something like a century, Surrey has been a stag-hunting country. The foundation of its fame was undoubtedly laid by Lord Derby, great-grandfather of the present Earl, whose predilection for this style of sport was astonishing. We learn from the records of bygone days that he hunted the country round the Oaks for fifty years, and pursued both deer and fox; but it is in connection with the former that his fame has been handed down to posterity, and we hear but little of him as a foxhunter. From his time, until they passed this season into the hands of the Duc de Chartres and his confrères, many changes have occurred, and many characters have come on the scene. To place some reminiscences of the latter, which seem to us well worth preserving, before our readers, is our purpose in the present paper, and if we deal more with men than sport, we hope to stand excused; but of the fulness of material placed at our disposal by the kindness of friends—for such even those heretofore strangers must allow us to call them—it would be easier to write a small volume than to condense their information to the length of a paper suitable to the pages of 'Baily,' and where anecdotes forwarded to us are not used, it must be imputed to want of space, not want of will.

'Lord Derby was quite a character,' said one, who remembered him well, to us, as we sat, note-book in hand, by his snug fireside. 'I hunted with him when only ten years old, and knew Jonathan 'Griffin, his huntsman, well. He was a great man with the Earl, 'and after hunting there was always his dinner and a bottle of wine 'ready at the Oaks, and he saw Lord Derby, and gave him an 'account of the run afterwards. That was in his later days, when 'he rode the first burst, and perhaps a part of the second, and went 'home before the hounds. Griffin lived at the Fox and Hounds,

'Carshalton, and had a hack to ride from the Oaks. I often dined, 'and went home with him after hunting. Prosper was his best 'horse, a snaffle-bridle bay by Milo, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of a 'mare once the property of Sir H. Peyton, and up to thirteen stone. 'Milo was almost as good, and Lord Derby refused 1000*l.* for the 'two, or 700*l.* for Prosper. Blenheim, an own brother of Pros-'per, was very good; Driver and Spanker were rare horses; the 'latter was bred by Sir Gilbert Heathcote, and Jonathan Griffin is 'painted on him. A rare lot of horses Lord Derby had, all tho-'roughbred, or nearly so, and in such condition! They could go 'the pace, and wanted it to live with these hounds. The way '700*l.* was refused for Prosper was this:—they had a very fine 'run, and took their deer at the Red House, Battersea. Lord 'Derby had gone home as usual. When taking the hounds back, 'Mr. Shewell rode up to Griffin, and said—

'"There is only one thing I envy in the world, and that is your-'"having that bay horse. I'd give 700*l.* for him; but I should not '"like to ask his Lordship to sell him."

'"Why not?" asked Jonathan.

'"He might not like it."

'"If you want the horse, I will ask him myself to-night;" and 'during the evening's report he did so.

'"It's a great deal of money, Griffin."

'"It is, my Lord, and I should take it; an accident is as likely '"to happen to him as another."

'"He carries you as well as ever?"

'"Yes, my Lord; I shall never have another Prosper."

'"Well, then, it's a great deal of money to refuse, but we will '"keep him."

'Jem Bullen, called Shock, from his hair, which curled all over his 'head like a nigger's, whipped to him. He now lives with Mr. Hillier, 'near Wolverhampton, who was once Master of the Southwold. 'Deceiver was a rare horse with them in those times—I had forgotten 'him. Mr. Hancorn, of Sutton, rode well; Mr. John Allnatt would 'be there. Mr. Shewell was a hard one, and Capt. Harly, and the 'Hobsons, Tom Claggett, and Corcoran, an Irishman, would ride, and 'at times we had Lord Wilton, perhaps a little later though; but no 'one could beat old Parson Lockwood on his piebald. A lad from 'Lancashire was second whip, and old Tom Rily stud groom—rare 'form he turned them out in. He rode with Lord Derby dressed 'almost alike—blue coat, plain metal buttons, and low-crowned hat. 'Tom helped him at the banks latterly, rode over first, and then got 'off and caught his master's horse, who would climb up them and then 'slide down the other side on his back until he was coated with 'clay. He was quick-tempered at such times, and in a dreadful 'hurry. The conversation between the two was more amusing 'than select. If his Lordship had a fall Tom daren't tell, but had to 'keep it quiet. The Countess was afraid of his hunting, and always 'questioned Tom afterwards as to how they got on. Tom was as

'true as steel, until Capt. Harly split on them one day: he was a 'relation. He trotted on because he was cold, and met the Countess 'before the others reached home.

'"What sport, Captain?" said she.

'"Very good."

'"How did Derby go, as well as ever?"

'"Oh, yes!"

'"No accident, I hope!"

'"Oh, no! nothing to speak of: he had a bit of a tumble, but '"it did not hurt him in the least."

'His Lordship was forced to admit his mishap, and after dinner 'poor Tom, as innocent as a child of what had happened, underwent 'his usual cross-examination.

'"Good run, Tom?"

'"Very fair, your Ladyship."

'"No accident, I hope."

'"Oh, no, your Ladyship! we got along as usual."

'"How dare you stand there and tell me that barefaced story!" 'said she, shaking her finger at him; "you know as well as I do '"Lord Derby had a fall to-day."

'"Well, then, what the d—— am I to do?" said Tom: "he '"orders me to keep quiet, and you are down upon me if I don't '"tell."

'His favourite hound was Rally: he'd go down at feeding time, 'and she'd jump on him till he was smeared all over with oatmeal, 'but he never cared. He kept the hounds quite at his own expense, 'and they have never been done in the same style since. They 'were very high bred and uncommonly fast. The country then was 'not what it is now—no roads, the lanes like sloughs, deeper than 'the fields: we were glad to get out of them. Three fences then 'for one now, it had not been thrown so much open. They'd run 'from the Oaks to Tunbridge Wells sometimes. Wonderful deer 'he had, all bred at Knowsley, horses, hounds, and all went there for 'the summer—travelled by road about twenty-five miles a day. His 'Lordship was a great cocker, and amused himself riding round with 'Tom Rily to see the cocks during the summer. One day he 'came to a farm where the master was out, and sat on his horse 'looking over at the bird. He could imitate the crow and chuckle 'of a cock so as to draw them right up to him. The farmer's son, 'a lad of twelve or fourteen, came out and found him doing this:—

'"What's thou want with bird? thou be off," said he. "That's '"Lord Derby's bird, an' if father comes home and cotches thee, '"he's kill thee."

'"I'm looking at the cock; and I am Lord Derby."

'"Thou'se let cock alone and be off afore father comes."

'"I tell you I am Lord Derby."

'"Thou Lord Derby! thou looks like a pretty deevil to be a Lord! '"Thou's upon stealin' cock, that's what thou's after; so be off or '"it will be the worse for thee."

'Lord Derby was so pleased with the lad that he educated and 'got him a good appointment. One of his best deer was Ben the 'Sailor: he would always go to the Thames about Gravesend or 'Woolwich; and the Lancashire Heaver in the neighbourhood 'of Kingston and Hampton Court, although turned out more than 'twenty miles away. He was shot at last by a gardener at Moulsey 'after a run of three hours. Ploughboy and Alexander were good 'deer: they generally made for the Kentish hills to Penshurst, Wes-'terham, and Lympsfield. Ploughboy was once taken within two 'miles of Tunbridge Wells, and Alexander even two miles beyond, 'each having been turned out at Hay's Common, near Croydon. 'These runs killed many horses, and when Ploughboy was taken 'beyond Tunbridge Wells, nine died either in the field or next day. 'There were more hard men than I told you. Mr. Medcalf, he 'was a great man with the old Berkeley, and very quick across 'country; Capt. Harvey had but one arm, it was no matter, he 'turned from nothing; and Mr. Shaw, on Comet, was a rare good 'one and very hard to beat. Mr. Medcalf was a Durham man, 'and Happy Land—so called from his favourite song—went well. 'Ginger Stubbs and his brother were good men, that was later on. 'One day four generations of the Derby family were out—the old 'Lord, his son and grandson, the late Lord, and the present Earl. 'The late Lord would go well with them sometimes. Prince Ester-'hazy came out with them, and Count St. Antonio, General Bayly 'Wallis, and Messrs. Maberley, Chambers, Hornsby, Sherwood, 'Corbet, Claggett, Gosling, Hankey, Harvey-Coombe (Master of 'the Old Berkeley), Brydges, Drover, Tattersall, Simpson, and 'Young. It was through Lord Stanley the Earl gave up the 'hounds: a farmer or two did not like it, and he persuaded him. 'The hounds and deer, with two horses, were given to Jonathan, 'who went on with them under Mr. Maberley. Jones, who after-'wards hunted the Warwickshire, whipped in to him. Dick Adlem 'was huntsman before Griffin, and Jonathan whipped to him. I 'don't remember that time. Jonathan was a thin, ten-stone man, a 'very fine rider, but self-sufficient. His hounds were wild and riotous, 'and he was continually changing whips. His Lordship was very 'particular about his boots—always wore brown tops, and would have 'three or four pair airing before the fire, while at breakfast, on hunt-'ing days. He once had a new valet, who thought to improve 'them by scouring the tops to make them white.

'"Whose boots are those?" said the Earl on coming down.

'"Yours, my Lord."

'"I tell you they are not; whose are they?"

'"Yours, my Lord."

'"What have you done to them?"

'"I thought to improve them by scouring the tops."

'"Then you may wear them, for I'll be d——d if his Lordship '"will."

'Mr. Maberley did not keep them long, and Mr. Sewell of Syden-

'ham then took them in hand, with Will Summers as huntsman, 'and the kennels were at Shirly Park, near Croydon; John Turner 'and Jem Freeman whipped-in to him. After Mr. Sewell came 'Mr. Sheridan, grandson of the famous Sheridan; he died while 'master, about 1839. Summers was advised to finish the season, 'which he did to his loss, though the deer and hounds were given to 'him. Then the Duke of Cumberland, father of the present King 'of Hanover, took them for two seasons, and the hounds stood at 'Epsom, a stable of Reeves, being turned into kennels. Summers 'was kennel huntsman, but mostly took hold of them in the field. 'They had rare runs, and Will once beat the lot by swimming the 'Mole, and took the deer alone. They were short of money though 'to do the thing right well. Mr. Robinson afterwards became 'master, and Roffy was his huntsman, a big, tall, heavy man, just a 'fair horseman, but first-rate with hounds. He had a black horse 'with a white belly, which John Darby bought of Mr. Tomlin of 'Peterborough. Robinson was a Leicestershire man, and would give 'any price for a horse. The Bovills were great men in his day, 'and the La Terrieres, as well as the Christys. Mr. Watney, 'Capt. Boyd, Mr. Hopkins, Mr. Garrard, Mr. Coleman, Mr. Bain-'bridge, and Mr. W. Learmonth, who afterwards hunted in the 'Vale with the Baron, all went well. Then we had Joe Rickman, 'Mr. Sam Baker, John and George Darby, Jim Mason, old Billy 'Bean, and Dan Seffert. Mrs. Theobald was in the first flight, 'and Mr. Jones, of Kingston. Mr. Kellar and George Dockery 'the trainer would come out and trot about on poor old Lottery, 'who was done then, but in fine condition. He soon went home. 'John Tollett would not ride over a hurdle, but his brother George 'was always in front and quite A 1. Infant, or Tuckwood Smith, 'he used to cap them, and draw the half-guineas from the strangers. 'What a hunting song he can sing even now! you should hear him 'rattle it out when he comes to—

> 'Poor Reynard's got low, and has nothing to brag on;
> His brush is bedraggled, and putting the drag on;'

'you would think the pack had just caught view, and were racing 'for blood.

'Paddy Jackson of the Hippodrome came out often: he kept his 'horses at the Greyhound. A lot of them once got him to race, and 'so managed that he should jump into a pond; and then persuaded 'him to stand on his head to get the water out of his boots, which 'he did, with every one laughing at him. One day a very savage 'deer ran into a cart-shed, and neither huntsman or whip cared to 'go in and take him. They knew him of old; he had knocked both 'down and cut their new scarlets to ribbons with his hoofs. "Sure '"you're afraid," said Jackson; "let me go in and tackle the big '"baste." And up to the stag he walked, to find himself the next 'instant on his back, and his mouth and nose swollen to double the 'size they should be. Not long afterwards a stag was turned out

'from the paddocks (I think it was the same one) without being 'carted. It was a second deer; the first gave no run. This one 'would not leave home, but ran round and round, and every one 'came out to look on. Amongst them two or three strapping foot-'men in red plush small clothes. "Now, Mr. Jackson," said 'Roffy, "here is a chance for you to take your friend again." '"May I be made a bishop if I go near the baste again; sure an' '"let your big beefeaters there, with their legs afire, have a turn '"at him." The Turners had large stables at Carshalton then, 'and the Brettles kept their horses there. Lord Stanley and Mr. 'Stanley used them also in Lord Derby's time. Mr. Heathcote 'took the hounds in 1851; Roffy hunted them for a season or two; 'but it was still a subscription pack. The hounds were sold after a 'time and a new lot got together. The Squire was a hard man, 'he'd go like fire, and jump as many gates as you like, but was not 'quite a fine horseman. His father, Sir Gilbert, died in the spring 'as he took the hounds in the autumn. No man liked a grand meet 'and a public breakfast better. They'd all ride after that, at least 'all who had any go in them. Sometimes he'd take the hounds 'down into Kent to a farmer's, who'd give a great spread, and get 'all the field into a large pasture strongly fenced, quietly lock the 'gate, put the key in his pocket, and then go away in the first flight. 'Such works there would be getting those out who funked the 'fence. Some stayed there pretty well all day. No one goes 'better than Mr. Shaw. Mr. Medcalf—Son of the one I spoke of— 'is a nailer. And Mr. Heaseman was always there. His death 'hurt the Squire terribly: they were great friends. Mr. Thrale, 'son of Peter Thrale of Croydon, is very hard; and C. Turner of 'Carshalton takes a lot of doing. Once they came down to the 'Nutfield Brook at a bad, wide part. It was newly fenced on the 'rising side, rails leaning a little towards them. "For Heaven's '"sake let me go and give plenty of room!" said Bentley (he is a 'a fine horseman), and sent Nil Desperandum at it. He caught the 'top rail with his knees, and turned right over on his back in the 'water. Charley Turner came down on Macaroni, a chesnut, and 'jumped the lot. Bentley was just scrambling out at the time. No one 'else faced it. Turner stopped the hounds at Red Hill, and Bentley 'was the first up. It was the talk of the market afterwards. 'Bentley came as whip, the Squire hunted them himself: afterwards 'Bentley took to the training business. He hunts them for the 'Duc de Chartres and the Committee since the Squire's death. 'His best horses were Flyaway—he had her of Turner, who bought 'her at Croydon Fair for a pony: Skittles was another rare one, and 'Nil Desperandum very good indeed. He was the Danebury 'favourite for the Derby in Surplice's year. Bentley said Courtney 'was the best he ever rode: he also came from Turner, who bought 'him of Lord Courtney. All the hounds were killed, or died, last 'year. Now they have bought a lot from Sir Clifford Constable, 'and got some from other places. I don't know much about the

'deer. Puttock, who drives the cart, will tell you all about them. 'Mr. Heathcote was a rare man for long days—never wanted to be 'home. Nothing pleased him better than to go into a farmhouse 'and have beefsteak and gin toddy. He'd get the hounds and 'horses put up in a barn or shed, and then go any distance home 'afterwards. It's a bad plan, bad for both hounds and horses. 'He had a great run when he went into Worcestershire; all the 'Epsom party got down, and every public-house along the line had 'a man and horse at least put up at it. I could tell you a deal 'more if I had time to think of it, but you want space for the deer. 'Puttock will tell you a lot about them.'

So we departed from our kind informant, and taking our way to Carshalton entered the pretty little park. A few brown leaves yet lingered on the trees, a stray bird here and there warbled forth a few notes of his all-but-forgotten summer song, as the afternoon's sun brought back the remembrance of brighter days. A herd of fallow deer were feeding quietly on the green slopes, and the smell of meadow hay, fragrant as violets, greeted us as we crossed to the deer paddocks. The first of these is appropriated to some old hinds, and those which have not yet been hunted. Some of them, indeed, are calfs, and our companion was in ecstacies at a little spotted fellow not much larger than an Exmoor sheep. Blue Bonnet, now enjoying the ease and dignity of matronhood, stood under the far fence, while from the centre of the herd old Virago, as good across country as her namesake was on the flat, with pointed ear and quivering nostril, seemed to ask the meaning of such an unusual intrusion. A number of huntable deer occupied the next paddock; and conspicuous amongst them by his stunted antlers, one much longer than the other, stood a heaver called The Duke, while grouped around were Beeswing, the Worcestershire heroine, The Sweep—so called from a well-meant attempt to smother herself by jumping into a heap of soot so deep that only her head was visible—Ashurst, and several other hinds more or less known to fame. Turning to the barn we found little Queen Bertha, who has already beaten them, and enjoyed a week or two of liberty this season, keeping Sudbury and the little Essex heaver company. Here Puttock showed us the ring driven in the wall to which their heads are drawn to remove the antlers, and related how, in catching a stag bought of Herring, he turned to fight the man, who, as usual, approached him with a hurdle in front as a shield, tore the latter away at a blow, and then charged him. Luckily Puttock did not lose his presence of mind, but opening the door allowed the man to slip out almost at the instant the deer's horns transfixed the boards near which he had been standing. A miss is as good as a mile, we are told, but this is rather too close to be pleasant. 'We have some 'young stags out in the park,' said he; and a short walk brought us in good view of them, with their branching antlers, and necks from which the swelling had not as yet departed. Cautiously we walked round, as though to get near them was no part of our intention, and

thus he gradually pointed out the half-dozen huntable ones amongst them.

'They will come in soon,' he said, 'and commence running. 'We give them hay, beans, and oats, but don't train them at all; 'and they are never so fit to run, as in about three weeks from the 'last time of turning out, provided they are not lamed or injured. 'It does not hurt the stags to take off their horns, but is very bad 'for a heaver: he has one pair come up after being operated on, 'and they don't get hard, but are fleshy. The little Herring stag 'I spoke of ran himself to death near Horsley. The stags run best 'after Christmas; but are sulky and of little use before that time. 'Hinds will run the most seasons, ten, twelve, or thirteen; the stags 'turn sulky and get cunning.'

Then we heard how, no matter what the weather, they would not lie in their shed, and on the straw, but out in the open paddock, until they have at times looked like mere balls of snow. Be it as hard as it may, they will not take shelter when left their choice. The running deer at present number twenty-three, and the whole herd forty-five. When we had strolled back to the snug little hostelry Puttock summed up his deer-cart experiences in this fashion:—

'I have known the Squire ever since he was a little boy. I lived 'with Sir Gilbert, and was the first and the last on the back of 'Amato: I broke him. He never ran before or after the Derby. He 'overpowered his boy at exercise and injured one leg a little; then 'Sir Gilbert would not run him again he was such a favourite. He 'never had much chance at the stud, and died early from an accident '—broke his back when being cast to have a swelling in his neck 'operated on. I took to the deer when Mr. Arthur first had the 'hounds. Anderson was one of our first and best, then Titsey: 'she bred Wild Dayrell and Brown Duchess, both rare good ones. 'Keston came a season or two later: she was best of all, often beat 'them, and remained out for weeks. She ran once to Chobham, and 'they lost her; next she was heard of at Leatherhead: they found 'her, and again ran to Chobham without taking her. It was late in 'the season, and I thought she was in calf, so went over and made 'a house of thatched hurdles like a trap, so that I could pull a 'string and shut the door. Then I fed her every day, gradually a 'little nearer, until I got her inside, she was safe then. In one run, 'while outlying, she led them into three counties—Surrey, Sussex, 'and Kent. Marchioness was another good one. The Sweep—not 'the one we have now, but a heaver—got his name a queer way— 'I did not see it, mind, but they say he jumped on to the chimney of a 'cottage, when they lost sight of him, and going into the cottage 'found him standing there all over soot. Piccolomini was a good 'one: she jumped on to some spiked railings in Ashurst Park and 'killed herself—a bad job that was. I don't know the runs, only 'where they turn out and take them: these are some of the best up 'to the present time this season. The first was with Empress, who 'gave them two hours or more. Ashurst went well from Epsom

'Downs. A young hind, with a speck in her eye, gave them a 'clinker from Leatherhead, and was taken at Cheam, after one hour 'and fifty-five minutes. On November 2nd, Queen Bertha was 'lost, after a good run from Godstone to near Mr. Allerton's. The 'Epsom hind gave them a long, good run of three hours, from 'Epsom Downs to Godstone. November 16th, they met at Pens-'hurst station, and finding Queen Bertha took her, after a good run 'of one hour and a quarter, near Tunbridge. The Leatherhead 'hind gave them a clipping run on the 20th; and on the 27th, the 'Epsom hind ran until dark, and was left out. She was taken by 'some foot people the same evening. On the 30th, The Sweep 'did nothing for them; but their second deer, Empress, gave them 'a twister. On December 7th, they had a good run with young 'Lioness; and on the 11th, young Woking gave them a good three 'hours. Nothing of any account has been done beyond this up to 'the present time.'

Our space is run out, and we must conclude by wishing the new master and his coadjutors every success in their undertaking. There is one name, we find, has been inadvertently omitted which deserves honourable mention. We allude to Mr. Jones of Kingston, who went well in Lord Derby's time, and although far beyond threescore and ten, goes well now.

A LITTLE HORSE TALK.

TIME, 9.30 *p.m.* SCENE, *a snug apartment. The fire blazing brightly, and casting shadows and lights on the deep crimson curtains drawn closely before the windows. A large white cat and a fox terrier asleep on the hearthrug. Pipes, tobacco-jars, and cigar-boxes on the table. Also squab, dark green flasks with metal covers, and something in a long-necked French bottle. On the walls Bay Middleton beating Elis, and Coronation and Conolly winning the Derby by three lengths.* The Magazine *from its commencement, in gorgeous green and gold binding, on a handy bookshelf. Portraits of Mr. Baily, Tregonwell, Frampton, Bill Scott, Crockford, Admiral Rous, Vates, Judge Johnson, The Brown Duchess, Mr. Padwick, Der Teufel, and other celebrated personages. Models under glass cases of the Reporters' Room at Newmarket, a section of the Cheek of one of Mr. Weatherby's clerks, and other objects interesting to racing men. Photographs of* THE VAN *and Joe Muggins's Dog.* PRESENT, The Scribe and Greybeard.

IT is just two years ago * since I told, in my usual humorous way, to the purchasers of these immortal green leaves the story of an evening, that Greybeard and his great ally, the Youth, spent on my hearthrug. Since that time I have, somehow or another, seen but little of the pair. The younger man, it appears, took offence because, forsooth, I had occasion, at the time mentioned, to bring my delicate satire to bear on his follies and impertinence; and Greybeard (who is old enough to know better) was, I have been informed, offended on account of his stilted opinions and wishy-washy platitudes not having greater prominence given to them by the chronicler of the conver-

* 'Baily's Magazine,' January, 1868.

sation. If there is one thing that I detest more than another it is egotism; and how Greybeard can suppose that the public take any interest in his sayings and doings is indeed difficult to comprehend. About York August last he proposed that we should make friends again (it was just after my Aunt Hannah's legacy to me was announced in the 'Illustrated London News'); and although I knew what he said of me behind my back, I scorned to bear malice, and consented to the reconciliation. I may be a *twaddler* and a *bore*, but at any rate I am not vindictive. As for that misguided boy, I know not into what evil courses he may have fallen since he withdrew himself from the reach of my almost paternal advice and example. Months ago, happening to be late at night in a Pimlico street of more than doubtful reputation (I was there on a mission of charity), I saw the unhappy youth emerge from a Hansom cab. He was far gone in liquor, and, I regret to add, was not alone. Since that time he has fallen from bad to worse; and when I last heard of him he was living on an advertisement, commencing, 'Ha! Ha! Ha! the favourites boiled for catsmeat! A rank 'outsider wins the Cæsarewitch!' It was a sad termination to a once not unpromising career; but I never expected that he would come to any good after he refused to read my five act comedy. A young man who could fail to appreciate the beauties of a composition founded on the most classical models, and superior, as my friend McToadie has often declared, to the 'School for Scandal,' could hardly be expected to come to a reputable end.

Well, as I agreed that things should resume their former course, it was impossible for me to refuse to see Greybeard as of old at my quarters; and when he dropped in the night before last, and found me in the apartment above described, I flatter myself that his reception was calculated to remove any awkwardness he might experience from the recollection of remarks he had made relative to *bores* and *twaddlers*.

'It is a singular fact,' said Greybeard, as he mixed himself a drink and settled himself comfortably in my easy chair, selecting, at the same time, a particularly fine Cabana that I had laid on one side as a *bonne bouche*—'it is a singular fact that whenever you express yourself 'more than usually positive, Scribe, that a good thing will come off, 'it is certain to be upset. I had a tenner on Ligurian this afternoon, and the boy, confound him, was done on the post when it 'was a hundred pounds to a penny piece on him.'

This is a fair specimen of his usual style of conversation—as if I was accountable for the accidental upset of the certainty.

'Well, Greybeard,' I answer, calmly, 'your memory must be a 'trifle out of order, or surely you would remember the *coup* you made 'by following the advice I gave you about Formosa. Did I not 'tell you when you sat there on my hearthrug, that she would give 'you the greatest surprise of your life, and that Lady Elizabeth 'would be nowhere in the Derby? And that at a time when it was 'almost a hanging and quartering matter to doubt the success of the

'Danebury filly, or to believe in the stamina of the Beckhampton 'beauty! Have not I year after year put you, ingrate that you are, 'on the right path, if you would but follow my directions? Have 'I not warned you against impostors galore, and given you hints 'about outsiders that were worth thousands? Have I not confided 'to you secrets that I had bound myself by the most solemn vows 'never to divulge? How many times have I whispered into your 'ear that the favourite was lame, before even his owner knew of the 'mishap that had befallen his pet? How many times have I told 'you to get a bit when the public and the prophets were mad about 'a bottled-up old 'un, and I still knew that the authority to scratch 'him was in the Clerk of the Course's pocket? Why, you ought to 'blush as bright as one of William Elliott's neckties when you 'think of the turns I have given you, and then recall the speech you 'have just made. Don't you remember when those Middleham 'people had deluded you into the notion that that lumbering Lord 'Hastings would win the Northamptonshire, how I forced you into 'backing Mariner at a price so long that Mr. F—— still wonders, 'with tears in his eyes, how he was ever badgered into laying it? 'Haven't I made you stand ten to one winners so often, that Mr. 'Stead, that perfect cure of the ring, glances uneasily over his high 'shirt collar, whenever he sees you approaching, and forgetting for 'the moment to shriek and gesticulate, shelters himself from view 'behind the portly frames of the Leviathan or the mighty man of 'Pontefract? Didn't I make you have fifty on Number Ni——? 'No; I forgot—that was a mistake. Hem! no matter. You have 'benefited a thousand times by my judgment and information, and 'yet you grumble now at the loss of a paltry tenner. I'm ashamed 'of you, Greybeard; you are a worse parter than a Dales farmer or 'a woman—and that is trying you pretty highly.'

He is fain to admit the truth of my remarks, and cunningly endeavours to make his peace by complimenting me on the accuracy of my observations. At one time, before I had heard the twaddle story, I should have thought him sincere, but now—Ha! ha!!

'How is it, Scribe,' he asks, 'that you have acquired such a pro-'found knowledge of the Turf and all its mysteries; how is it that 'you seem to peer into the future with eyes so much keener than 'those of your fellow-men? You do not appear to consort much 'with touts; the postman does not bring you many of those ill-spelt, 'greasy, thumb-marked letters from training quarters; and I never 'find you poring over those little scarlet or green or yellow-backed 'books that the newspapers praise so much about this season!'

'Heaven forbid, my dear Greybeard, that such should be the case! 'I dread the sight of those little shillingworths as I do that of my 'tailor's bill, and can fancy few more terrible trials than to be com-'pelled to wade through their dreary, ten-times told tale of Sunlight's 'want of heart, or Sunshine's light forelegs, the improvement to be 'made by Stanley. Nothing can be more depressing than an analysis 'of the Derby—except it be an analysis of the Oaks. Besides, it is

'impossible, let your faith in prophets be what it may, to avoid an 'uneasy suspicion now and then that the reports from training 'quarters are not invariably to be accepted as gospel. For instance, 'one's confidence in the little grey-backed books is somewhat shaken 'when they tell you that the Osbornes will have a deal of trouble 'with Exciseman, and there is reason to doubt the infallibility of an 'oracle that speaks of Demidoff as the winner of the Danebury 'Nursery. It is not from that which ever was or ever will be 'written that judgment and discrimination on Turf matters can be 'derived. The natural instinct, born with but few, and nurtured by 'constant communication with men themselves busied in the sport, 'an innate love for the racehorse; a love that prompts inquiry into 'every phase of his being; a deep, keen enjoyment derived from the 'sight of the noblest of animals wound up to the pitch of condition, 'struggling against worthy rivals; interest in the sport so strong that 'a selling race is a sight not to be missed, and a fifty pound handicap 'something worth walking miles for; appreciation of the racehorse 'and the horse race, in a word, that does not require the stimulant of 'a bet—he who combines these characteristics, in my humble judg-'ment, is the man on whose opinion I should rely in preference to 'that of all the prophets, analysts, touts, and tipsters in the world. I 'have known a schoolboy—I need scarcely add, a Yorkshire school-'boy—who at fifteen years of age wrote predictions that threw into 'the shade those of all prophets before or since. "Vates" was not to 'be named in the same breath with him—but then he was a "Phœnix," 'a bird rare almost beyond compare—he had all the instincts that I 'mentioned just now—his name ought to have been handed down to 'deathless fame by a grateful——'

'Upon my word, Scribe,' my friend here breaks in, 'this is 'rather too much. I don't want to make an unpleasant remark, but 'are you quite sure that there is no taint of insanity in your family? 'You have been pouring forth such a volume of rigmarole, spite, 'conceit, and bad grammar as I never heard even from your lips 'before. Do, for goodness' sake, calm down, and endeavour to talk 'like a reasonable being. I declare what you have said about the 'analysts is strong enough to get you prosecuted for libel, and if you 'dare to reflect upon a body of men amongst whom is my friend '"Judex"——'

'Compose yourself, Greybeard,' I answer; 'you are too hasty, and, 'besides, are scarcely able to follow clearly the utterance of a man who 'thinks deeply as I do. I haven't a word to say against "Judex," who 'is a shrewd and clever man. It was he who made me back 'Vagabond at Doncaster this year, and thereby got me safely out of 'a Slough of Despond into which I had been plunged by the down-'fall of Pretender. I don't know exactly how it is, but whether I win 'or lose, Doncaster always has a charm for me that no other Meeting 'possesses. The yearling sales on the mornings have something to 'do with it, no doubt; and in a somewhat smaller degree York has 'the same charm. May his shadow never grow less who suggested

'that Knavesmire was a better place than Nelson's yard for a horse 'auction; and may you and I, Greybeard, stand together next 'August beside Mr. Edmund Tattersall, and buy a good horse as 'cheaply as we did last year. Little wot the bookmakers of the 'tribulation in store for them on the day when that chesnut colt is 'slipped on his mission of vengeance. Then shall there be wailing 'of the Victoria, and gnashing of teeth in Edinburgh and Boulogne. 'Then shall deep anguish fall upon the souls of Steele and Smith, and 'black Despair shall brood over the countenance of Nichol. You 'and I, friend, as that hitherto unseen dun and brown jacket of 'which you wot comes stealing to the fore at the right moment, will 'rejoice with a great joy, for before us will arise visions of balances 'at bankers, of gold and silver, the spoil of Jew and Christian, of 'rubies and emeralds for our maidens, of purple and fine linen for 'our noble selves. The readers of "Baily" shall have a timely hint, 'that they, too, may taste of the good thing; and so shall our name 'be blessed.'

'I'm blessed if it will,' suggests Greybeard, 'if you talk about the 'colt to every one you meet, for, depend upon it, Topham and Johnson 'will both be down upon him. You had far better christen him, 'too, offhand, for, depend upon it, handicappers are apt to suspect 'something when a "nameless" entry is sent to them. Christen 'him, or I'll take ten to one that he gets top weight when you try 'to win that Nursery next August.'

'Good and appropriate names are not so easily found,' I say, 'or else 'people are too idle to take pains in choosing them. It is pitiable to 'glance at the last page of the "Calendar" and remark the dearth of 'invention shown by owners on "christening" day. But for the aid 'of Good Samaritans who assist now and then on these occasions, 'and bring their keen and sparkling intellect to bear on a subject 'somewhat unworthy of such distinction—I mention no names— 'there would scarcely be an appropriate name in "Ruff." Some years 'ago a young gentleman of taste and sense drew strong attention to 'the clumsiness with which horses are as a rule christened, and 'suggested—rather neatly I remember thinking—that those interested 'should air their wits now and then, and endeavour, by hook or by 'crook, to hit upon some neat combination, in which allusion is made 'to the title of both sire and dam. Most of the names one reads 'now-a-days strike one as having been pitched upon by a stable boy 'rather than by an educated man. There are some notable excep- 'tions, and Lord Falmouth christens his young things as a gentle- 'man and a scholar should do.'

By this time Greybeard has got hold of a favourite old meerschaum pipe of mine, with a carved bowl about half the size of a Dutch cheese, and an immensely long wild cherry-wood stem. He pours from his lips vast clouds of aromatic smoke, and ever and anon assists himself to prodigious draughts from a huge tumbler of amber-coloured liquid that stands at his elbow, as if endeavouring to quench the smouldering fire that might be supposed to burn within.

'Names are no worse now than they were twenty years ago,' he jerks out at length, 'and better than they were in our grandfathers' 'time beyond all conception. When our great-great-grandfathers 'went a racing in George the Second's time they heard some re-'markable specimens of nomenclature, I warrant you. What do 'you say to Now I Must Run My Best, who won at York in '1739? or, Why Do You Slight Me, who ran on Rawcliffe Ings a 'year or two later? Jack Come Tickle Me, was a nice handy 'mouthful who wanted to back one in a hurry; and No Trust Like 'Trial a sweet thing for a poetical prophet to have handled, had the 'age afforded such luxuries. What do you think of Run Now or 'Hunt for Ever as a sample of the taste of 1743? and do you not 'consider Rive Rags, and Hopping Chicken, and Tom Touch Me 'Not, names to the full as stupid as the Step and Fetch It, the 'Can't You Come Out To-Night, and the Stop Awhile says Slow 'of more modern days?'

I am fain to admit that Greybeard has produced from the depths of his store of Turf lore some extraordinary specimens of bad taste; and finding his knowledge of the subject to be in advance of my own, I am good general enough to change the topic?

'By-the-by,' I say, 'you have never yet told me your Derby tip. 'A friendly bet of a silver threepence that I name one to beat it!'

'Year after year,' says my old friend, 'I see more and more 'clearly the folly of venturing upon prophecy, before seeing with your 'own eyes how the Derby nags have wintered. I will venture to 'say that, even now, three or four of those quoted in the market 'returns are a stone or more worse than when they were last seen in 'public; and who shall say how many more may not be hopelessly 'gone off before the newspaper prophets have finished their winter 'reviews? I have watched all the crack two-year olds of this year 'closely, and I could count on the fingers of one hand those that 'may be expected to "stand up" to the end of another season. Upon 'my life, horses seem to me to have no legs now-a-days. I wish I 'could say the same of the Turf. Of course you and the public 'will go for Stanley. Let a trainer win the Derby one year, and if 'he had a donkey engaged in the race the following season the 'patient animal would find supporters. If Tom Dawson were to tell 'me himself that he fancied the horse, I would follow up the hint; 'for there is no man living whose judgment is more deserving of 'respect. As, however, it is not very likely that he will take the 'trouble to open his mind on the matter at all—and, indeed, Mr. 'Jardine might object to such a proceeding, with some little show of 'reason—I shall venture to come to my own conclusion. That con-'clusion is, that Stanley has as much chance of winning the Derby as 'I have of succeeding to the throne of Spain. I didn't like the 'horse at York, and I didn't like the one that finished at his head, 'and I didn't like the field behind them. Moreover, O Scribe, 'the Middleham people only discovered after the race that 'he was a good 'un; and that is a little fact not at all in his favour.

'If that loose-limbed, unfurnished Exciseman could be got ready by 'June, he might carry the blue jacket in front of a lot of them. But 'I don't think John Osborne will ride the winner this year. John 'Scott has no Derby horse again this time. When *will* that White-'wall luck take a turn? Nobleman will win plenty of races, of a 'sort, but the old style of Malton Derby nag appears to have 'vanished altogether. It is so long since I have seen the Streatham 'colours on the back of a good one that I really forget which was 'the last of the old sort. Lord Zetland, again, has nothing in the 'race; and Falkland was so stumped-up by the hard ground in 'the autumn, that I doubt whether he will ever be the horse that the 'Richmond folks once vowed he would make. Still, I fancy that 'the spots will have a pretty good year; and if Fragrance only comes 'round, she will make some of the crack fillies put their best leg 'foremost. I am sure it was worth going all the way to Doncaster 'to see that well-abused "giant" win the Yorkshire Handicap,—it 'reminded one so much of the old times when the stable could not 'do wrong. Aske has had a Derby and a Leger, and a Two Thou-'sand—only an Oaks is wanting to complete the list; and something 'tells me that there is yet a chance of seeing Bumblekite's defeat 'wiped out. When that day comes, if ever it does arrive, may poor 'Jemmy Snowden have the mount! There is not a better nor a 'neater horseman in all Yorkshire; and Watson was right when he 'told me, years back, that not a man that pressed pigskin could give 'him an ounce.'

All the time that Greybeard is maundering on in this way, he is making the black bottle pay heavy toll. His eyes begin to glisten, and any attempt on my part to edge in a word here and there is met by an offensive snappishness. I know his disposition so well, that I refrain from comment on the boastful and domineering style of his discourse, and allow him to talk on as he pleases, notwithstanding that it is in my power to correct him in nearly every statement that he advances.

'If Mr. Merry wins this time I'll consent to be put in the pillory,' he exclaims, after wandering off in the most desultory way to other subjects. 'That filly they are all so mad about is just as likely as 'not to be in her stable on the day the race is run; and though Sun-'light can go like the wind for six furlongs, I am greatly mistaken if 'there is "bottom" enough in his pedigree to carry him over the 'Epsom course. I declare I am getting quite sick of the Stock-'wells; they could stay a little once, but we never come across a 'St. Albans or Caller Ou now, and the seventy-five guinea fee ought 'to be reduced by two-thirds. If Macgregor is a horse I saw on the 'Heath the Sunday before the Cambridgeshire, I should back him 'to win the Spencer Plate at Northampton against anything run for 'on a mile and a half course; and where the money comes from 'that is put on this colt and Coutts, and where it is to be found if 'either of the pair *should* pull through, is a problem too deep for me 'to solve. If they would run the race from Tattenham Corner,

'Kingcraft would win it as sure as you sit blinking and looking half 'fuddled in that chair, Scribe. As it is, it is just on the cards that 'he may win Lord Falmouth his first Derby. If he does, old friend, 'you shall have that little balance that I have never been able, from 'one confounded cause or another, to pay you yet.'

This being the only mention he has ever condescended to make of the transaction since it took place two years ago, I am forced to receive the promise with an affectation of gratitude. At the same time I make a mental note, to the effect that if my next year's receipts are to depend upon the victory of Kingcraft, my balance at the bank in the first week of June will be very small.

'Bridgewater,' he goes on to say in a loud voice, more egotistical and pompous than before, 'is a really good horse, and for once in a 'way the touts have got hold of the true story of his trial. Still it 'does not follow that an own brother to St. Albans must, of neces-'sity, be the equal of that wonder; and the family are delicate, hard 'to train, and not every-day horses. There is another good one in 'the same stable, and Fyfield will make it warm for the best of them 'this season, if all goes well. There are no Plaudits or Strathconans 'at Belleisle, and no Cavendish at Sylvia House; and, unless John 'Coates can win a big race, there will be no bell ringing at Rich-'mond this year. But, to tell the truth, I know but little now of 'the doings on the Park Moor. I never was so well posted about 'the Yorkshire horses as when I used to walk out of a morning and 'smoke a pipe with old Tommy Markham at Broken Bra crossing. 'He used to pick up all the gossip of the country side from one 'passer by and another; and it would have paid a thirteen-penny 'tipster to have been hid behind the wall and listened to our "crack" 'on a spring morning. Poor Tommy! he was an amusing soul, and 'a good hand at a little cross bet with a passing butcher or farmer. 'I shall never forget the pride with which he told how he had backed 'Vedette for three sheep's-heads against Saunterer for the Doncaster 'Cup, and landed! Mr. Graham is a worthy and straightforward 'man, and it would please north and south country alike if Astolfo 'were to win a Derby. I cannot but smile, however, at the notion 'of an Orlando doing the trick after all these long years, and I will 'back my theory against all that Woolcot knows. There is a 'cracked ring about the name of Cymbal, and if he does not sound a 'signal of distress before a mile is covered, I never made a greater 'mistake. No, I don't believe in Hawthornden, neither would any 'one else who had looked at him three times. Of course the French 'horses are dangerous—all dark, well-bred horses, trained by clever 'men, must be dangerous. But I have heard the same tale ever 'since Gladiateur's year, and have waited in vain for another flyer. 'Besides, the best of the blue and red jackets was done with when 'Prince was shelved. I don't know whether John Osborne fancies 'Torrendor has a chance. I don't. And, what's more, I am ready 'to support my opinion with a wager, as an honest Yorkshireman is 'always prepared to do. Normanby will be going on when a lot of

'the favourites are beginning to roll, but for the winner, Scribe, 'commend me to Bedford Lodge. I fancy even now that I see Joe 'Dawson's ruddy face one vast smile as he takes hold of the winner's 'bridle, and leads him back to scale. Camel, Katherine Logie colt, 'and the outsider that we all are building on in our heart of hearts, 'and yet dare not venture to mention! Be a man for once, Scribe, 'back the lot, and you will thank me for it on your knees next 'second of June!'

I have allowed Greybeard to talk on in this way for more than an hour. One black bottle is quite empty, and the other will certainly share the same fate unless I can drop some gentle hint to my touchy companion. The task is certainly not a pleasant one. He is a burly, big-boned man, nearly six feet high, and a perfect giant of strength. I remark that he wears a pair of exceedingly heavy shooting boots. I also notice that he has brought his walking-stick into the room with him. It must be an own cousin to the staff usually carried by Dr. Shorthouse, and a very near relative to the one with which Cedric the Saxon supports his steps. Perhaps I had better allow him to talk on until he falls asleep. I wish he wouldn't come here bothering me with his horse-gossip. The worst of it is that he does not understand the subject at all. He has never made the study of it that I have done, and it is like his impudence to inflict such long tirades upon a man so vastly superior to him both in information and experience. I think I mentioned before that he is a perfect fiend in the matter of temper at times, and it is quite dangerous to contradict or correct him. Good gracious! he's mixing himself another glass. Really I must interfere and check him for decency's sake.

'My dear Greybeard,' I begin, 'not for worlds would I baulk you 'in any inclination that did not tend to the injury of your body and 'brain; but you will pardon me, I hope and believe, when I tell you 'that if you persist in the course you have been adopting during the 'past two hours your reason, nay, even something more precious 'than your reason, will be seriously endangered. Shakespeare has 'observed——' Here my emotion overcomes me slightly, and I have occasion to wipe my eyes and keep my face concealed for a few seconds with my handkerchief. When I once more gaze towards Greybeard's chair I find, to my astonishment, that he has left the room. I ring for my servant, who tells me that he went away an hour ago, and left word that I was not to be disturbed. There must be some magic in all this. What a cantankerous being he is, to be sure! And what an amazing and unfortunate power of absorption he possesses! As I live there is not enough left in the bottle to drown a fly. Holloa! Stop! there goes about a quarter of a pint over that temperance tract the servant took in by mistake. Hum! there was a little more left than I had expected. So! just one thimbleful more as a nightcap, and then to bed. What the deuce does that fool of a housemaid mean by leaving two pokers by the hearth? The cat, too, must be bewitched, for she is rocking back-

wards and forwards, and up and down like a coble on a rough sea. I wonder what o'clock it is. There! I will lean back in my arm-chair for a minute or two and think. What a bad-tempered fellow Greybeard is, to be sure! It was uncommonly rude of him, too, to go away when I was in the middle of a sentence. Just a thimblefu—Oh, I forgot, here's the tumbler on the mantelpiece. I wonder what o'clock it is? Think I shall call on Greybeard, and pull his nose, in the morning. Or, perhaps, it would be better to write him a cutting letter. I'll be getting a few telling sentences ready. The grog doesn't taste, somehow—he must have watered the whiskey.

Poor old Greybeard! we used to be capital friends, too, long ago, and he was very kind and attentive when I was lock——when I was staying in that street out of Chancery Lane. I think I'll drink his health. Just another thim—bleful. Poor Polly! I wonder where she is now. I've got a flower she gave me once put away in my desk somewhere. It was one night when we stopped at a gate in the blind lane, and I kissed her for the first time. Heigho! I wish she had not married that other fellow. We should have been very happy together. But there was no such luck for me. Always the same story. False friends, disappointed hopes, broken fortune, ill-health——Where's my pocket-handkerchief? * * * Just a thim—ble——I wish the gas wouldn't flicker so, and I wonder what o'clock it is. Shall write him most severe lett'r. Most 'stronary liberty to take in my house. Shan't back Camel for the Derby now, jus' to spite him.

I'm all right. Won—der what o'clock it is?

S.

A REVIEW.*

BY 'THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.'

I PRESUME there is no one of our readers who has not among his acquaintances certainly one, if not more, who, by some inexplicable means, arrives at a perfectly satisfactory result; a result which sets all cut-and-dried criticism at defiance, and against which the most that can be urged is the old French exclamation of spontaneous flattery, 'C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre.' And that, by the way, is exactly what they do exclaim: with all their gratification at the performance of a difficulty, there steps in that petty jealousy, so common to small minds, which qualifies its praise by a 'but.' 'Ah! 'capital, wonderful, *but* that's not the way to do it.' Who does not know a musician, a draughtsman, a shot, a heaven-born genius in his way, but who is never believed in because he is tried by conventional rule, and found wanting? I know a man who plays the fiddle, not as you or I do, but with a taste and a tone which entrances you;

* 'Seats and Saddles, Bits and Bitting, &c. &c.' By Francis Dwyer, Major of Hussars in the Imperial Austrian Service.

which makes you look up from your book, and wonder where he got it from. And after the player has done scraping, and a subdued murmur, more valuable than the loudest applause, has subsided, our kind and considerate neighbour informs us that the 'fingering was 'all wrong.' The rules of good society do not allow of our challenging him on the spot to do better. We see the same among draughtsmen every day. Sketches that delight us; full of freshness and atmosphere—that look like what they are intended to represent—and our mind is poisoned by hearing that they are after no school, and coloured upon no principle; which we cannot deny, but which we should like to see rivalled by the critic himself. I do not mean to say that the criticism is not just; but we shall draw a parallel in a minute or two, and then have a clearer view of its value. I remember being much struck at a great *battue*, where between the covers we were driving partridges. The shooting was excellent; and I stood behind a bush next to a most accomplished gunner, if the results of his gunning were to be taken into consideration. On the other side of me was a very fair shot, and a sort of would-be professor in sport, whose *dicta* had gone down with his friends for something more than they were worth. It was impossible to help remarking upon the capacity of the young Guardsman, who throughout the day had been killing three birds to the professor's two; so, as we walked from the Long Copse to the Beech Grove, I remarked to him, 'How well that fellow in the Fusiliers shoots partridges!' I shall never forget the look of disgust with which he replied, 'Bad 'style, sir, bad style; look at his left hand, sir; no man could shoot 'with his hand in that position.' This was really too good. To argue the point would have provoked an unseemly controversy. I was quite prepared to admit that the young gunner's position might have been better: but the *argumentum ad hominem*, 'You'd better 'show him how to improve it,' was the only true one, and calculated to provoke a breach of the peace.

The parallel I wish to draw from these prefatory remarks is national. English, Irish, and Scotch, we claim to be a nation of centaurs. And we not only claim it, but our claim is almost universally admitted. I do not know whether some New Yorker calculates that the Britisher knows nothing about horses; if he does, I can afford to forgive him. We are the Natural Horsemen of the civilized world. We have by instinct not only a quicker apprehension of the horse's powers, shape, breeding and condition; but we have, numerous as bad horsemen are among us, a sort of inherent capacity for getting him to do what we want in the straightest way and in the shortest possible space of time. I am not speaking now of the wear and tear of the material, but of the short work we make of the rearing, breaking, bitting, and riding him, so far as we want him to carry us on the course, over the country, or along the turnpike road; in fact, so as to answer our ends. There is no other nation to be handicapped with us in that untaught readiness with which men in these islands drop, as it were, into their saddles. A Frenchman, or

a German, unspoilt even by his school, has nothing to compare with it; and their best efforts are always mechanical. As they measure and adapt saddles, stirrups, bridles, and bits, to every possible back or head, so they never seem to think that a horse can be fit to be mounted, until he and his rider have gone through an amount of preparation and management which would have disgusted us at its very commencement.

My meaning may be made obvious enough by an illustration. See an Englishman in a dealer's yard, or elsewhere, get on a horse. No time is lost, no inspection of the saddle; nine times out of ten, he forgets to see whether his girths are secure. He perceives that there are stirrups, and takes a bird's-eye view of their length, which he determines upon adjusting when he shall have mounted: as to their position he leaves such inquiries to gentlemen who ride by rule. He sees that the horse has a bit in his mouth; of what kind, of what breadth or length, whether the curb be tight or loose, or anything else, he is not only profoundly ignorant, but profoundly indifferent. He throws himself on, and, if he be a good horseman, drops himself naturally into the right place; if a bad one, into the wrong. In either case, he is likely to leave the horse pretty much to his own discretion. In the first case he allows him to champ his bit, and settle down to a walk, carrying his own head, if he can; and, if he cannot, putting it straight out in a line with his tail, consoling himself by his sporting appearance. In the other case, as a sort of preventive to tumbling off, the rider takes tight hold of the snaffle, fearful of the dangers of the curb; and the horse, like other horses, accustomed to be bored at and to bore, in like manner walks away with his burden. If you provoke him to trot, or canter, the good horseman will do it with as much ease to himself and to his horse as he can; but he will not break his heart, nor call the horse a bad horse, even should he take the bit on one side, or the other, or put his head up or down, or exhibit half a dozen tricks of which he ought to have been broken three years before. The Englishman, if he be a horseman, will sit still, perhaps elegantly; and the world will say what a nice horse to ride; whereas, in fact, he may be as awkward a beast as the animal coming up the Park, jerking, and pulling, and snorting, and just within one iota of running away with the duffer who cannot ride him, but who thinks he can, because he is an Englishman. The fact is, that our horses are admirably broken for our purposes, or what we call our purposes, which means to walk, trot, and gallop, in straight lines in some way or other, occasionally carrying you, and you occasionally them. And we are very apt to call them broken, only, as it seems to me, in anticipation of what may happen to their knees.

I do not say that this is right. I give it as an illustration of that apparently natural ease by which an Englishman arrives at a given result, he can hardly himself tell you how. For it is a positive fact, that there are hundreds of men who ride well to hounds, or in the Park, or on a journey, and who accomplish really extraordinary feats, without

being able to tell you why or how, and indeed, so to speak, in the wrong way. In a way by which they ought to have tumbled off, or been run away with, or have broken their horses' knees; in a way shocking to the skilled foreigner, and deplorable to the educated horse critic. But it is just one of those cases for which we cannot account; and if you could collect the opinions of all the most scientific school-riders of Paris, Berlin, Vienna, St. Petersburg, you would get but one opinion out of them of an Irishman jumping the wall at Ballinasloe, or an English cornet going to the Quorn or the Pytchley, regardless of having previously sold himself to his country: 'Eh! bien, c'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la science d'équitation.' 'His horse goes with his head in the wrong place, he can 'scarcely stop him, and he can't turn him; his saddle is badly fitted, 'his bridle is unsuited to him, his stirrups are too forward, and his 'seat too far back; he has had two falls in the first ten minutes, and he 'ought to have broken his neck at least a quarter of an hour ago, and 'yet here he is still going, and safely landed over the most hog-backed 'stile in Leicestershire!' Now if, on the contrary, you had watched any other of the civilized races of articulate-speaking men about to enjoy a ride, be it for business or pleasure, you would have seen the rider carefully inspect his saddle, and the manner in which it had been placed upon his beast; he would have measured with his eye at what angle his stirrups were allowed to fall, he would have seen that his reins were at right angles to his bit, and that the curb fitted in the curb place, as it ought, and that his bridle was so placed as to enable his horse to bend his head; without which, as he has been taught, there can be no confidence generated in the rider. And when all had been adjusted to his rider's taste, and in accordance with the latest pattern of the most advanced school, he would have mounted just as he ought to have done, drawing his reins neatly through the proper fingers—Heaven only knows which they are!—of the left hand, taking hold of the mane at the same time, standing at right angles to his horse's shoulder, and putting his foot well home into the stirrup, with all other things that a real horseman ought to know, and do for his eventual safety. He would have gone out of the yard curvetting and prancing, pressing his horse first with one leg, and then with the other, and showing to the admiring neighbours what the real 'science d'équitation' was. How can a man, brought up in such a school, express anything like respect for the happy-go-lucky method in which he sees us perform; or, if he be honest, how can he help feeling admiration at the wonderful results of our ignorance and vanity? 'Ah! c'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la 'guerre.'

The fact is, that with our natural turn for the fine arts in equestrianism, we despise authorities, book-learning, discipline, and the *manége* entirely. Is there anything so offensive to a British lion as to be accused, or even suspected, of ignorance, of an incapacity for horseflesh? Who would not rather be a robber, a blockhead, a corrupter of the compound householder, a Fenian, a

bill-discounter, or a croquet-amateur? We prefer not to be taught; and like some healthy spots in spite of the drainage, we are a nation of horsemen only in spite of our ignorance. We cannot help it; and we know less about riding almost in proportion to the more we do of it.

I confess that few things annoy me so much as the mechanical part of equitation; and whenever I hear or read (and I do both) of the defects of our system from the admirers of the *haute école*, I feel inclined only to ask 'Can you do better?' To see a man—and we could name here, if we pleased, one or two of our gentlemen-riders—jump on a horse which has scarcely seen a fence before in his life, and by dint of that combination of skill, and courage, and unconquerable determination which goes to make the natural horseman, ride him over divers obstacles, now up, now down, now on his head, now brought up on his haunches in the midst of a double, now rearing, now plunging, and the two never really parting company till they tumble head over heels together, and then only by the length of the bridle—does give me a sensation of pleasure which the most finished performance of the foreign school has failed to effect. I feel in a positive glow of national vanity; and as I nudge my foreign friend, who says, 'It is not riding,' I reply, 'Possibly not, my good friend, 'but it's so uncommonly like it that I cannot see the difference.'

'Quot homines, tot sententiæ,' there are as many seats as saddles, and hands as bridles, I may add: and although a good seat and good hands are indispensable for a first-class horseman, and almost of necessity go together, still there are results which no man can gainsay, and which appear to depend on neither. The fact is that it is impossible to give to every horseman the same seat in the saddle. How can the long-legged and the short-legged, the round man and the long man, the washball and the pair of tongs go riding together after the same fashion? All we can expect is, that each should sit as elegantly and as securely as he can, considering his natural disabilities. Every man who rides for pleasure must sit in the way most comfortable to himself; and if he has no style of his own, he must adopt that of other people. If he puts himself into an attitude, unless he prefer vanity to comfort, he ceases to ride for pleasure: and he would provoke considerable criticism if he were to bring the lesson of the riding school unmodified into the streets or the Row. One man therefore adopts what he imagines to be the nearest approach to the hunting seat, another to the military, a third to the ancient dandy, otherwise the poker and tongs, a fourth to the Newmarket, and a fifth to the languid swell. This latter, when properly done, is highly effective; but it requires accessories of no mean order. Your horse should be perfectly safe and quiet, not given to stumbling, as he will be required to carry his own head and everything upon it without assistance. Your trousers must be perfect specimens of art, whether you rejoice in the shapely Wellington with straps, or the equally neat button-boot without. You should have a look of supreme indifference as to past, present, or future;

and no man hampered with acceptances should attempt to adopt it within a fortnight of their becoming due. There is no room for 'black Care to sit behind this horseman.' I have seen the languid swell come to grief, and when he does he looks more amazingly foolish than any one in the world. Your horse ought to see the stones by the way in which he carries his head, but sometimes he goes to sleep, as well as the rider. When a man affects Fordham or Custance it should be very well done, or it will provoke much laughter. If in the Row, it should be in early morning, or when but moderately full. The proper place is the hunting field, where you may spurt by your friends, covering them with mud or clay; and where you will be sure t excite some admiration and many oaths. A jockey's seat is, *in its class*, the perfection of riding, but unavailable for private use. His saddle, as a matter of art, is all (little as there is) that can be desired. It is placed just where it should be; a surcingle, which would assist in showing where many another saddle should be placed, passes exactly round the middle of the saddle place, and the stirrups hang at the right angles to the back, for use, not ornament. However large a saddle, it has its model in this. When a jockey stands up to take the length of his stirrups, he should, as I think, be just able to clear his saddle, standing partly by his thighs, and partly by his stirrups and his lower legs. The worst of his imitators, is the common fault of out-heroding Herod, by sticking out too much weight behind over the cantle of the saddle, and too much head and shoulders before. The true weight of your horseman should be as near the centre as possible, with a readiness of moving it *from the hips upwards*, which must depend upon the powers of the horse and the nature of the ground. My wonder very frequently is, in crossing a country, how certain men can do so much, who really delight in defying all rule. At this moment I could mention dozens who, in spite of rule, because they are Englishmen, I suppose, with apparently no seats nor hands, bring their horses through wonderful runs, with no signs of greater distress than many which are carefully and skilfully ridden. One well-known instance may serve my purpose; I mean the late Mr. Heathcote of Durdans; and he will save me from invidious comparison among the living, without doing injustice to the memory of the dead. That gentleman was, to look at, about the worst horseman in England; but he got more out of his horses over a heavy and enclosed country than I ever saw in my life.

A good park or hack-seat is neat to the eye, and efficient enough for sitting upon a horse, when the object be considered. It should be well down upon the saddle, and the foot should rest lightly upon the stirrup, which is not intended here, as with a violent two-year old on Newmarket Heath, to act as leverage to great weight. The horse itself, too, is usually so easy to ride, that the rider may be excused for going entirely for show. The commonest fault in these, as in other cases, is, that the rider is apt to put himself too near the cantle, the manifest result of which is to press it down upon the

hind quarters, and tilt up the pummel. By this means a sore back is easily engendered, as the saddle is sure to rub against the skin, unless it be kept in its place by the surcingle, which here is never used. Indeed, without entering into too close particulars as to where one should absolutely sit, it will be sufficient to say that it should be as near as possible to the middle of that part of the person which obtains especial regard among the Hottentot ladies and at public schools. It is a curious thing, however, to ride or lounge through Rotten Row, and see the number of seats and saddles which you would like to rectify, if you could do so without offending the pride of the riders.

In speaking of a hunting-seat, we speak of a seat which may be multiplied or varied *ad infinitum*. It would be impossible to say how many huntsmen, whips, grooms, masters of hounds, and first-class performers I know with different seats, who go equally well to hounds, and apparently with equal ease to their horses and themselves. That they should do so is impossible, because there must be a right and a wrong way to sit upon and handle a horse, and the man who does that most easily will assuredly be the better horseman. But we come back to the old argument as regards the outsider, who tells us 'this is not science, and that is not horsemanship: he did 'see the run, and he did get over the brook; but how?' 'Can 'you do it as well?' The huntsman who died in Mr. Garth's service, Tom Sweetman, was in this respect a wonderful instance of the truth of what I say. He could ride any horse: they all went with him; and though he had his hounds to look to, his horn to blow (no small accomplishment in Tom's hands), and though he was to be seen with his reins all in a bundle in one hand, apparently without method or consideration, horses never refused with him and seldom fell. And he rode all sorts, excepting bad ones, which have been found to be less obedient to their present masters since his death. Of course I have a perfect notion of what a seat ought to be, though I am willing to admit that so many get on well enough without one. It should be in the middle of your saddle, and your saddle should be placed upon so much of the actual back of your horse as it will cover without impeding his action. The more you can distribute your weight equally the better. Your main pressure should be from the thigh to the knee; which will be increased in the neighbourhood of the knee as you rise in your stirrups. You may ride over large fences with the greatest ease in this position; whereas by shifting your seat to the cantle, the power of the horse's loins as he jumps is the very thing which may send you over his head. No man can be kicked off from the middle of the saddle, until he be thoroughly tired and his muscles relaxed; just as no man can be theoretically sick in the Channel, if he can only find the exact centre of the vessel as she rises and falls. In either case there is scarcely any motion at all.

We Englishmen, again, are charmingly indifferent to our saddles, or rather to the saddling of our horses. If we are rich men we

leave it to the best saddlers, and our irreproachable stud-groom, a faultless specimen of which genus belongs to every owner: the little men I may dismiss at once, as being, as a rule, lamentably ignorant of the subject. On military saddles no one knows what has been written, or how much: I will not enter upon the subject here; but I can recommend the book whose title heads this article, as giving plenty of information on the subject, if the reader feels disposed to go more thoroughly into it. But in my opinion no theoretical teaching can supply the place of experience. When a man is gravely told that the length of the stirrup is supposed to equal that of the arm; if no rider, he stares; if an experienced one, he laughs. Still there is much that men do not know, which they will be none the worse for knowing.

Besides this, men will hear, and engage in, a sort of controversy between 'balance' and 'grip,' which always ends in the disputants keeping their own opinion, usually not worth much. To ride entirely by the one or the other is a mistake; and instinct almost teaches us not to do so. Let the two systems aid one another. A man riding too much by 'balance' has no means of saving himself or his horse. The advantage of which, we frequently hear, is, that when his horse makes a mistake, he is thrown far enough away to escape danger. What a pleasant thing a ride must be in which a tumble is ever imminent, ever prepared for If I were compelled to be always riding for a fall, I think I should soon give it up altogether. The fact is it is very rarely that men do ride by balance alone. They cannot ride well without it; but it is much modified by the grip they have of their horses, sometimes with the wrong power, sometimes with the right. To ride entirely by muscular hold is on the other hand inelegant, and exceedingly fatiguing; so that for any length of time it would be impracticable. It has, however, often saved an inevitable fall, in spite of all that has been written upon the absence of leverage, and the consequent impossibility of holding up your horse or assisting him. This theory looks well on paper, and is difficult to disprove; but I speak practically of that energy and will which has been often imparted to a falling horse, and has saved many a beaten one from coming to grief. I am myself a great admirer of elegant horsemanship, be it of what kind it may. I am willing to admit that there is a right way and a wrong way of doing the same thing, and that, 'cæteris paribus,' the right way is the best; but I am also possessed with the idea that, nationally, the Englishman accomplishes the object he has in view, with all his ignorance and indifference, far better than his neighbours. I had almost forgotten to add, that what balance you require should be exercised from the hips; because nothing is so bad as stiffness in riding; and nothing so graceful as the easy play of the body without any derangement of the seat.

I may say further in praise of a firm seat, that without it there can be no such things as very good hands. The worst fault a rider can have is the habit of holding on by his horse's mouth; and

nothing is so calculated to render horses fractious as this irritating pull upon their bridle. I have said there are nearly as many hands as bits, and others have said that nearly every horse is to be ridden if he be properly bitted. The plain snaffle would be much more in use, if it did not give so simple and unpretending a look to the horse; for it is a first-class bridle to hold on by, though few acknowledge its use in this way. It has been used by the very best and the very worst riders. The late Charles Davis seldom rode in any other; and in his day he had few equals over a country. A neighbour of mine tells me that he rides in a snaffle, because he has such bad hands that he can use nothing else. As a rule the best and easiest bridle, and the one most generally useful, is the ordinary double-reined bridle, the bit and bridoon. I always ride upon both reins, with an equal and gentle bearing myself, nor do I think it necessary to alter my tactics in this respect over fences. Your horse's mouth should even then be felt, and eased only in the operation of extending himself, to be handsomely landed by renewed assistance as he alights, in case of a stumble. The great thing with all bits, is to induce your horse to bend to your hand. If he will not do this, he may do your work, but he cannot do it pleasantly. In the foreign schools all horses will do this, as it is a 'sine quâ non.' In breaking English horses, less attention is given to it than ought to be given; and it usually has to be done by the master, for grooms are incapable of it, even if they could be taught its necessity. There are such things as Pelhams, Hanoverians, Chifneys, Segundos, and the irrepressible noseband, all of which are in use, though scarcely so much as formerly. It should be a principle in bitting horses not to cause them pain; and always in sharpening or tightening your system of bitting, to do so by degrees. We have more bad mouths than all the Continent put together; and, if Mr. Dwyer is to be believed, more broken knees. I think with him, and I lived on the Continent three years, riding an excellent Prussian hack the greater part of the time, and having pretty well the run of the German stables in a large town. The broken knees follow the bad mouths; and the bad mouths arise from our hurry to get a horse to go straight on end one way or another, the faster the better. An exhibition of the *haute école*, which combines the hand and leg, is usually laughed at here; though I have seen some splendid specimens of it in our circuses, and many more on the Continent. The grand point, and one to which we never pay any attention, is the length and breadth of the bridle and the bit. Everything in this respect is left to the groom. Of course a bit can be too high or too low in the mouth, and the curb chain can be so placed as to be quite useless, or very painful and detrimental. Men who know these things should see that attention is given to them, for humanity and safety are combined in them. Those who are ignorant of them may read Mr. Dwyer's treatise with advantage.

As a general rule I would say avoid fighting with your horses in thoroughfares, where you can teach them nothing; and ride them

in the tackle which you find least irritating to them. There are proper proportions for the length of bits, and a proper angle to be formed by them with the rider's hand, which should be attended to. A noseband is a most useful addition, if it be put on at the proper place, *i.e.*, not so high up as we usually find it: and a martingale is a most valuable contrivance for putting a head in its proper place, in proper hands. Let me urge this, however, upon the reader, which he will be slow to accept, because it is in defiance of almost universal custom. The martingale should be placed, for obvious reasons, where it never is, upon the curb rein. You will thus do with far greater ease by mechanism what perhaps you never could accomplish by natural means: you will be able to put your horse's head exactly where you want it to be, without any pain to him, and without the slightest inconvenience to yourself. In fact, if you are to ride some half-broken beast, which has come to you as a good hunter because he has been steeplechased half a dozen times, you may find that when he is not star-gazing he is carrying his head between his legs. I once had an accommodating animal of this kind myself; and as the handling of him took away all the pleasure of riding, I was reduced to a bridle of my own contrivance—a large smooth snaffle on a gag enabled me to get his head up, and a martingale on the curb rein enabled me to get it down again. I do not recommend severe bits at all for general purposes, and the miraculous instruments of torture, of which we sometimes make use, ought to be forbidden by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. There is more cruelty practised in the Park in a two hours' ride than in half the steeplechases in Great Britain. Englishmen are difficult to teach in the matter of bridling and saddling.

Of Major Dwyer's book we can speak with much approbation; and we recommend especially that part of it which refers to bits and bridles. The principles are laid down in simple language, and the suggestions as to length, breadth, and adaptation are highly practical. To those who are fond of the science of horsemanship, and who will give themselves time for some study of it, we know no work that comprehends so much good matter in so small a space.

THE CHRISTMAS AMUSEMENTS.

It would be much easier to decide 'Who's Who'—thanks to Mr. Baily—than to give an off-hand answer to the question of 'Where shall we go this even-'ing?' A glance at the amusements advertised in the daily papers reveals a perfect string of bewildering invitations couched in the most insinuating language. There are now no less than thirty-four theatres open, and about forty music halls, besides the Crystal Palace, and the numerous 'entertain-'ments,' all trying to outstrip one another in popularity. The glories of Boxing night are, however, steadily but surely departing. Twelve of the West-end theatres gave no change in their performances on Boxing night, and only three west of Temple Bar produced a pantomime. The production of a pantomime as now given is the most expensive species of dramatic entertainment, involving an outlay of thousands of pounds, in addition to the

nightly cost for representation, which may probably account for its disappearance from the smaller theatres. Mr. Fredk. Chatterton at DRURY LANE has again secured the services of Mr. E. L. Blanchard, who this year introduces a new grand Christmas Annual entitled *Beauty and the Beast, or, Harlequin and Old Mother Bunch.* The principal parts in the opening are entrusted to the now celebrated Vokes family, Miss Kate Santley, and Mr. Brittain Wright. The Vokes family are simply marvellous, and must be seen. The popular Harry Boleno is Clown, assisted by Paul Herring, Little Rowella, J. Morris, and F. Saville, and the Vokes family. Mr. Augustus Harris opens COVENT GARDEN with a pantomime written by Mr. Byron, founded upon one of the Countess D'Aulnoy's fairy tales: it is called the *Yellow Dwarf, or Harlequin Cupid and the King of the Gold Mines.* Mr. Harris has collected an unusually strong muster of well-known names: foremost are the Payne family—a host in themselves—Mr. Stoyle, the two pretty Miss Harrises, Miss Julia Matthews, and the deservedly popular Miss Nelly Power. The pantomime is placed upon the stage with the same liberality and good taste that has been shown by the present management for the last three years. Mr. Julian Hicks, who has succeeded Mr. Matt Morgan, has supplied some magnificent scenery. The comic scenes are carried on with unflagging spirit by the two younger Paynes, assisted by Mr. Paulo and Madlle. Esta. Mr. Buckstone has contented himself with reviving the extravaganza of the *Fair One with the Golden Locks*, at the HAYMARKET, in conjunction with *New Men and Old Acres*, which should be seen by everybody who enjoys a really good play. The ADELPHI programme is not altered, the *Long Strike* and *Lost at Sea* being the bill of fare offered. *Uncle Dick's Darling*, by Mr. Byron, and the new burlesque of *Wat Tyler*, by Mr. Sala, are the present attractions of the GAIETY. The unsuccessful drama of *Morden Grange*, by Mr. Burnand, having been removed from the QUEEN'S THEATRE, Mr. and Mrs. Rousby, of great provincial celebrity, are now performing there in the *Fool's Revenge.* The sensational pieces of *After Dark* and *The Streets of London* still hold their places at the PRINCESS'S. Mr. W. H. Liston of the OLYMPIC has too great a success in *Little Em'ly* to dream of any change, although a promise is given out of a dramatic allegory, early in the spring, from the pen of Mr. W. S. Gilbert. There was no change also at the LYCEUM THEATRE (which will again shortly pass into other hands) depending upon the five-act play of *Elizabeth, Queen of England*, and the excellent acting of Mrs. F. W. Lander. The sixty-first representation of Goldsmith's comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer*, which has been revived with so much completeness, and the extravaganza of *La Belle Sauvage*, in which Mr. Wood has introduced some new songs, was given at the ST. JAMES'S THEATRE on Boxing-night. Mr. Barry Sullivan repeated the efficient play of *Love's Sacrifice* at the HOLBORN; and Miss Oliver at the ROYALTY included in her performance Mr. Halliday's drama of *Checkmate*, and the burlesque of *The Flying Dutchman.* The burlesque of *Ino*, and the farces of *Among the Breakers* and *The Toodles* were repeated at the STRAND; and Miss Maria Wilton, at the PRINCE OF WALES'S, represented, for the 283rd time, Mr. T. W. Robertson's comedy of *School.* Miss Fanny Josephs succeeded Mr. Parry in the management of the GLOBE on Boxing night, and gave her first performance there in an operatic burlesque by Mr. Byron, entitled *Lord Bateman, the Proud Young Porter, and the Fair Sophia*—this, together with the farcical three-act drama of *Not Such a Fool as he Looks*, in which the author, Mr. Byron, sustains the principal character, furnished the attraction. The proprietors of the HOLBORN AMPHITHEATRE, in addition to many novelties in the arena and the marvellous performance of the equestrian monkeys, has engaged a well-known troupe of singers, who help to give diversity to an unusually excellent entertainment. It was almost compulsory upon Mr. Edgar, the lessee of SADLER'S WELLS, to produce a pantomime, which he calls *Ye Faire Maide of Mertie Islington; or, Harlequin Ye Cruel Prior of Canterbury.* It is written by Mr. Cheetham, and was an unmistakeable triumph from the beginning to the end. Mr. E. T. Smith this year produces two pantomimes, and both are written by Mr. Harry Lemon—

Dick Whittington and his Cat, at the CRYSTAL PALACE, and *Jack and the Beanstalk*, at ASTLEY'S. The CRYSTAL PALACE pantomime is decidedly the best that has yet been given there, and *Jack and the Beanstalk* is worthy of Mr. Smith's reputation, which is saying a good deal. Miss Caroline Parkes undertakes the principal character in both pieces, and works very hard to gain the success she so well merits. Mr. Brew has painted the excellent scenery for ASTLEY'S, and Mr. Fenton for the PALACE. Pantomime is also given at the SURREY THEATRE, now under the management of Mrs. Pitt. *Harlequin St. George and the Dragon; or, Old Father Time and the Seven Champions of Christendom*, is the somewhat lengthy title of a really good old English pantomime, which is put upon the stage with great completeness, and acted well throughout. Another good specimen of pantomime is to be seen at the ROYAL ALFRED, by Mr. Robert Soutar, entitled *Gulliver's Travels; or, Harlequin Lilliput, &c.*, and produced under the management of Mr. and Mrs. George Sydney: it will challenge comparison with any pantomime in London, is capitally written, and well acted: Mr. Julian Hicks' transformation scene of the Coral Grottoes and Silver Ferns in the Home of Imagination is alone worthy of a visit. Miss Rosina Ranoe personated the part of Gulliver with great success.

Mr. Cave, at the VICTORIA THEATRE, always provides a good pantomime. It is full of fun and frolic of the old pantomime school, and is called *Che Chi Chou Chang, the Naughty Man who Kills all he Can*; and, as the name implies, the plot and scenery are from a Chinese point of view. The STANDARD, one of the most elegant theatres in London, has a glorious pantomime called *The Story of the Bean Stalk, or, Harlequin Jack the Giant Killer and the Seven Champions*. The whole of the pantomime is placed upon the stage without any consideration of cost, and some beautiful scenery by Mr. Richard Douglass, including a moving panorama in illustration of the Seven Champions, in which there are upwards of two hundred performers, is well worth seeing. Mr. Douglass is to be commended for producing such a splendid Christmas Annual, which is worthy of being described as an operatic and burlesque spectacle. *Timour the Tartar, or, the Swell Belle of the Period*, is the title of the new burlesque which Mr. Giovannelli provides as the holiday entertainment at the ROYAL ALEXANDRA THEATRE, Highbury; and the BRITANNIA supplies a pantomime called *The Giant of the Mountain, or, the Savage, the Shipwrecked, and the Belle of the Period*, in which Mrs. Lane appears in all the glory of crimson silk as the Belle. A monster entertainment at the AGRICULTURAL HALL, now under the management of Mr. Holland, consisting of athletic performances, steeple-chases, wrestling, and the well-known feats of Messrs. Blondin and Niblo, &c. &c. The last scene is entitled the Revels, in which 200 athletes, acrobats, and clowns are simultaneously performing. Mr. Holland also gives an entire change of performance at the CANTERBURY HALL, including a new ballet. Mr. Strange, at the ALHAMBRA, has produced two new ballets, one under the superintendence of Mons. Justamet, of Paris, in which Madlle. Pitteri is the central figure, and the other is due to the skill and invention of Mr. Fred Evans, who is assisted by his talented troupe. At ST. JAMES'S Great Hall, the Christys celebrated their fifth Christmas Festival, in the presence of thousands of their admirers. Mr. and Mrs. German Reed are giving their last performances at the GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION. Mr. Woodin has returned to London, and opened his *Carpet Bag and Sketch Book* at the EGYPTIAN HALL, where also is to be seen a very clever show of mechanical wonders, called Couper's French Promenade Exhibition. MADAME TUSSAUD has added portrait models of Mr. George Peabody and Madame Grisi; and the POLYTECHNIC has several important changes to suit the tastes of the holiday folks.

F. W. M.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—December Delineations.

DECEMBER, the month so dreaded by 'Turkey in Europe,' and the dearest to landlords, by whom it is held in far greater estimation than by tenants, has given the Sporting World some of the finest specimens of its staple productions—fogs, rains, and frost—that we ever remember to have seen. So much so, that the Ring are fairly qualified to deliver lectures at the Geographical Society in Albemarle Street upon these natural productions, which were shown to the utmost advantage at Croydon, where they came on in rapid succession like the Equestrian's waistcoats at the Circus. The Race Meetings of the month have been exclusively confined to the suburban ones, at which every recognized Plater assisted, to the great delight of the thieves of the metropolis, who had a regular field-day, by which they benefited not a little the fashionable watchmakers of the West End, but also gave an impetus to the Swiss watch trade, which has been extensively felt in every Canton in the land of William Tell. The cold at Croydon one day was so intense in its character, that some Esquimaux were the only persons who looked comfortable on the ground. And we shall not be surprised to see Messrs. Nicholl or Samuel Brothers advertising Esquimaux suits for Suburban Races. And if they do so, we predict for them a ready sale, for their garments are certain to be appreciated by the steeple-chase crowds who darken Mr. Verrall's inclosure. Of all these Suburban Meetings, Kingsbury is by far the best, although an attempt has been made by 'The Times' to run it down, it is said, at the instance of a rival publican and sinner, to the local proprietor, who has completely answered all the objections that were preferred against it. Although the class of horses that were pulled out on each day were not beyond the grade of Platers, they mustered in tolerable force, and the winners may be said to have at least earned their hay and corn. The stand and weighing-room are well constructed, and when better order is maintained in the latter, there will be little for the fault-finders to grumble at. The serious illness of Admiral Rous, and the dangerous operation he underwent, kept 'The Memoir Men' on tenterhooks all the month. But the old Admiral, pulling himself together, as few men of seventy-four would have done, defied the knives of the operators, and bore their handling of him as bravely as a mutinous seaman did, in days of yore, a flogging round the Fleet; and by the middle of next month, the Sporting World will again be in possession of his handiwork in the weights for the Spring handicaps, for his mind, we are given to understand, is as vigorous as ever, and he takes as much interest in the National Pastime as he did in his hot youth. The statistic season has just set in with unusual severity in the Sporting Papers, and from the returns that have been published, the whole interior economy of the Turf has been made known to a curious public. In short, we have had Returns of the doings of every conceivable description of horse—English, Irish, French, and German; and before the accountants have ceased from their labours, we suppose they will furnish us with a list of roarers, as well as of those horses that have been spurred in their various races, and also of those that have been flogged; and a well-authenticated version of these animals would prove eminently useful to handicappers, as it would be of immense help to them in their assessment of the weights. As for 'Reviews of the Season,' we have had as many of them as the Foot Guards in St. James's Park, and the Derby favourites are inspected once a week, like recruits waiting to be returned fo

duty. It will therefore be perfectly useless on our part to attempt any review, for it would not be likely to draw: we therefore refer those who are curious in such matters to the Sporting Chronicles of the day, wherein they will find figures enough to have pleased the well-known Joseph Hume had he still been spared to us. One extract, however, from the archives of Burlington Street, we will make for our readers, and it will show how the Turf has gone on gradually increasing from the first authenticated period, when a list of thoroughbred horses was formed in this country, which was in 1797. In that year they amouted to 593, whereas, in 1869, they came up to 2534, which shows to what a gratifying extent the National Pastime has flourished. And as every man in the present time that has a brood mare, the size of a Newfoundland Dog, puts her to the nearest horse in the neighbourhood, the number of our blood stock is likely to be still further increased.

The Steeple-chase season has now set in, and collar-bones and arms have begun to be broken for the season, and the Metropolitan Police Force have contributed their part to the share of accidents which have occurred by field and flood. The Grand National Committee are, however, lamentably lax in their attendance, and it is with the greatest difficulty that a quorum can be got together. The consequence is that business is at a complete standstill, greatly to the inconvenience of parties having cases set down for hearing. Lord Poulett's proposition, that in future no three-year old shall be entered for any steeple-chase, will be endorsed by every hunting man before whom it is brought as founded on common sense and a knowledge of the value of horseflesh. The weights for the Liverpool Steeple-chase will be out ere long, and the early birds seem determined to have their Lamb very soon this year, for they have made him first favourite, and Mr. Wellfitt must also be highly pleased with the fancy they have taken to Pathwell, who, as far as good looks go, is a steeple-chaser all over, and will stay, as John Scott would say, for 'a moon.' The Derby betting is very slack, and very few horses, beyond the favourites, are backed, nor is there likely to be much doing until Parliament meets, and Leicestershire and 'The Shires' are deserted for the Arlington and other Clubs. Meanwhile the public are kept pretty well educated on the merits of the high-mettled racers through the usual channels of communication. Lord Albert Clinton, we perceive, has turned his well-known pedestrian powers to account by running a match against Time for Fifty pounds. This occasioned the 'Pall Mall Gazette' somewhat caustically to remark, that, as his Lordship had discovered a new road of making money, he had better place it at the disposition of his creditors. The public have lately been reminded of the untimely fate of the late Marquis of Hastings, by the completion of a costly monument, which is about to be erected over his tomb in Kensal Green Cemetery by his young widow, who so bitterly bewails his loss that time has not yet healed the blow that his removal from this sublunary sphere caused her. The monument, which is designed by Mr. Gaffin, of the Quadrant, and has been much admired, has on it a colossal figure of a lady, whose features strongly resemble those of the Marchioness, and in her hands she is closely grasping a cross, to which she clings with frantic energy. Suitable texts from Scripture surround the tomb, and the groupings are very appropriate, and in good taste. In fact, the whole design is admirably adapted to commemorate the early death of the youthful Marquis, who had but one enemy during his life time, viz., himself.

As this is the season when the Breeding Paddocks begin to look alive, and stud grooms to 'stir their stumps,' as much as Trainers to take it easy, and the

foal statistics of the 'Racing Calendar' to be the subject of many a morning study, it may be as well to notice the changes of station of the principal lords of the harem. First and foremost Trumpeter has replaced Ely at Hampton Court, where the question of 'to be or not to be' will be very soon decided, and he is filled up at Danebury by Victorious. Thormanby, who was at the head of the poll of winning stallions in the 'Calendar,' has taken up his quarters at Fairfield, which has been purchased by Mr. Vaughan. A friend of ours, an acknowledged good judge, while looking at the Midland Counties horses the other day, while assisting at the Birmingham Cattle Show, in discussing The Sires he came across, is in raptures about The Duke, who he says is looking splendid, he having filled out into a grand specimen of the highest class thoroughbred horse, and promises to fulfil the prophecy of John Day, who says if The Duke does not get racehorses, he will never again give an opinion, as The Duke was the best racehorse ever trained at Danebury, or that he ever knew trained, not excepting Bay Middleton. The foals by The Duke this year are unfortunately only out of the remnant of the mares left in England, as all the mares belonging to the late Marquis of Hastings were sold to go to the Continent, and we hear M. Cavaliero states The Duke's foals are all that can be desired in bone and racing appearance: this from such an excellent judge is very satisfactory. We must admit The Duke's breeding to be undeniably good, combining speed with stoutness, and as his subscription is filling fast, breeders who race their own produce will do well to secure an early nomination. Oxford is very like his sire (excepting on a larger and longer scale), Irish Birdcatcher. He is gradually making a name for himself, although the class of mares hitherto put to him have not been the dams of winners, but very moderate in comparison with the mares put to some of our fashionable sires, but we hear very favourable accounts of his stock. Knight of the Crescent's running credentials are good, and his brothers have raced and held their own, and a younger brother who sold at four figures this year as a yearling may yet add credit to this famed breed. The muscular development of these celebrated brothers when in training, and their weight-carrying power was something prodigious; and this alone, with the immense speed they have shown, is no mean recommendation to the improvement of our thoroughbred stock. Tim Whiffler was a racehorse in himself of a very high class, but he does not seem to have given his speed, stoutness, and lasting qualities to his progeny, being himself a chance shot. Liddington and Distin, two odd-made horses that could race, and connected with racing families, are too singular even to add to their own fame, however distinguished they may cause their plucky owner's names to appear—they are not likely to do much harm. Cannobie, a cross-bred horse, although highly bred, who could have believed he would have proved so unfortunate? Saccharometer, a Sweetmeat horse (whose stock have always been more or less too small) ought to do better for his owner than Knight of Kars, another cross-bred failure, although the ankles of the dam of the first-named are so deformed that her pasterns do not seem to fit as if made to order. His owner, however, deserves success, if perseverance under difficulties can be overcome, must not be blamed alone, want of luck, something ought to be put against mechanism. Brown Bread, a Weatherbit sire, is connected with racing blood on his dam's side: as a rule, Weatherbit, through Beadsman, has not left us any sire of renown, and several have had fair opportunities: we rather expect that to the quickening blood of Mendicant must the renown of Weatherbit be attributed. Neptunus, a great favourite of the Squire of Fairfield, the late Mr. Jackson, was a sad

failure, although Neptunus was said to have been tried a better horse than Tim Whiffler. Chevalier d'Industrie is the sire of Friponnier, whose brothers again have failed as racehorses, although good specimens to look at when yearlings: this we consider deteriorates from Frip, and will cause breeders to fight rather shy of this short-coursed grand chesnut. We do not seem to find Chevalier d'Industrie's name so prominently represented as we should wish for his owner's sake. General Peel is now to be the 'great gun' at Swalcliffe, and if length will gain the day, he must carry off the palm, for he is the longest and straightest-backed horse we ever remember to have seen. We are sorry we cannot add quality to this giant of the late Lord Glasgow's favourite, whose breed of horses in his hands were great failures. Knowsley is another sire of great proportions, and so heavy-chested, and split up behind, balance is wanting in him; and this defect, if devoid of others, is sufficient, in our opinion, to prevent him being a successful general sire, although we expect his breeding will enable him to mark now and then, a more than average class horse. Brother to Strafford is another sire in the Midland Counties that was considered good-looking in himself, big enough, if size can make up for want of quality. Strafford ran late in life a stout horse: he has deformed hocks, and this defect in a family is much against hunter sires. This is a pretty fair epitome of the Midland Counties horses. In the South, Lord Portsmouth has hired FitzRoland again, because his yearlings are the handsomest of any he has seen this season, and in the West, Sundeelah carries all before him in point of good looks.

With the exception of a few occasional good scenting days, the month of December was not favourable to sport. In the early part the ground was too dry: next came a succession of wild days, with storms overhead, and the month ended with what people are pleased to call seasonable weather; that is, with the thermometer marking many degrees below freezing point, and with the country covered with snow. A bitter north-east wind sweeping out Melton and Leicester, Harborough, Buckingham, and Bicester, and peopling the mild climate of the Burlington Arcade. From Northamptonshire we hear that Roake's fall on the 24th was not half so bad as we stated; but several accounts reached us just as we were packing up our Pytchley parcels. One stated that he had 'fractured his skull,' another that 'he had concussion 'of the brain, and could not possibly show until after Christmas,' while a third reported that he was 'killed, entirely.' Whereas we now learn that he was only badly cut on the head, and that he was able to turn out on the 26th, not much the worse, his beauty even not being spoilt. So much, therefore, for hearsay evidence. We can now safely announce that 'Richard's himself again.' During the past month since the rains, the ground has gone well, the scent has improved, and there have been some fair days' sport, yet, withal, nothing very extraordinary. One circumstance, however, must be recorded: on December 24th they met at Old Village, and actually had a blank day, having drawn Gibb Wood, Badsaddle, Hardwick, and Sywell Wood without a sign of a fox. A letter appeared in 'Bell's Life' saying that 35 foxes had been poisoned by strychnine in that part of the country, and accused an ex-master of the Pytchley of being the Palmer of the occasion; but we are credibly informed that there is no truth whatever in the accusation, and we believe it to be a libel on an absent sportsman, whose stanchness to fox-hunting is a household word with everybody in the county. Mr. Oswald Milne, for the last six seasons master of the North Warwickshire, at a public dinner at Leamington, on the 2nd, was presented

with a testimonial, as a recognition of his zeal in promoting sport during his *régime*. It consisted of a beautiful tazza mounted on a stand, on which were some portraits of gentlemen, and also of a well-known hard little lady connected with the hunt, the whole being crowned by a statuette of Mr. Milne, on his favourite mare modelled from life. Mr. Boultbee, of Springfield, presided at the dinner, where Church and State, the Army and Agriculture were well represented, and after dinner speeches were made in the style usual on such festive occasions. This pack had a very narrow shave of coming to utter grief on the 23rd ult. They met at Tile Hill, and found a fox in Crackley Wood, which, when near Kenilworth, ran up a very steep embankment of the London and North Western Railway, and along the viaduct which there crosses the low ground. Here he got on the top of the wall, when five hounds followed and jumped down a clear fall of sixty feet into the meadow below, and only one was killed. The rest of the pack would probably have followed, but they were called off by Tom Firr just in time. A sketch of this truly sensational scene sent by an actual eye-witness appeared in the 'Illustrated London News,' and was not contributed by the ubiquitous artist of that journal. Now, the rest of the doings of the North Warwickshire first and last, are they not 'affably' written in the chronicles of 'Bell's Life?' The South Warwickshire have had excellent sport since the ground has become softer. On the 16th they met at Lower Shuckburgh, and found directly a bold fox, who gave them a good sharp ring by Napton, and the Marston Fields, back to Shuckburgh, where some say they changed, but without a check the hounds went on at a rattling pace, over the road as if for Braunston; but leaving it to the left ran towards the Daventry and Southam road, and crossed a broad, deep brook, where there was lots of grief. The first over was Mr. Sidney Hobson, of Leamington, closely followed by Mr. Jennings (on a mare belonging to General Jones); then came Mr. F. Shoolbred, riding a new brown horse for the first time, who had a plunge bath, but came out on the right side, then Mr. Norman, of Newbold-on-Avon, on a nice little chesnut, followed by one of the whips and Captain Hoey, who went in and out like a Newfoundland dog after a walking-stick. The Leamington men led the way, but the rest of the field were seized with hydrophobia, and sought a bridge. Meanwhile the hounds rattled away to Staverton Wood, where just as he was lost a fresh fox jumped up, and ran as hard as he could go to Badby Wood, where he went to ground. Time, up to Staverton Wood, 55 minutes, and best pace all the way. On the following day, the 17th, after meeting at Burton Dassett, they had three ripping runs all over grass, when it is said there were at least thirty falls, out of which the master himself scored two on one of his best horses.

There has been fair sport in Leicestershire since the break-up of the frost on the 6th of December; both the Quorn and Mr. Tailby having had something more or less good nearly every day they have been out, and they will be lucky if they do much better during the remainder of the season than they have done the last three weeks. On Monday, December 6th, the Quorn fixture was Loseby; but they found the ground so hard and slippery it was impossible to hunt in that locality, for the snow was still lying on the heights of Ditton; so with a very small field out, they trotted back to Ashby Pasture: there the riding was somewhat better, but still anything but safe. Finding a fox here, they did not do much with him, and soon lost. They then drew Cream Gorse without success; and not being satisfied with this, they trotted back towards home, making for Brooksby Spinnies; but running the hounds through a small

covert at Rothesby, they were lucky in meeting with a good fox, which they pulled down near Syston after a fast 36 minutes without dwelling, over a fair line of country, which luckily happened to be especially soft. Here was a good day actually, so to say, snatched out of the fire, which shows what may be done when a Master is really keen for sport. Most hounds would have been ordered home when it was found impossible to hunt at Loseby. Dec. 9th, Mr. Tailby was at Keythorpe: a very nice hunting day, and had a pretty thing from Vowes Gorse to Allexton, and on by Wardley to ground near Belton village. In the afternoon they had a nice run from Launde Park Wood, and killed. This was a good day's sport. On the 11th there came a real soaking rain, which thoroughly saturated the ground at last, and made it really good riding for the first time this season, and dispersed the fogs with which they had been much troubled for some days. On the 13th the Quorn were at Loseby, and got quickly away with their fox from John of Gaunt's covert; the wind being very high prevented him going for Owston Wood, which no doubt was his first intention, and he died rather easily, the hounds pulling him down in a small covert near Adam's Gorse in 24 minutes out of covert, after a nice little gallop in which the Twyford Brook had to be crossed, which caused the usual amount of confusion, Captains Boyce and King showing the way over. They finished the day with a ring from Thorpe Trussels, which was not bad. This was a windy, wild, trying day for hounds, who displayed plenty of driving power and no lack of dash, so essential for fox-hounds in general, but particularly in Leicestershire. Tuesday, the 14th. Tugby Toll Bar. Mr. Tailby spent the early part of the day dodging about the woods, but quite late in the afternoon found a wild fox in Owston Wood, and ran him 50 minutes over a grand country, stopping the hounds almost at dark, near Wissendine. During this run Custance had a nasty fall over some wire. Riding at a fence he saw the wire when his mare was in the act of jumping, and striking her with his spurs she made an extra effort, and cleared the wire with her forelegs, but striking it with her hind she became entangled, and losing her balance, blundered and fell, rolling over her rider, who was taken up insensible and remained so for some time. But fortunately he was not seriously hurt, and has been out again riding as hard as ever. What a pity it is that a stop cannot be put to leaving wires up during the hunting season, when they are seldom if ever required! Friday, 17th.—The Quorn were at Six Hills and had a hard day, some part of it very good, losing their fox at dark near Burbidge's covert, in the Belvoir country. The Scalford Brook towards the finish, being bank full, proved a teazer. The huntsman's horse got well over, but unluckily the bank broke and let him back into the water, and the delay in getting him out probably was the cause of losing the fox. The Master had a fall at a brimming brook last Saturday and injured his knee, which has prevented him being out since. Mr. Tailby finished the week well at Somerby on Christmas Eve, running hard for more than an hour over that fine country below Burrow to Somerby, and losing in a storm of sleet, there being more than one fox on the line. Finding a brace of foxes in Ranksborough at two o'clock, we kept them running in the direction of Ashwell, and did not see the finish.

The sport with The Rufford has been sadly interfered with by the bad scents which have prevailed, from the cub-hunting up to the frost, which commenced the end of November, so that beyond a hard day on 18th November, when hounds were stopped at dark, and a fair forest day on 20th, there is nothing to record until December 9th, when they had as good a 50 minutes from

Ossington (with one of the Speaker's foxes, which he preserves so carefully) as could be wished for, over a very heavy plough country, and killed their fox. Since then they have had one or two nice gallops over the forest, perhaps the best of which was a very fast 20 minutes with a fox from Thoresby (after drawing all the Clumber coverts blank), which is quite the nursery of foxes on that side of the country, to ground, in a rabbit-hole, from which he was speedily ousted. The Christmas week was a good one, as they had sport on each day they were out; and Christmas Eve will be long remembered by those who were out, and saw the hounds run a fox through the paths and along the roads of the forest, for 1 hour and 40 minutes, and accounted for him at last. Frost seems likely to stop sport for a while; but if we may judge from the experience of November 30th, when the Master had a day by himself—no one considering it fit to hunt,—and killed a fox, besides running another to ground, the hounds will not be kept in the kennel when there is a chance to hunt.

The York Christmas Horse Fair always causes a certain amount of bustle in the city, and the sale by auction of Sir Clifford Constable's and Lord Lascelles' hunters collected numerous hunting men, who bid with great spirit, and in most instances gave very fancy prices for the animals. The accounts of Lord Middleton's sport are very good; his new huntsman, Orvis, a son of the poor fellow who lost his life last winter in the sad ferry-boat accident, is doing very well, and is likely to make a good man. The York and Ainsty hounds have had some good sport. On the 6th of December a good fox from Naburn Wood took the hounds over the river near Moreby, and ran through Stub Wood, Copmanthorpe Wood, Colton Hag, and killed him on the turnpike road, a mile north of Tadcaster. The horsemen, having to go to the ferry, were thrown out. Mr. Bateman and the first whip made a good cast, and caught them before they killed their fox. Dec. 9th.—A large field assembled at Providence Green. Found two or three foxes in a small cover of Mr. Dent's, but did not get on satisfactorily. Trotted to Ribston Plantations. Found immediately, gave him one turn in covert, then away to the River Nidd, crossing below Mr. Dent's Bridge, evidently a rare scent: the leading horsemen quickly got to the bridge, and one or two men, who meant going, soon caught sight of the pack. Mr. Hopwood, Col. Wombwell, the Hon. James Lascelles, Mr. Thompson, of Kirby, being about the first to get well with them, they rattled away, leaving Smiler's Gorse on the left by Geldart's Plantation, up to Wetherby Town, bearing to the left to avoid the station, forward to Horn Bank, again hanging to the right for Wetherby, crossed the River Wharfe, just below the bridge, over Captain Gunter's Park, left Collingham on the right, Rigton on the right, and pulled him down on Bardsey Hill, beyond the village—1 hour 40 min. One very long check above Collingham, on some bad scenting new sown fields, at the end of 1 hour and 7 minutes let up a few men, and gave Collinson the opportunity of proving himself a huntsman: he was patient, got his hounds well out of trouble, and killed his fox handsomely in the middle of the Bramham Moor country. This is the best run of the season in Yorkshire. But one drawback. The fascinating Master, always full of mirth and full of glee, had collected a group of admirers to talk, eat their midday meal, and suck at the poison flask. Unfortunately, up wind 'never heard them 'find, never blew his horn.' Many were the melancholy faces, many the excuses, and many the attempts to 'crab the run.' But it speaks for itself: 8½ miles from point to point, on the Ordnance Map, and nearly 13 the way this stout fox ran. Dec. 14th.—A good 35 minutes from Skip Bridge

Whin, through Wilstrip Wood, by Rufforth, and lost pointing for Red House Wood.

The Bramham Moor Hounds, still hunted by Mr. Lane Fox, have had sport day by day. The Bramham men are getting quite conceited about their Master and his hounds. A little frost will cool them, and refresh their studs. Dec. 13th.—Plompton. Killed a ringing fox after a sharp burst from Bramham Wood. Had a pretty 55 minutes, and killed from Deighton Spring. Dec. 17th.—Wighill Park. Chopped a fox in Nova Scotia. Hunted another away for Marston Whin, then towards Nelaugh, and to Hutton—lost. Found in Hutton Thorns, ran a short ring and killed. No sooner had the hounds broken up their fox than another was viewed away; and in a minute the ladies were on his line, and streaming along the drain side pointing for Swanns Whin, turned to the left in the direction of Acomb, bearing to the left, leaving Knapton village on the right, they checked close to Poppleton—45 minutes. Here was a great opportunity for a huntsman to loose his fox. The first whip had staked his horses badly, and jumped on to one kindly offered by a gallant young sportsman, who had been going hard—and, alas! all the steam was out,—excited horsemen rode amongst the hounds, and volunteered advice. Luckily the Master by hook or by crook was there, and saw in a moment what had occurred, made his cast quietly, without reference to the opinion of others, hit off his fox, hunted on to a railway. Again a gatekeeper had headed him. Again a cast in the right direction—hunted back towards Grange Wood, then pointed over the Burroughbridge Road to the drain, as if going for Red House Wood, came up to him, raced him to Hessay, and pulled him down—1 hour 20 minutes. A very sporting run over a fine, strong line of country; very few with them for the first 40 minutes. Dec. 18th.—Bardsey. Found at Schoolhouse Whin, killed at Collingham—1 hour 7 minutes of good hunting. Found a second fox at Keswick Ox Close; ran by Keswick, Schoolhouse Whin, Scarcroft. Left Sawwoods on the right, and lost at Potterton—1 hour 35 minutes—first hour good pace. Dec. 20th.—Met at Riffa, but no fox. Found in Swindon Wood. No scent. Pottered after a fox, and lost. Found in the afternoon at the Cocked Hat Whin; ran fast for a time. A sheepdog stopped the fun, patience, and slow hunting towards Spofforth, and back over the Flags; at a walk came up to the fox, a field from Clap Wood, raced him to Spofforth, crossed the railroad and the Crimple, and killed before he could reach Plompton Rocks—the last 25 minutes very fast. Dec. 22nd.—In the afternoon a capital run from Byram; running hard for him nearly to Brayton, turned short back, the line he came, and hunted to Hillam, and back to Byram. Hounds were stopped in the dark after a run of two hours. We were glad to hear that Morgan was out on Thursday, a bye day at Bramham Park, and had a good 50 minutes to ground. Friday, no scent. We hear that Mr. Lane Fox hunted his own hounds twenty days, and killed twenty-four foxes. This is encouraging for heavy men, and refreshing to the 'not-so-young-as-we-were' lot. 'Jump the gate, ugh!' roars a flying veteran and keen Bramham-Moorite, and carries out his threat before the solid sportsman he addressed could answer, 'Not if I know it,' and calmly calculating the trouble of deep plough, hedges, and ditches, sink the wind, and drop into a green lane, so necessary to most middle-aged fox-hunters.

The scent has not improved in Hampshire this month with any of the packs. On Wednesday, December 8, the Hambledon met at Marwell Hall, where they found directly, and after running about the coverts with a bad scent, they took a ring by the Park Hills, at Fair Oak Park, and back to Marwell, and killed.

In running over the meadows, a gentleman, ambitious of being first, managed a brace of falls. They found again in Deeps (another of the Marwell coverts) and they would have killed, but the lateness of the hour prevented them. On Friday, the 10th, the meet was at Hill Place: they did not find till they got to Frimp, when a fox went away directly to May Hill, then over the Droxford Flat, through Exton Plantation, then over by Warnford Rectory, and ran into him in view on rising the hill, to the left of Warnford. Time, 1 hour 5 min. The peculiar feature of this run was the almost entire absence of covert, only going through the small covert of May Hill and Exton Plantation, which, in a woodland country like Hampshire, was rather remarkable. The H.H. have been showing some sport during the end of this month. Mr. Deacon appears to have recovered from his bad accident, as he rides to his hounds in his usual form. There was a grand meet at Avington Park on Tuesday, November 30th, one of the finest old seats in Hampshire, and where some of the most magnificent old thorns in the world are to be seen. Hospitality was shown to every one. The hounds found in Hampage immediately, for Mr. Shelley is a good sportsman, and there is no better preserver of the 'noble animal.' They ran the fox towards Longwood Warren and lost, but found again in some gorse, and ran a ring on the warren for about 20 minutes, and being all in the open, some of the skirters viewed the fox and began halloaing, and so lost Mr. Deacon his fox, for it got the bitches' heads up, and they were not so easily got down again. When the late Mr. Nicoll hunted the New Forest he one season never missed his fox with his bitch pack up to Christmas, and one day in drawing, a fox jumped up in some fern: a gentleman was going to give a view halloa, when Mr. Nicoll cried out, 'Pray don't 'say a word, for if you get my bitches' heads up I shall not get them down 'for the rest of the day.' There was a large meet at Ropley Cottage on Tuesday, the 14th, when everybody received the most hearty welcome from Mr. and Mrs. Deacon and the young ladies. The handsome plate which was presented to Mr. Deacon at Brookwood was placed in the dining-room, and it really looked most beautiful. The hounds were trotted away to Old Down, when they found a brace directly. One went away; the other hung in covert. Mr. Deacon got his hounds out, and made a most dashing cast to get upon the line of fox that went away, but was unsuccessful. He then went back to Old Down, and got upon the bad fox again and killed him, making nineteen brace to that day. On Saturday, the 18th, he had another most capital day's sport from Hackwood Park, stopping the hounds from their second fox at Bentworth, from darkness. Monday, 20th, was also a good day, the hounds going a tremendous pace. Tuesday, 21st, he had a capital run from the Beauworth coverts to Durwood, Blackdown, Colley Gorse, and then to Upham, where he turned, and got back to Durwood, the first 40 minutes very brilliant, and afterwards most beautiful hunting, when the fox laid down, and the scent completely failed. Time, 2 hours. The New Forest have been getting some very good runs. Mr. Dear has found with his 'merry harriers' the same deficiency of scent this season as the foxhounds.

Lord Portsmouth has had, on the whole, a fair average season, and up to the present time has killed 39 brace of foxes, and still has plenty left in every portion of his country. During November the Eggesford had more than an average of sport; but the past month, with the exception of the latter part, was too wild for scent, still they had three good days out of four, viz.—On Monday the 20th, a hunting run of two hours, and killed; on the 21st, a run of 1 hour 15 min.—the first twenty racing, then hunting up to him and

rolling him over; after this another twenty minutes, and more blood. On Thursday, the 23rd, a regular race for the first twenty minutes, then both hounds and huntsman had to do all they knew for an hour and a half, and after another race of 15 minutes settled him. They found a second late, and had forty minutes as hard as hounds could go to ground in a drain. We also hear that Lord Henry Paget, who is exceedingly keen, has had some good sport lately with the South Staffordshire, and up to the present time he has killed 5 brace, run 5 brace to ground, and lost 6 more; which, considering the bad scent, or rather an entire absence of any scent at all during the early part of the season, is not a bad return. On Friday, the 10th, this pack met at Longdon Green, and had a capital run of one hour, the fox swimming the Trent, and went to ground in Mr. Meynell's country at Wicknor Park: on the 14th, from Little Aston Lodge, a fast hour and twenty minutes; and on the 17th, another good hour from Teddesley nearly to Beaudesert, where they lost: but we are sorry to report numerous bad falls with these hounds. Mr. Arthur Griffiths, of Lichfield, had a severe fall on Nov. 30, in consequence of snowballing in his horse's feet. On the same day, Mr. John Chadwick, of New Hall, was severely struck on the head by the bough of a tree; and Mr. Ley, of Wall, had a bad fall over a gate.

As there are many reports in circulation about the future of the Cottesmore Country, which has for so many years been hunted by Lord Kesteven, better known in the hunting world as Sir John Trollope, we are able to give our readers the true version. At a large meeting held at Oakham on the 17th, presided over by Lord Gainsborough, Mr. Henry Lowther was requested to hunt the country upon the same terms as Lord Kesteven, which he consented to do. The change will not take place before the 1st of May. Mr. Lowther will take the present pack, retain John West as huntsman, and William Neil as first whip. Mr. Lowther is a grandson of the late Earl of Lonsdale, who hunted the entire Cottesmore country for more than fifty years. We are also credibly informed that, at the close of this season, Mr. North will resign the Mastership of the Bicester hounds, and will be succeeded by Sir Algernon Peyton.

Our numerous readers will regret to hear of the death of George Savile Foljambe, Esq., of Osberton, near Worksop. He was for many years the stanchest supporter of foxhunting, and perhaps the first hound breeder of his time. He bought Lord Scarborough's (sixth Earl) hounds in 1821, and hunted his own hounds until he lost his eyesight in 1844. Perhaps no man was ever so particular and careful in breeding hounds; he never overlooked a fault in work. To the last he loved to talk of Osbaldeston's sort, of old 'Farrier,' and the Vine, in the days of 'Pilgrim.' He used Osbaldeston's blood freely, also Lord Yarborough's, in the days of old Will Smith. The Belvoir and old Goosey he also valued much. Of later years, since he became blind, he loved a day in the Belvoir kennel with Will Goodall, and no man with his eyes open was a better judge of a young hound. He valued the opinion of Mr. Parry very much, and went every summer to run his hounds over the Puckeridge Pack. The Bramham Moor Hounds he always took interest in, their best sorts going back to his famous Albion. The Milton, the Burton, in fact, all old-established packs that had been bred with care, he knew well. He sold his hounds a few years ago to Lord Galway, and a very honest pack they are, and with good ribs, a point 'the Squire' was very particular about. As an agriculturist he was also celebrated A breeder of short horns, and particularly successful with Leicester and South Down

sheep. He was fond of breeding horses, and a few years ago bought Rataplan, thinking his power and stoutness would be valuable in England. Often he was to be seen at Tattersall's, leaning on the arm of an old friend, and anxious to put his hand upon any horse that was clever, either racehorse or hunter. Those who knew him well valued his friendship: he was amiable and kindhearted, and a good country gentleman. Many an old kennel-servant, one or two old coachmen still alive, many a farmer and a large circle of friends, will grieve to hear of the death of poor George Foljambe. At Osberton may be seen a picture by old Icondery of himself, in the midst of his hounds; and in the group on horseback, the present Duke of Portland, Lord Henry Bentinck, poor Lord George Bentinck, and the late Frank Foljambe, his brother.

Our Obituary this month, we are glad to say, is not of large dimensions, but it includes one or two characters who are not unknown to fame; for instance, the well-known Tom Lockyer, the best man that ever stood behind a wicket, either at Lord's or the Oval, and who has died in such necessitous circumstances as to induce us to ask of the Cricket Brigades of England and Ireland some slight aid for his widow and orphan children, who are left penniless by his death. We have also to announce the death of poor Jack Cheswap, who for many years acted as head lad to Tom Oliver, and whose mirth-provoking countenance was well known on all provincial racecourses, where Tom used to say it always resembled a Harvest Moon in appearance.

Christmas has, as usual, been prolific in books suitable to the period, and from the demand for them, the Turf cannot be said to lack readers. First and foremost comes Judex's useful little 'Derby Manual,' replete with all the information required by those who bet on the National Race, and the 'Kingsclere Racing Guide,' which also carries with it its own recommendation. The 'Field Almanac' is a decided improvement on its predecessors, the illustrations being better executed, and more happily designed than those of former years. The portrait of Lord Derby, which forms its frontispiece is a very appropriate one, and it is accompanied by a fac-simile of a letter he addressed to the editor of that newspaper upon the weight of red deer. The other contents are well chosen, and will afford pleasant reading to the Sportsman. The 'Era Almanac' is also one of the most entertaining ones of the kind that is published, being a complete Stud Book of living actors and actresses and specifying those who do not require those who answer their advertisements to enclose a postage stamp for a reply. Every theatrical birth, marriage, and death of the year is duly chronicled, and the curious in such matters may hear of the names of the *corps dramatique* at Venezuela, or Sumatra, and the nature of the business they are doing there.

The Paper on the Queen's Stag Hounds and Harry King will appear next month.

END OF VOL XVII.

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